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FICTION

BUT NOT

FALSEHOOD.

FICTION

BUT NOT

FALSEHOOD.

A Tale of the Times.

"—— Urged by Ambition, who with subtlest skill
Changes her means, the Enthusiast as a dupe
Shall soar, and as a hypocrite can stoop,
And turn the instruments of good to ill,
Moulding the credulous people to his will."

Wordsworth.

LONDON:
WHITTAKER & CO., AVE MARIA LANE;
AND
R. FOLTHORP, BRIGHTON.

1852.

249. c. 682.

PREFACE.

THE Author of the following pages desires to place before that class of readers, who consider all publications of a more solid character than fictitious narratives "rather dry," some of the precious gems found in a higher style of literature, set in the form to which they give the preference.

A charge of plagiarism cannot fairly be maintained against the writer, who distinctly avows that many of the most valuable ideas put forth in the following tale are borrowed, although no direct statement has been made of the sources

whence they were drawn; such a list of references being considered unsuited to a simple tale.

Nothing opposed to sound Scriptural doctrine being presented to the reader in this little book, the writer is not without hope that its contents may prove, in the present day, a word in season.

"'PROVE ALL,—
"HOLD FAST THE GOOD;'—WAS THE COMMAND OF ONE,
"WHO BEING BY THE HOLY SPIRIT TAUGHT
"TO KNOW THE WAYS OF SACRED TRUTH, AND LOVE,
"IS AN UNERRING GUIDE."

FICTION, BUT NOT FALSEHOOD.

CHAPTER I.

One fine summer evening, a widow lady named Mrs. Moore who had just left the sick-room of a poor woman, with whom she had been conversing on those precious truths, which are able when sent home to the heart by the Holy Spirit, to make the people of God even joyful in tribulation, stood thoughtfully gazing from the door of the cottage on the pleasant prospect which lay extended before her. She contrasted the cheerful scene without, with the close dark room of the invalid: "And yet," she whispered to herself, "poor, weak, suffering Martha, scantily supplied as she is with what are called the good things of this life, would be infinitely the loser, were she to change places with the wealthiest and noblest, who are still destitute of the love of God. What an expression of peace rests on her pallid countenance! With what abiding confidence she reposes

on the love of her Heavenly Father! What a joyful hope she has for eternity! Let me live the life, and die the death of the righteous."

The scene on which she looked possessed the quiet beauty so common in our pleasant land; the cottage, in the porch of which she was standing, was built on the side of a hill, and a little stream, which wound like a thread of silver among the meadows, spread just below the garden gate into a sort of lake, on the bosom of which the dark leaves of the water-lily beautifully contrasted with its large white blossoms. Groups of labourers returning from the hay-field to their homes, gave life and animation to the scene; while a honeysuckle and a rose-tree, covered with bloom, mingled their branches over the little rustic porch, and filled the air with rich perfume.

While she stood busied with such thoughts as those above described, the sound of voices reached her ear, and as the speakers drew nearer, she distinguished that they were conversing with a warmth which seemed likely to lead to a quarrel. The first words she heard distinctly were as follows:—"I tell you, Annie, she is a very kind, good lady, and is doing everything she can to make the poor people happy. See what a pretty frock she has given me; and she says she will give me in the winter a nice warm cloak, and a pair of new shoes, if I will be attentive to her teaching, and keep away from the Sunday school."

"But, dear Mary," replied a gentle voice, "if she is really a good lady, why does she wish you to stay away from the Sunday school, when our dear teacher takes such pains to shew us the way to heaven?"

"Oh!" replied Mary, "because she says we cannot understand the lessons we learn there; for though the Bible is a very good book, it was not written for ignorant people; and she repeated to me the text where St. Peter says that the unlearned wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction, and you know we must attend to what St. Peter says, because Jesus Christ gave him and his successors the keys of the kingdom of heaven; so that he can shut out anybody, who refuses to obey him."

"But do you think that Peter, who loved the Lord Jesus Christ so much, would tell people not to read their Bibles after he had heard Him say, 'Search the Scriptures?' or that our Lord himself, would have rejoiced that the things they teach were 'revealed to babes,' if they had only been intended for learned people? As to what you say about the keys of the kingdom of heaven, I am quite sure that if Peter could, he never would shut out those who love God, and believe in His word."

This conversation had been heard very plainly by Mrs. Moore, for the girls had seated themselves on a bank, just on the other side of the hedge,

which divided the small cottage-garden from the lane. She at once recognised the speakers as her two eldest Sunday scholars. "Those poor misguided women, who call themselves Sisters of Mercy, have got hold of the girl," she thought to herself. "Would that all who know and believe the everlasting gospel, were as diligent and persevering in efforts to diffuse its saving truths, as these blind teachers are in leading their deluded followers to the depths of Papal darkness."

She had remained an unobserved listener, because she could not instantaneously decide, whether to interrupt the conversation or not, but she presently felt that it would be better to leave Mary to the calm good-sense, and scriptural knowledge of her cousin; having come to this decision, her sense of honour forbade her listening to a conversation not meant for her ear, and she left the house by the back-door, crossed a stile, and proceeded to the village, by a path which led over the brow of the hill.

Her mind was painfully excited by this fresh proof, of the zeal with which the emissaries of Rome's apostate church were aiming to subvert the faith of the simple; and she walked on, scarcely conscious of the refreshing breeze, and widely-extended prospect, which met her eye as she reached the top of the hill. Such a lover of picturesque scenery must have been deeply moved, to look with indifference on that which lay before her.

The country at her feet, rising and sinking in graceful undulations, presented every shade of green which a variety of luxuriant crops, and the lengthening shadows of evening could produce. On a hill at some distance, a plantation of fine trees glowed in the light of the setting sun, which fell full upon them; while lower down, some dark firs were cast into shadow by an eminence, which intercepted his ruddy beams. In another direction, rose the grey spire of the village church, beyond which stretched a wide common, dotted with thatched cottages, from the chimneys of which arose the white curling smoke, that told the weary labourer of the preparations making for his evening meal. Flocks of geese followed their leaders to their shelter for the night, and the voices of the village children, engaged in various games, came ringing on the ear, mingled with the "drowsy tinklings of the distant fold," and all the other rustic sounds, belonging to the place, and time of day.

Mrs. Moore walked slowly, musing on what she had heard, and what she feared, till she reached the Vicar's garden-gate, and saw her excellent pastor standing, as was his evening custom, near it. She readily accepted his invitation to walk in, and rest herself, being desirous of seeking his advice, as to the course to be pursued with her misguided Sunday scholar, when they were unexpectedly joined by Luke Everest, father of the

girl, who was at that time the most prominent object in her thoughts. What passed between them, we must defer till another opportunity, as we are anxious to return to the cousins, whom we left seated on a bank near Martha Turner's cottage. Their conversation had proceeded as follows:—

"It does not signify what you say, Annie! I am sure the good lady, and the holy father must know better, than such ignorant girls as we are."

"The holy father! what can you mean? What are you talking about, Mary?" cried Annie, in a tone of mingled surprise and alarm.

Mary looked very confused as she answered, "I ought not to have told you anything about him: he said I was never to mention his name, or his having spoken to me. But Annie, dear, it is so hard to be strange and cold to you, who have always been like a kind sister to me. You will not say anything to father, of what I have let out, will you?"

Annie replied, "I seem as if I did not understand what you say. I feel quite frightened. Do, dear Mary, tell me everything. Who can have been so wicked, as to persuade you to hide anything from your own father? Who can want to make my honest cousin act like a bad artful girl?"

"Promise me not to say anything to anybody, and I will tell you all," said Mary.

"I cannot promise; I ought not to promise,"

answered Annie; "Mary, we should not have secrets from our parents, who love us better than anybody else. Why should we wish to hide from them anything that concerns us?"

Mary rejoined—"You know, Annie, we ought to hate father and mother, and our own lives, when our religion desires it."

"Don't you remember," replied Annie, "how our dear teacher once explained that text to us? She said the Bible taught us, that we ought to act, as if we hated our dearest friends, if they tried to draw us away from Christ: but you know uncle does not try to draw *you* away from Christ; he never wishes you to do anything sinful. On the contrary, he has always liked to hear you say your hymns and texts, and don't you remember a little while before I went away, when you and I were talking of what our teacher had taught the class, he said, 'Ah, my girls, I wish those things had been taught me when I was a lad, they would have saved me from many an aching heart?' but Mary, dear, do tell me all: you know I am not a tell-tale, and I never wish to vex you."

"It is such a long story; you will be tired of hearing it."

"No, indeed, I shall not; I will just run in, and see how Martha Turner is, and if she wants anything, and then we can sit here, with our knitting for half an hour, as uncle sent word he should not be at home before nine o'clock; and

my mother said I might stay with you, and she would call for me, when she had finished her work at the Hall.

Annie then ran in to see the invalid, and finding her very comfortable, and inclined to sleep, soon returned to her cousin, who had remained on her seat near the garden-gate. The evening breezes, which blew cool from the water, were filled with the sweet odour of the new-made hay, and everything seemed so quiet and peaceful, that the girls could not be insensible to the soothing influence. Yet Mary started, and looked perplexed when her cousin, seating herself by her, said, "Now tell me all."

"I wish I had held my tongue," said Mary. "I am sure I shall get into trouble. They will be so angry with me, for speaking of what they charged me to keep secret."

Annie replied, "Why should you be afraid of anybody's anger, when you are not doing wrong? Besides, how are *they*, whoever *they* may be, to know anything about what passes between you and me? *I* am not likely to talk with that queer-looking woman, who has been persuading you to be strange to your own relations."

"Do not talk so, Annie; I cannot bear to hear you—(then, after a few minutes silence) you do not know how hard it is, to hide anything from the father: I am sure he is able to tell all I am thinking about, before I speak one word."

Annie knew not what to say, so she prudently waited in silence for Mary's communication, who at length continued: "You know, Annie, that when you went this time last year, to be with grandmother, the pretty house at the bottom of the lane was shut up with a bill on it, "to let." Very soon after, those kind Sisters of Mercy came to live there, and one evening father came in and said, 'I wish those outlandish papists had stayed in their own country; we don't want any of their new ways in Old England. Mind, Mary, that you don't have anything to say to them! I hear they are getting into people's houses, and trying to set them against their own clergy; but I won't have any popery here. Now, do you mind what I say, and while your mother is at Squire Lake's, don't let one of them into this house.' The very next morning as I was gathering some peas, I heard a soft voice say, 'What very fine roses you have there! Will you allow me to look at that beautiful tree a little nearer?' I was so startled, when I turned and saw the lady with the strange dress, standing close to our gate, and smiling on me, oh, so kindly! What could I do but ask her to walk in? And then she talked to me so nicely of God's goodness, in giving such beautiful things to man; and she told me, that in the countries she had visited, the most beautiful flowers were put to a holy use, being hung up as garlands, and placed as nosegays

about their churches. I can't tell how it was, but I quite forgot what father had said to me, and when she asked if she might come again to look at the sweet flowers, and my blooming face, what could I say? She came every day, and soon found out, that father would not like me to talk to her. And then she said I need not tell him, for there could be no harm in being silent; and as she was only wishing to do me good, I ought not to say anything which might hinder my learning good and holy things from her: and she used to come and sit by me, while I was mending the things, or getting father's supper ready."

"What used she to talk about?"

"Oh, she told me how she had been brought to see the danger of continuing among heretics; and how she had given up a large fortune, and her dearest friends, and left her home to take holy vows upon her, and earn by acts of mortification, and charity, the pardon of her sins, and the favour of God and of His holy saints."

"How could you let the poor woman talk so foolishly, about earning pardon and favour, without telling her of the texts we learned, and our teacher's nice explanation, when our minister set us to find scripture proofs of the article which says—'We are accounted righteous before God, only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, by faith, and not for our own workings or deservings?'"

"It is you, Annie, who talk foolishly. How could a poor girl like me, teach a lady like that, who had travelled all the way to Rome, and seen and talked with bishops and cardinals! I am not sure she did not say, she had spoken to the Pope himself."

Annie replied gently, "You know it would not have been your teaching, if you had just asked her how she understood those plain texts; but if the poor thing could think it an honour to speak to the Pope, it is no wonder she should be in such a sad mistake, for I have heard our minister say the Pope will not let the people read their Bibles, for fear they should find out that he is the Antichrist the Apostle wrote about. But we must walk towards your house, for fear we should keep my mother waiting. Perhaps she will let me sleep with you to-night, and then you can finish telling me before uncle comes home."

The girls hastened along the path leading to Mary's home, and just as they reached the door Mrs. Livesay, Annie's mother, crossed the stile into the lane. She understood her child's countenance well enough to perceive, she had some strong reason for wishing to be her cousin's companion; and as her confidence in Annie's principles, prevented anxiety, lest she should be led by her more thoughtless associate into anything which might confuse her perceptions of right and wrong, or make her conscience less tender;

she readily yielded to their wishes, and returned home without her daughter. The girls seated themselves in the porch, and resumed their conversation.

Annie spoke first, and said, "How long is it since this poor lady first spoke to you? and how often has she been here?"

"I told you she first came soon after you went to A——, and since then I have seen and talked with her almost every day."

"And never told aunt and uncle? Oh, Mary, how could you do so?"

"It was quite right, Annie, for it is my first duty to save my soul. While my mother has been with poor Miss Emily, it has been very easy, because I know exactly when to expect father; and once or twice, when mother has been obliged to come home, to rest for a quiet day or two, after so much watching by the sick young lady, I have met her in the little wood, while my mother was asleep."

"And she let you go on deceiving your father and mother? Did not this sometimes make you think you were doing wrong?"

"Now I hear you speak, it is like old times, and I seem to think you must be right; but while she was talking to me, she looked so loving and spoke so kindly, that I could only think how pleasant it was to have such a friend, instead of being alone from morning to night. When she went away, I

used to try and remember all she had said to me; and—now don't be vexed at what I am going to say—but indeed, I liked her teaching a great deal better than Mrs. Moore's. *She* used always to be telling us that we must be born again, and be made new creatures, before we could do anything pleasing to God; and that if we were regenerated, we should have more delight in God's service than in all worldly pleasures; and you know she used to say, so solemnly, 'You must search into your own hearts. You must pray to God to shew you what you are, and to make you what he would have you to be,' that sometimes she made me feel frightened, and sometimes angry, because she seemed so suspicious of me. I know I was always vexed when fair time came, that they would not let me go there; and when the great folks were at the Grange, and Lady Alice wanted me to be in her train of peasant girls, and be dressed in one of the beautiful dresses they wore, when the quality were acting their plays, I know it was what Mrs. Moore said, that made my father declare he would sooner give up his work at the steward's, than let me be in such a place."

"Mary, dear, it is not Mrs. Moore's, but God's word that declares, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God,' and that 'If any love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.'"

"But my new teacher is not so strict. She does not join in such pleasures herself, because she is bound by holy vows, but she says everybody has not a holy vocation; and that if we are strict in keeping all the rites and ceremonies of the Holy Church, and never neglect confession, the priest will not expect us to be so particular as Mrs. Moore does. She says that in Catholic countries, the people dance together, or go to the play, every Sunday evening; and that the priest soon sets all to rights, if they go a little too far, by giving them absolution, after they have performed such penance as he appoints them. You need not look so sorrowful, Annie. I am sure it is a greal deal pleasanter and easier, to have somebody who knows better than yourself, to tell you what you may do, and what you may not do, than to be always *trying yourself*, as Mrs. Moore says."

Annie did look sorrowful, for her heart was very heavy, and her ingenuous countenance reflected her feelings. She always knew that her cousin was thoughtless, and less attentive to the scriptural instructions they were privileged to receive, than she ought to have been; but she did not expect, when she returned home after nearly a year's absence, to find her much loved companion in such an awful delusion. She felt she had not the knowledge needful to enable her to counsel one, who had been misled by such artful guides; and yet Mary had told her all this in con-

fidence; ought she to betray that confidence? Her mind was greatly perplexed, and she wished to be alone with Him, who has promised to give wisdom to them that ask. After a few moments' silence, she said quietly, "Uncle will be home presently, we must get his supper ready."

"But surely, Annie," cried her cousin, "you will not betray me. You know that though you did not exactly promise not to tell, you drew me on, by letting me think you would not. You are sure, I should never have opened my heart to you, if I had not been certain you would not tell anybody."

Annie replied, "My head is so confused, I do not know what I ought to do. Oh, Mary! to think you should have been persuaded to act so deceitfully, and encourage such bad thoughts."

Mary answered hastily. "Bad thoughts! What do you mean? I do not think I am any worse than you, though I do not pretend to be so sanctified."

"Do not let us quarrel," said the gentle Annie, "that will not make either of us better: but is it not a bad thought, dear Mary, to fancy any man, any priest, can pardon you for wilfully encouraging desires which God's Word declares to be offensive to Him? You know He has said, that 'the carnal mind is enmity against God,' and—I do not wish to vex you, but, my dear cousin, must not that be a carnal mind, which could wish to be among

the rude boys and girls at the fair, or to join in that foolish and wicked play-acting, which my mother says has brought shame and sorrow into two or three of the neighbours' families?"

Before Mary could reply, they heard the gate swing to, which they took for the signal of the approach of the master of the house, and the two girls were soon occupied in setting the evening meal on the table.

"Well, Annie, my lass," said her uncle as he entered the house, "so all your gay visitings among the quality, have not made you ashamed of your own relations?"

Annie answered, "Nothing could make me ashamed of my own kind uncle; but I have not been just *visiting* among the quality, only Mrs. Moore was so good as to take me to the sea-side, as her own little maid, because I did not get up my strength after the fever I had at grandmother's."

Her uncle then said, "I am glad you are come home again, for I should feel very lonely, if I never had a little lass to chat with, now Mary is going away."

"Going away!" said both the girls at once.

"Yes; going to live with a relation of our minister's, who is in want of a smart tidy girl to assist her own maid, who is not so young as she was, twenty years ago. Mary (turning to his daughter), I have often been very uneasy, when I

was at my work, thinking how much you were left alone, while your mother is attending her dying young lady. Poor Miss Lake may linger on, the doctor says, for many weeks or even months; and your mother cannot bear to give up her dear child, as she calls her, to a stranger, as nobody but herself, she says, can lift her, without causing her great pain. And yet she has felt as I have, that you are full young and heedless to be left so much to yourself, especially now there are so many artful people about."

Poor Mary's colour heightened, but she made no reply; her heart was too full.

"But, uncle," said Annie, "what will you do alone?"

He replied, "You know my poor sister Jane has just lost her husband, and as she has no children she feels very lonely, though she has a nice little freehold, which poor James bought when his rich uncle left him that legacy. The squire of her parish has agreed to pay her five shillings a week, and to keep the place in repair; and she will be here the beginning of next week, and live the rest of her days with us. I have just now spoken to your mother, Annie, and she will let you stay here till my sister comes, as Mary is to go with me to-morrow morning to Squire Lake's, that her mother may see what she wants before she goes to her place, and have a little talk with her as to her duty."

Poor Mary went weeping to bed. She did not like to leave home; besides which, the suddenness of the scheme, and something in her father's manner, made her feel that her secret was discovered. The girls could not talk after they were in bed, for the master of the house rapped against the wall, and said, "No whispering! Make haste and go to sleep."

Very little sleep visited their eyes, and when they arose between four and five, poor Mary looked so pale, that even the flattering Sister of Mercy could not have praised her "blooming cheeks." Her few clothes were soon packed in a little box, which her father corded, and took in his hand. Just as he left the house, he turned, and said, "Annie, I think you feel it is your duty to obey your mother's commands; and she desired me to say, she forbids you to have any talk with those women down there, who are so fond of creeping into people's houses."

Annie felt thankful, amidst all her sorrow at parting from Mary, in thinking that her intercourse with the Romanists had been found out, without her cousin's being able to think she had betrayed her; and as soon as she and her father were out of sight, she hastened to get rid of her uneasy feelings by busying herself about the household work. She had not been so occupied for more than an hour or two, when she heard first a gentle rap, and then a very soft voice say, "May I

come in?" Going into the front room, she saw the pale, interesting face of the Sister of Mercy; and curtseying—for she had been taught to shew respect to her superiors—she said, "No, ma'am, if you please; my uncle does not wish you to come here."

"And who are you, my pretty girl? Where is my friend Mary?" Annie replied, "Mary is gone away with her father, and when he was going out of the door, he told me that my mother forbids me to talk with you; and that if you called, I was not to let you in. Please, ma'am, don't come in. I do not like to be rude, but I must mind my mother and uncle."

The pale cheek of the Sister of Mercy flushed either with surprise or anger, but still she kept her place. "I have learnt," she said gently, "to bear reproach and unkindness for the good of immortal souls."

Annie longed to ask her whether she thought it was for the good of the soul, to slight God's word, and be disobedient to parents. But her uncle's words were, "Your mother forbids you to have any talk with those women," and *her* plain duty was to obey. She therefore said, "I am forbidden to talk with you; but if you will come to our cottage, William Livesay's cottage, at the bottom of Annot's Hill, I am sure my mother will let me beg your pardon, ma'am." She then closed the door, and went up-stairs till she saw her unwelcome visitor walk from the house.

CHAPTER II.

THE different persons mentioned in the last chapter having dispersed as there narrated, it may be desirable to introduce them individually to our readers, before we proceed with our little history. We will commence with the lady who has just departed much discomposed, from the door of Luke Everest, whose daughter Mary had been for some months the object of her special care.

Her name was Isabella S., and, melancholy to relate, this misguided Sister of Mercy was the only child of truly pious parents, who had lost several children, and nearly given up the hope of transmitting their honourable name and large fortune to their own posterity, when this daughter came to centre on herself, the tenderest affections of their loving hearts. From the moment her first cry reached the ear of her mother, and her soft cheek received the fervent kiss of her enraptured father, she engrossed their fondest cares, and awakened a thousand delightful hopes. Being

an intelligent child, she soon began to lisp the expressions familiar to her ear; and her speeches, delivered with parrot-like accuracy, seemed to her doting parents the language of early piety. They were repeated (often in her hearing), to a wide circle of affectionate relatives, who spread them through one still wider, of such flattering friends as are always to be found by the wealthy and liberal; and their injudicious remarks and questions often made it plain to the little girl, that words uttered in childish prattle to her mamma, were considered worthy of remembrance and repetition. What wonder that the love of admiration, so natural to the human heart, should become her ruling passion? or that her mind should lose, even in early childhood, that simplicity which is childhood's loveliest ornament? Before she had completed her tenth year, language was with her rather the utterance of self-love seeking to attract admiration, than the spontaneous expressions of thought and feeling.

When will Christian parents reflect on the tendency of our fallen nature to self-idolatry, and learn to guard against encouraging this baneful feeling?

You may ask, "Did not her parents, Sir R. and Lady S., discern the state of her mind?" I may truly answer, a doubt of their child's integrity never entered into their thoughts. She had a natural good taste, which threw a charm over her conversation; then her temper was so gentle, and

her love for themselves so sweetly expressed, that the days seemed too short to ponder over, and rejoice in her perfections. Besides, she brought home the heads and striking passages of sermons so nicely, she answered questions on Scripture History, and doctrine so correctly, that the anxieties of their hearts as to her eternal well-being, were all lulled to rest.

About this time, Sir Robert was attacked with a serious illness, which engaging too much of his wife's time and attention to allow of her continuing the sole care of her daughter's education, a suitable governess was sought. A lady, who dearly loved to patronize, recommended one who had acquired the purest Parisian accent in Paris, and the purest Italian idiom at Florence; she painted like an artist, played like a professor, &c.

"And her principles?" interrupted the anxious mother.

"Oh, quite sound, quite evangelical! she delights in Mr. B.'s preaching, and will greatly enjoy the privileges of your Christian household."

Who would have thought that all this lady patroness knew of the person in question, was the having met her in one or two parties, and walked home with her once from Mr. B.'s.

The governess was engaged, and her accomplishments fully answered the eloquent description; added to this, her person was attractive, and her conversation winning and intelligent, so

that she soon acquired entire influence over her pupil; while her conformity to all the regulations of the family, secured the good opinion of her employers.

The increasing infirmities of Isabella's father, (now become a confirmed paralytic) threw her more and more with her fascinating governess, whose sentimental religion, capable of harmonizing with any form of doctrine, was soon adopted by the young lady herself, without the least thought of danger entering the minds of her confiding parents. The invalid lingered till his daughter had completed her seventeenth year, and ere she was nineteen she became altogether an orphan, with a large unencumbered inheritance.

A short time before her mother's death, Isabella had the hooping-cough, and recovered from the attack so slowly, that her guardians gladly availed themselves of the proposal made by a distant relative, about to travel for her health, to take her and her governess, now considered as her companion and friend, to pass the winter in the south of Europe, and visit Rome before their return to England.

The travellers found the journey delightful: Isabella especially, was in raptures with the wonders of nature and art which continually engaged her attention; and her kind relative made use of numerous letters of introduction, to secure the necessary protection and companionship, in visiting

objects worthy of inspection in the towns at which they rested, whenever her own delicate health prevented her accompanying the young ladies.

Some of the persons to whom they were thus introduced were Roman Catholics, who when they accompanied the two friends to their churches and cathedrals, endeavoured to turn Isabella's attention from everything in their mode of worship that seemed likely to shock her Protestant principles. These, however, were not very sensitive, for her governess had been accustomed to depict in such glowing colours, "the sweet sentiment of poetry" which mingled with the rites of (what she erroneously called) the Catholic Church, that her pupil was prepared to seek under its most revolting superstitions, some hidden meaning, which somehow or other was to bring them into accordance with scriptural truth; and when, during some grand ceremonial, she beheld the sun's beams stream through the richly-painted windows, and fall on the gorgeous dresses of the officiating priesthood, while odours of burning incense, and entrancing strains of music filled the aisles of a magnificent cathedral, she would whisper to herself, "This is worship worthy of the Deity." Alas! how many lessons of her early years must have been forgotten, ere such a thought found entrance into her mind. She had been taught to lisp, "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." But

was that which she now called worship anything more than the intoxication of the senses?

Her letters to friends in England made no reference to these emotions, for her governess had early taught her that it was ill-bred and unfeminine, to wound the prejudices of those who through the want of a sufficiently liberal education, or from natural narrowness of mind, were unable to sympathize in her own candid views.

Confining her communications, therefore, to descriptions of the wonders of nature and art which continually came beneath her notice, she gave vent to her feelings of admiration in eloquent language; and as she dwelt upon the beautifully limpid waters of the Rhine, its deep and tranquil course between banks whose scenery was often sublime; the castles, towns, and villages which everywhere embellished the prospect; the ancient towers and forts, remains of remote ages which were reflected on the bosom of the waters—it seemed as if she had poured forth all the treasures of her thoughts and feelings, so that her friends at home rejoiced that such pleasures had fallen to the lot of one so capable of enjoying them. The grand Alpine scenery called forth still more the powers of her pen and pencil. The most picturesque objects opened on her view in every direction; stupendous masses appearing like mountain piled on mountain, with innumerable streams flowing down their sides in beautiful cascades, or foaming

from their summits in stormy cataracts; and valleys, where corn-fields, vines, and fruit-trees diversified the scene,—seemed each in turn to offer to her view unrivalled beauties. She was never tired of watching the different effects of light and shade, and especially the beams of the setting sun tinging the snow-clad mountains with a roseate hue, which, as he sank below the horizon, gradually became paler, till it left the pure brilliant white mass resting, as it were, in the pale moonlight, against the deep blue sky.

Next Italy, charming, classic Italy! opened its treasures. How pure and serene the atmosphere, tempered by refreshing breezes from the mountains! What a peculiar beauty pervaded every landscape! And then the gems of art in the numerous museums and collections! The ordinary length of human life would be too short, to appropriate to each its due meed of admiration! So she felt, so she wrote, and in this excited state of mind entered Rome.

Her kind relative had been induced, by the rapturous delight of her young companion, to struggle against a feeling of weakness, as long as excitement could sustain her powers; but when once settled in a suitable residence, she was compelled to yield to the low feverish indisposition which had been for many days hanging about her, and was confined to her apartment for many weeks. Her letters, however, again secured companions

for Isabella; and without any anxious fears she heard, day after day, of the kind attentions and warm friendship manifested by an Italian marchesa, who, in the softest expressions of the most musical language in the world, professed devoted affection for "La bella Inglese." "It is true, Italian women are said to be not exactly the most correct in their morals," she thought; "but then my young cousin is such a pure-minded creature, that she would not perceive evil unless it were forced on her attention, and then she would flee from it. It is true, she is to be thrown on the hospitality, and mix in the society of Roman Catholics; but surely the child of such pious parents, one who has been so well instructed in scripture doctrines, is more likely to convert the marchesa to her own purer faith, than to be injured herself by the association. Besides, has she not with her that excellent governess, in whom her parents for years placed entire confidence? Oh, it is all right," and Mrs. M. laid her aching head on her pillow, and felt that it was a great relief when Isabella and her companion accepted an invitation to spend a week at the palazzo of her Italian friend.

On the first evening her chief companion in the distinguished assembly at the palazzo, was a gentleman, whose dress might formerly have struck her as rather odd, but she had ceased to notice such trifles; and as he poured forth, sometimes in Italian, sometimes in English, the treasures of his culti-

vated mind, she forgot the gay throng, and was absorbed in the pleasure of listening and replying to his brilliant conversation. On his departure, her hostess congratulated her on the evident favour with which Dr. S. regarded her.

"He is," she said, "a countryman of yours, but he has lived among us so long, that we regard him as our own." She added that he was one of the most influential persons in Rome; and could procure her admittance where no other Englishwoman would be permitted to enter. During the remainder of the young lady's visit, (which the increased illness of Mrs. M. lengthened from week to week), the mornings were spent in sight-seeing, and in the evenings Dr. S. was frequently by her side. Sometimes he would amuse her with anecdotes of the various persons assembled at the marchesa's conversazione; sometimes give her historical information connected with what she had seen during her visits to places of interest. Then, as intimacy increased, he led her to speak of her early childhood, her home, her parents, and the instructions they had so carefully given. From time to time he would perplex her with questions on various doctrinal points, or by asking her to explain certain difficulties, which he pretended to discover in the system in which she had been trained; or by requiring her to reconcile certain apparent contradictions, which he asserted were necessarily associated with the profession of

scriptural and evangelical religion. Then he would ask her to account for the diversity of opinions among the numerous Protestant sects, all of whom profess to derive their systems from the same inspired volume, and at the same time he would urge upon her the importance of perfect unity in the church.

Had Isabella been more anxious to profit by the conversations she had listened to at her father's table, than to astonish his friends by the quickness of her own apprehension, and her acquaintance with the subjects treated of, these difficulties, and especially the latter, would have had no weight; for Sir Robert S. had been a man of large and liberal spirit, who recognised a brother in whomsoever loved our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Various denominations of Christians used to assemble round his table in perfect harmony; proving, that though there were points of minor importance (connected with such matters of discipline as are not authoritatively settled in scripture) on which they could agree to differ, without any compromise of principle—yet in all that relates to the glory of God, and the salvation of man, they were truly one in spirit. An old clergyman used to compare their diversities to those of a certain loving couple, one of whom was remarkably short sighted, while the other, though possessing the usual length of vision, had a natural defect which prevented his dis-

tinguishing colour, so that red and green produced in him exactly the same sensation; thus, when after a pleasant drive into the country, they were describing the different objects which had passed before them, a slight breach would sometimes be made in their usual unanimity, by each persisting that his or her defective perception was the correct one; and he would say, "So it is with our disputes; some of us are so limited in our views, as to be unable to comprehend the bearings of anything extending beyond our individual experience and feelings: while others cannot distinguish the shades by which diversity harmonizes with, and embellishes the whole."

In Isabella's mind no vital principle of grace had extended its roots downward, and borne fruit upward. All her religion had been mere excitement, or display prompted by vanity. Her pious (?) exercises had flagged when no human eye rested on her; she had listened to sermons that she might gain praise by her recollection of the divisions, arguments, &c. She had—melancholy to relate—read her Bible for no higher purpose. What wonder that the doctrine which distils as the dew, sank not with refreshing influence into her soul; or that the seed which had fallen on the rock should wither under the scorching blast which now beat full upon her. Her mere profession of Protestantism was insufficient to bear the trial. She became perplexed when her in-

sinuating companion plied her with questions, her spirit was troubled, because, while she shrank from that abandonment of the faith of her forefathers, which would involve the breaking up of all her early friendships and associations, she wanted the foundation which could alone have kept her stedfast. Sleepless nights and anxious days soon told on her delicate constitution; though her invalid friend, absorbed in her own sufferings, scarcely noticed the pallid cheek, and sunken eye of her young charge, till they were forced on her by her medical attendant. Then she became exceedingly anxious. "The air of Rome," she said, "must be in fault." She wished she could bear the fatigue of a removal—she must make inquiries for some English family who were travelling to a more healthy locality.

The young lady, however, refused to quit the protection under which her guardians had placed her; she had, indeed, so entirely given herself up to the fascinations of the Jesuit introduced to her as Dr. S., that she was unwilling to remove from a place where she could almost daily enjoy his intellectual and interesting conversation. He noticed her depression of spirits, he drew from her an account of the workings of her mind, and then related the experience of one who, like herself, had entered Rome a Protestant, but who, after a long and painful struggle, had sought admittance into the Church of Rome. This man,

he told her, had frequently declared that he never knew peace till he had taken the final step; but that from that moment he had experienced a tranquillity of mind, and satisfaction of feeling, a joy and delight, he had never known before. From the time he sought rest in the bosom of his Holy Mother, he had felt in her embrace and communion the most perfect happiness.*

Poor Isabella listened till she also was persuaded to make the experiment. She was received privately into the Church of Rome, because it was considered better calculated to advance the interest of her new religion, that the change should be concealed till she attained her majority.

A few days after she had taken this step, Mrs. M. became suddenly worse, and in a few hours expired. To the shock naturally caused by this event, was added anxiety as to the change of residence it would involve. Her Jesuit counsellor feared her being brought under the influence of Protestant friends, before he had fully established his power over her; and Isabella dreaded being compelled to relinquish the society of one, whose image seemed to fill her whole soul, to the exclusion of all others. What was the nature of that engrossing feeling? She knew he was

* For the subsequent experience of the individual alluded to by Dr. S., see "Seymour's Mornings with the Jesuits," chap. iii.

pledged by solemn vows to celibacy: besides, she was a mere girl, while—

> "On his visage middle age
> Had broadly stamped its signet sage."

We state the fact without attempting to explain it.

The day after Mrs. M.'s death, Dr. S. mentioned to her that an English gentleman and lady of distinction, having heard of her distress, had begged of him to propose an application to her guardians, for their consent to her joining them in a tour through the Italian States. The gentleman, Mr. R., was nearly related to a dignitary of the English Church, the connection was unexceptionable; and as it would have been exceedingly inconvenient to the said guardians, to undertake a journey to Rome, their consent was readily secured; and she prepared to accompany her new friends and Dr. S., immediately after the funeral. To her great surprise and grief, her late governess announced, on the very eve of her departure, that a letter had just arrived, which made it her most urgent duty to abandon for a season, "the beloved of her heart, her amiable and accomplished Isabella."

We may be permitted to glance over the letter alluded to, and lay the following extract before our readers:—

"With your uncommon talents, it would be the

greatest impiety, in you to hesitate as to continuing the work you have so well begun, of bringing souls to the safe shelter of our Holy Mother's loving heart. Were you to remain longer with your present charge, your character might be compromised; but leaving her just at this time, you may acquire increased reputation, from being so ready to part with your friend, rather than do violence to your principles. My informant assures me that nothing is wanting to complete the work, begun in the family of Lord and Lady B., by the young ladies' French maid, but a judicious friend, who would constantly watch against the effects of occasional intercourse, with their bigoted, heretical relations," &c.

After the departure of the unsuspecting young lady, whose guide and counsellor she had been for more than nine years, the artful governess addressed a letter to her, stating, that the necessities of a suffering relative, whose wants she was prevented, by feelings of delicacy, from communicating to her dear and generous young friend, had made her decide upon accepting the noble salary Lady B. gave to her daughters' governess; while another letter was at the same time despatched to B—— Park, dilating on the anguish it caused her to part with her former pupil, but "that as her own influence had been superseded by that of designing persons, who she greatly feared were leading her into fatal error, she herself preferred

abandoning a situation where she was no longer useful, and would seek her consolation in earnest endeavours, to train up Lady B.'s daughters, to tread in the steps of their pious parents." This is indeed a sad picture of human nature, debased by false principles. Is it over-charged? Would it be difficult, if we could remove the veil of a fair profession, to point to one and another female Jesuit, who has undermined the faith she was expected to confirm? Are the foreign servants placed about the infant children, and daughters of our nobility, and gentry, all so ignorant, or so indifferent, that there is no danger of their false views, on the most important of all points, infecting their charge? English Christian parents, think of this!

The rest of our tale is soon told. Isabella continued to travel with her new friends, (who, like herself, had been seduced, by the blandishments of emissaries from the Apostate Church,) till just one month before returning to England, to take possession of her inheritance, when she publicly avowed, what she had so long privately professed. Dr. S. was, about the same time, called to England, to take charge of a college about to be established; and, through his influence, the poor dupe was induced to resign into his hands, all she could alienate from her patrimony, to be used, as he said, to promote the interests of her soul; and with three companions, under a superior, she settled as a Sister of Mercy, in the village where

we first met with her. Here, her lovely person, gentle manners, and numerous accomplishments, threw a sort of romantic interest around her, which greatly affected the younger members of the families, into which she contrived to introduce herself; and, shut out from her own early friends, and those tender ties, for which her heart was formed, she endeavoured to find consolation in earnest efforts to proselytize all, over whose minds she could acquire power: and her wily director, Dr. S., now addressed as Father Ambrose, aiding her by his counsels, she was daily becoming more dangerous in this locality, at the time our story opens.

CHAPTER III.

We turn with a feeling of relief, from the wiles of jesuitical teachers, to consider the character and history of an upright child of God—the mother of Annie Livesay. She was the twin sister of Luke Everest's wife, and the daughter of a prosperous tradesman, settled at the time of their birth, in a market town in Yorkshire. His wife died soon after, and in due time he brought home, to fill her place, the respected and confidential servant of a family of distinction, residing in the neighbourhood, who had a little property, and proved a kind, and affectionate mother to the twins. They received a good, plain education, in a day-school, and lived in the enjoyment of every comfort, till they were about fifteen years of age, when the spirit of speculation, and desire to grow speedily rich, having seized their father, his whole property was swept away at a stroke, and he died insolvent. His widow was placed, with a small weekly allowance, in a cottage on the estate of her

former noble mistress; and the two young girls were received into the service of two of her married daughters; one as helper in the nursery, the other under the lady's maid and housekeeper. The latter was early called to a knowledge of the truth, and for several years maintained a blameless course, in the midst of many temptations. At the age of twenty-eight, she married the under-gardener, a Scotchman, like-minded with herself, and though her fellow-servants said she had demeaned herself, and that she might have done better, she never regretted her choice. Whenever there was any additional help wanted at the hall, Ann Livesay was sure to be sent for, and though her respected master and mistress were walking after the course of this world, and seeking their happiness in its pursuits and pleasures, they have been often heard to say, that Ann was so trustworthy, so industrious, so cheerful and respectful, that they must own *her* religion was a very good thing. She had three children, of whom our friend Annie was the eldest.

The course of Mary Saunders, sister to the above, had not been so happy: yet she, too, was a valued domestic, and when only eighteen years of age, had been entrusted with the care of her mistress's infant daughter. The devoted affection of the young nurse, to her interesting charge, was fully returned by the child, and when the latter,

in the fifth year of her age, was attacked with scarlet fever, (so far as second causes were concerned,) she might be said to owe her life, to the watchful, and skilful care of her nurse. Mary, some months after, was attacked with the same fever, and it was thought advisable by the family physician, that she should be removed from the house, and she was received into the cottage of a respectable widow, residing in an adjoining village. This led to an intimacy, and eventually to a rather hasty marriage, with Luke Everest, the widow's only son. They were married some years before the birth of our friend Mary, and as she was but two months younger than her cousin, Annie Livesay, the girls had been brought up in the closest intimacy. About a year before the commencement of our story, Miss Lake, the cherished nursling of Mary Everest, who had been a long time in very delicate health, became much worse, and was taken to London for advice. She begged so earnestly for "dear nursey" to accompany her, that a reluctant assent was wrung from her husband; but when the invalid, who derived no benefit from the change, returned in apparently a hopeless state, Luke murmured at his wife being still taken so much from her own home and child. She, however, and the young lady, fretted so much when separated, that he was compelled to give way, though he said, "He thought it hard their own girl should be left to herself, that her mother might

attend upon a young lady, who could afford to pay twenty people, all as well able to do for her, and that he thought she loved Miss Emily too well, to be just to her own flesh and blood."

The morning of the day on which this little tale begins, Luke Everest had stopped at the village shop, to make some small purchases, when the mistress said, "Well, Master Everest, who would have thought of your letting your daughter accept a new frock, from the popish ladies down there." He inquired what she meant, and she told him that when she was in the market-town some time before, making purchases for her shop, the linen-draper had shewn her a large parcel of goods, which he was about to send to the Sisters of Mercy, and among them she had noticed a very pretty pink print, which the shopkeeper said he supposed was intended to bribe some foolish girl or other to listen to their superstitious nonsense. "And only think how I stared, to see that pretty pink print—I could swear to it among a thousand —on your daughter Mary."

Luke was greatly alarmed; but he only said, "If my daughter has had anything to do with those popish women, it has been unknown to me, and against my orders. Thank you, neighbour, for telling me this; my girl ought to be righted, if she is blamed wrongfully. And if you are right," added he with a heavy sigh, "I must see to it."

It was with very uneasy feelings, Luke that day

attended to his work. The "pretty pink print" seemed continually before his eyes: he had noticed it, when his daughter first put it on, and asked where she got it; to which she replied, "Oh, my good lady gave it me." Now, both Annie and herself, had been accustomed to speak of Mrs. Moore as "our good lady," and he at once concluded, it was a kind present brought her, when that lady came from the sea-side, because her cousin had had the treat of being with her there. He felt with increased bitterness, the injustice done to his poor girl, in leaving her day after day, in their lonely cottage, without a mother's protection; especially, when both he, and his wife knew what dangerous neighbours they had: but Luke Everest was not a man to meditate upon an evil, without seeking to correct it. He obtained the steward's permission, to leave his work after dinner, and hastened to open his heart to his widowed sister, and to propose her removing to his house immediately. It was long since he had known the relief, of unburthening his mind; his sister had soon discerned, that the woman on whom he had fixed his youthful affections, was not likely to be a suitable wife, for one of his strong character; and had tried to persuade him, to take time, to study Mary Saunders's disposition and habits, before he sought to gain her love. This had embittered Mary's mind towards her sister-in-law, and prevented much intercourse

taking place between the two families, especially after Jane had endeavoured to induce the pretty young wife, to make the sacrifice of various little whims and fancies, for the sake of her husband's happiness.

When experience, bitter experience, had taught Luke, that Jane had judged better than himself, his pride of heart caused him to withdraw from her, more and more; and during the last few years, domestic affliction had pressed too heavily upon her, to allow of her watching the effects of disappointment, and discontent on her brother's spirit. She had married the man of her choice, after they had prudently waited, to acquire that knowledge of each other's principles and character, which would secure them from after disappointment. Three children had blessed their union, and in the eyes of their fond mother, they were the most beautiful and promising that ever any woman was privileged to call her own; and truly those children of very comely parents were such as fixed the eye of the passing stranger on their slender forms, brilliant complexions, sparkling eyes, ruby lips and pearl-like teeth; all lovely tokens of a more than ordinary fragility. One and another drooped and pined; she knew not why—the glow on their cheek seemed softer and fainter, than the transparent bloom of health; then came the deep hollow cough, the burning fever, the rapid wasting, the alternations of hope and

despair, the struggle between the mother's natural anguish, and the Christian's resigned submission.

Three times in seven years she had followed a beloved one to an early grave—then came the sorrow of sorrows—and she was left a lonely widow; but not to sorrow, as one without hope. Each child's character had matured with the precocity common to that kind of constitution, and she had, in every instance, many precious recollections of pious submission, and joyful hope, and well-founded scriptural confidence, to enable her to breathe forth the declaration, "He hath done all things well." Even when the best loved of all, her excellent husband, yielded to the same insidious malady, she bowed to her heavenly Father's will, nor murmured at his chastening rod. Her sympathies were not deadened by her afflictions; she listened to her brother's tale of sorrow and disappointment; she felt with him, that the younger Mary must be prevented all intercourse with those whom he irreverently called "the vile popish women," and promised to prepare immediately, to leave her comfortable home, the scene of former domestic happiness, in order to take up her abode with him, at least till his wife should be released from her lengthened attendance on her young lady.

As he was passing the vicar's garden, on his way to Squire Lake's, whither he was going to

communicate the alteration in his plans, with the cause, to his wife, he saw Mrs. Moore, and touching his hat respectfully, asked her if she had given his daughter a new frock. The few sentences that had reached her ear, while standing at Martha Turner's door, enabled her to give him the history of this frock, and though she did it very gently, the poor father was quite overcome by the knowledge of his child's duplicity. It had been his proud boast, when a lad, "No Everest was ever charged with a lie," and now, to know that his only child was a practised deceiver! it was too much: the strong man was bowed down with shame and grief.

The kind-hearted Vicar made him go with him to his house, and into his study, where he soothed his agitated feelings to the best of his power, saying, "We ought to be thankful, Master Everest, that this has been brought to light, we must now consider what is best to be done."

"Mary must leave home to-morrow at daylight," said her father. "They who have taken away the mother, must take in the poor child till I can see what to do with her. I will not leave her to be quite ruined, by those wicked deceivers, sir," he added, turning to Mr. Jones. "It can't be possible that those people think they are doing God service, by their lies and deceit. It is not religion, which the Romanists care to spread, but only such things, as may make

people their slaves, and give to their priests the power of ruling both soul and body."

"I agree with you, my good friend," replied the worthy Vicar. "It is unfortunately the practice now-a-days to speak of Popery as if it were another form of Christianity. But while Christianity declares there is *one* mediator, Popery sets up *many* mediators. Christianity declares that God in Christ is alone to be worshipped, and that He is all in all, for the salvation of sinners. Popery asserts, that a woman is to be worshipped, and prayers are to be offered to her; Christianity proclaims that pardon is to be obtained *only* through the atonement of the Redeemer. Popery asserts, that our own works are to become a procuring cause of the forgiveness of sin, and that the merits of the saints, and the bones and relics of corruption, are also of avail in this matter; Christianity commands us to search the Scriptures, while Popery shuts up the Word of God, and prohibits its use, in the vulgar tongue of each country. Is it not, therefore, a monstrous abuse of words, to speak of Popery as a form of Christianity?"

"Many persons," said Mrs. Moore, "argue thus, 'God's people are warned to come out of her,' but where God's people are, there is the Church of God, consequently the Church of Rome, however fallen and polluted, must still be the Church of God."

"Do you not perceive the sophistry of this

argument?" replied her minister. "God's people, are a people gathered out from all kindreds, and tongues and nations; we may as well argue that Hindooism, Mohammedism, or any other form of error, is to be so regarded, because there are among its professors some who are to be called out in due time, to take their place among Christ's people. Depend upon it, my dear Mrs. Moore, the religion of Rome is much more nearly allied to Paganism than to Christianity. There is the Pantheon, filled with the statues of the heathen gods, turned over at once to so-called Christian worship. The idol that had been worshipped as Venus now receives homage as the Virgin Mother. Jupiter's hands are stripped of the thunderbolt, and keys put into them, that the devout papist may bow down to him, (as the devout pagan bowed down,) only calling him Peter. The greater part of the paraphernalia of Romish worship only consist of the gewgaws of heathenism, nicknamed by Christian appellations. But we are forgetting our present business. I have an old aunt, Master Everest, who has written to beg my wife will look out for a smart girl among my parishioners, to assist her own maid, who is advanced in life, and disabled by rheumatism from attending to her lady as she used to do. My aunt is a truly amiable, and pious woman; her other servants, a respectable man and his wife, have lived with her many years, and are also excellent Christian

people. All the household are ruled by the precepts of pure, scriptural religion, and I trust that amongst them, your poor misguided child would be led to see the errors of her present teachers, and her own sinfulness, in yielding to their temptations." And so it was settled.

As Luke was leaving, after many expressions of thankfulness, Mrs. Moore said, "If you will take my advice, Master Everest, you will not speak to Mary about her intercourse with the Sister of Mercy. Depend on it, she has never reflected much about the matter, and when a new train of thought, and feeling, naturally arises out of her new circumstances, the present will quite fade away; but if you, while all is fresh, were to argue with her, she would recall all their teaching, in order to support her new opinions; and thus it would be fixed in her memory."

Everest's sound mind perceived the justice of these remarks, and he determined to be guided by them; he finished the labours of the day, by a three-miles walk to Squire Lake's, where his wife readily obtained the desired permission, for Mary to remain with her, till Mr. Jones had made the necessary arrangements with his aunt for her reception. He did not hint to his wife his reason for his hasty decision, as he knew that if he had, the news would have speedily spread from the Squire's study to the servants' hall, and everybody would have had their jest, or their counsel, for his

poor girl. On his way back, he called on his sister-in-law, and obtained leave for Annie to remain for a day or two, till his sister could come to him, and then, wearied in body, and depressed in spirits, he reached his home, and announced his decision as we have related.

CHAPTER IV.

As soon as Annie Livesay heard the garden-gate close, she looked from her window, and seeing her late visitor proceed slowly to her own residence, hastened to fasten the bolts of both the front and back doors. She then finished her household work, and rejoiced when she went into her uncle's room, to see the frock the Sisters of Mercy had given to Mary lying on the floor, hoping it would be sent back to the donor, to make her sorry and ashamed for having tempted her cousin to sin.

She afterwards seated herself, with her little pocket Testament open before her, that she might learn the chapter Mrs. Moore had set her, while she finished some mending which poor Mary had begun on the previous day; and was so fully engaged that she did not hear the gate open, and a quick step come up the garden; but was startled by somebody's attempting to open the door. On finding it fastened, her visitor went round and

tried the one at the back of the house, and then returning, a face was put close to the window to look in. Oh, what joy! it was her own dear mother, and Annie hastened to withdraw the bolt. Mrs. Livesay entered, with a large bundle and a little basket on her arm, and said, as she placed them on the table, "What were you afraid of that you bolted both doors?" Annie repeated her uncle's parting words, and told her of the visit of the Sister of Mercy, together with her own invitation to the strange lady, as she called her, to come to her father's cottage, that she might offer some apology. "I am sorry you told her to come to our house; but, perhaps, you could not do otherwise, for it would not be right to treat anybody with rudeness. It would be disobeying God's command, 'Be courteous.'"

As Mrs. Livesay took off her bonnet and shawl, she told her daughter, that she and her father could not make up their minds to leave such a young girl quite alone, though her brother-in-law's distress, when he called on the previous evening, had been so great that they could not refuse what he asked.

"And so, Annie," said her mother, "I went quite early to ask deaf Margery to come over and mind the house for me; and I got the schoolmaster to let the boys carry their dinners, and stay till your father comes in the evening from his work. Then I went to the Hall, to ask my lady

to let me fit the covers, and bring them down here to make, so we can have a comfortable quiet morning together."

This was joyful news for Annie, who dearly loved to converse with her excellent parent, and mother and daughter were soon seated at their needlework. After a short silence, the latter said,—

"Mother, you promised one day that you would tell me, some time or other, all about God's goodness to you when you were a young girl, in leading you to choose His ways. Is not this a nice time to keep your promise?"

Her mother agreed that there could not be a better opportunity, and thus began:—

"You know that our own mother died a few days after your aunt and I were born, and that afterwards your dear grandmother was the tenderest parent to us, that any little girls could have. She was one that I really think even then loved God sincerely, though people at that time did not read their Bibles so much; they thought more of going to prayers on particular days, and attending to the outside of religion, than of making it the rule and happiness of their lives. We girls were sent to one of the best day-schools in our town, and had picked up some useful knowledge, when my poor father lost every shilling he had in the world, by the dishonesty of a man who pretended he could enable him to

make a large fortune, and bring us up as ladies. We should have been poor, awkward ladies, I fancy, and have felt very lonely and uncomfortable, when we came among the real gentry. But, as I was saying, my father was ruined; he died soon after, and when the stock and furniture were sold, and everybody was paid, we were, with our mother, left penniless. Good Lady Armstead no sooner heard of our misfortunes, than she came in her own coach, and took us all to her fine house. A few weeks after Mary and I went to live with my lady's two married daughters, and my mother was settled in her nice little cottage. My mother gave me the best advice before we parted; and though I was so foolish as to think myself better than my fellow-servants at the Hall, still I tried to learn what Mrs. Maskell, my lady's own maid, taught me, and my mistress was pleased to say in my hearing to Lady Armstead, that I should in time be as great a treasure to her, as my mother had been to her ladyship.

When I was nearly twenty years old, a new governess came to the young ladies; and as it was my place to wait upon the school-room, I saw a good deal of her. I shall never forget her kind tone of voice when she thanked me for offering to unpack her trunks and settle her books: and it used to be a pleasure when I went into the room to do any little job, to hear her talking so sweetly to the young ladies, who soon loved her very much, as I

think nobody in the world could help doing. She immediately began to lend me books, and to speak to me about the value of my soul; and she got my mistress's leave to have me with her while the young ladies were at dessert, that we might read together. My master did not much like the young ladies being brought up so religiously; but my lady said the governess was so talented and conscientious, that after all the trouble she had had with those who had lived there before, she should be very sorry to part with her. I happened to hear this when I had gone into the room to wipe up some ink, and I was so glad to find there was no fear of Miss Mundy being sent away because of her religion. She was, indeed, as my mistress said, truly conscientious. I remember one day when I was in the room doing something to the ropes the young ladies used in their exercises, Miss Mary said,—"Pray teach me another song. Papa will say this is too religious; but I can sing it when he is not by." Miss Mundy answered quite seriously,—"My dear Mary, if you think it would displease your papa, you had better not learn it: there ought to be no concealments with parents." Then, after being silent a little while, she said still more seriously, "Your mamma and Sir John know that I could not undertake your education on any other principle, than that of training you, to the utmost of my ability, in the fear of the Lord. I never wish you to bring forward my

sentiments offensively to your papa; but always remember, there must be no artifice, no studied concealments." Her beautiful conduct at last won even my master's good will; still he would say sometimes, "My girls shall not be made Methodists;" and he was always taking them to races and such kind of places, from which they would come back so full of vanity and idle talk, that poor Miss Mundy's heart must have been very heavy. I sometimes wondered that she stayed; but she loved the young ladies, and dear Miss Emily, their cousin, took delight in her instructions, when almost a baby, and as she grew older, was a great comfort to her, so that she said, God had given her great consolation in making her useful to that sweet child and myself.

"Dear lady," said Mrs. Livesay, wiping away the starting tear, "she was quite ready when she was taken away, after a few days illness, with an attack of inflammation. After her death, the house seemed so lonely, without a single person to cheer one with a pious word, that I was more ready to listen to William Livesay's wish, that I should become his wife; and truly, though we are poor, and I am obliged to do without many things I had always been used to before my marriage, I have found in your dear Christian father, such a helper in the ways of godliness, that I can truly say, 'the lines are fallen to me in pleasant places.'"

Mother and daughter worked for some time

without speaking, after the former ceased her narrative, and then Annie said,—

"Mother, cannot you remember some of the nice things that good lady talked about?"

"Indeed, Annie, it often seems as if every word she ever said came as fresh to my mind as if we had been separated only a few days. I recollect that when she had lived at the Hall about three years, my master's young brother came from his travels to stay there. He brought with him a very fine gentleman as his confidential servant; and as my lady had, from the time I first lived with her, ordered that I should eat and sit with the upper servants, I used constantly to meet with this Mr. Jukes. He seemed to like to talk to me, and as he told us many very curious and amusing things about foreign parts, I was pleased to listen to him. After he had been with us a few days, he began to ask me why I always went away in the evening, and one of my fellow-servants said very rudely, that I went to say my prayers, and read the Bible to the governess. Then Mr. Jukes began to say very wicked things about the Bible, which I will not repeat, for fear they should get into your head, and trouble you as they troubled me. Good Miss Mundy soon found out that there was something the matter; and she was so kind, that I could not hide anything from her, but told her how Mr. Jukes's sinful talk perplexed me. She warned me very seriously, *not to trifle with*

error—these were her very words; and then she said, that as our quiet time in the evening was sadly broken in on, now there was so much company in the house, if I thought I could get up an hour earlier, she would be ready for me in her room at half-past five; and then we could read, and pray, and examine together the evidences of the truth of God's Word. When we thus met in the morning, she first spoke of the number of good, and wise, and very learned men, who, after the closest examination, were confirmed in believing the Bible to be the Word of God; and who, living and dying, recommended it to their fellow-men, as the source of all true wisdom, hope, and consolation.

"Next, she shewed me that no books on religion, except the Bible, and those written in agreement with its teaching, speak of the infinite God, in a way worthy of Him, that is, with simplicity, majesty, and truth. She read to me accounts of the gods which the wisest heathen nations worshipped, and made me remark that their false deities were supposed to be moved by the same passions, and subject to the same vices as their worshippers, but she said, 'No man's unassisted reason could ever have conceived God such as He revealed Himself to Moses. "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth. Keeping mercy [illegible] thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression,

and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty.'"

"Another day she shewed me, that the fulfilment of prophecy proved, beyond a doubt, that the Bible was written by the inspiration of God.

"Take down your uncle's Bible, Annie, from that shelf, and find out the 23rd of Numbers; read the last part of the 9th verse."

Annie reads:—"Lo, the people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations."

Mrs. Livesay asked, "Of whom does Balaam here speak?"

"Of the children of Israel."

"What do we now call the people descended from those of whom Balaam spoke?"

"Jews, mother."

"Yes, Annie, they are the Jews. Miss Mundy made me notice, that this prophecy was written of that wonderful people more than three thousand years ago. Then, from different books of history, she read the way in which they have been kept separate from all other nations, even to this day; and shewed me, that though, since the destruction of Jerusalem, they have been scattered among all people, yet they still *dwell alone;* and have been preserved from mingling with their conquerors and oppressors in a way, which has never been seen with respect to any other people. You understand this, Annie, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, mother, I can see how impossible it was for Balaam, or anybody else, to guess these wonderful things. Only God could have put them into his mind."

"Now, find the 26th chapter of Ezekiel; read what is written at the top of the chapter."

Annie reads:—"The ruin of Tyre for insulting over Jerusalem foretold."

"Now read the 5th verse."

"It shall be a place for the spreading of nets, in the midst of the sea."

"Stop there, my child. Now I must tell you, that my kind teacher made me understand from other books, besides the Bible, what a great and rich city Tyre was, when these words were spoken by Ezekiel.

"Afterwards she read the account of King Nebuchadnezzar's besieging Tyre, and the people's removing with their riches to an island half a mile from the land, where they built New Tyre 'in the midst of the sea,' which in time became even more famous than Old Tyre had been; but a mighty conqueror, named Alexander the Great, more than two hundred years after, destroyed this New Tyre also, and the place became less and less important, till, as travellers now tell us, it is only a mean little village, inhabited chiefly by poor fishermen, who '*dry their nets*' in the place where a great and powerful city once stood. 'Now, Ann,' dear Miss Mundy would say, 'do you

think God would have made his servants write such things as these, so long before, and then ages after bring them exactly to pass, if He did not mean the book in which they are written to be received as His own word?' Are you tired, my dear?"

"Oh, no, mother, I could never be tired of hearing you talk in this nice way. I was only thinking you would want me to light the fire to cook something for your dinner. I intended to have some bread and cheese for mine; but, you know, it would not agree with you."

Mrs. L. replied, "You have not peeped into my little basket. My lady sent to desire the cook to put up some slices of cold meat, that I might not have the trouble of cooking. How quickly the morning has gone! I could not have believed that it was past twelve o'clock. Lay the cloth on that little table, and then we need not disturb our work. I must get these covers finished to-night, that I may fit them on, and cut out more to-morrow morning. The furniture must all be finished by Tuesday week, as Sir John's brother is to bring his new married lady to the Hall before the end of the month."

The mother and daughter quickly ate their meal with thankful hearts, and were soon again seated at their needlework.

"We are going to have a heavy storm, I think; the black clouds are gathering in every direction. I hope the hay is carried."

As Mrs. Livesay spoke, a peal of distant thunder was heard, and large rain-drops began to fall.

"How wet that foreign-looking gentleman will be!" said Annie. "Oh, he is coming in at the gate. Shall I run to the door?"

"Do so," said her mother. "He would be wet through, before he could reach the village."

The stranger, who reached the door just as the young girl opened it, thanked her with a very pleasant voice and look. His dress (which being different to any she had seen before, was the reason why she took him for a foreigner) consisted of a long black coat, reaching almost to his heels; a narrow strip of muslin just peeped above the collar of his waistcoat, which was buttoned up to his chin; and his hat had a singularly-shaped broad brim. The good English which he spoke, however, shewed her he was a fellow-countryman, and then she wondered why he looked so different from everybody else.

He at once accepted the chair Mrs. Livesay offered, and expressed how thankful he felt at having found shelter in such a neat and comfortable cottage. He then said, "I think you have another daughter; this is not the young lass who so kindly gave me a glass of water one very hot day."

"This is my only daughter," replied Mrs. Livesay, in such a cold and, as Annie thought, unkind tone, that she looked at her with surprise. Her

mother had just discerned in the visitor, the person who had been some time before pointed out as the Romish priest that occasionally visited the Sisters of Mercy, and she at once decided to have as little conversation with him as possible.

"Surely," said the stranger, "I could not be so much mistaken. This one is fair, with blue eyes; but the other, whose civility I spoke of, had black eyes and a very high colour."

"My sister's daughter only left home this morning."

"Oh, gone out for a holiday, I suppose?"

No reply being made to this supposition, the last speaker began to remark on Annie's industry, whose needle flew the faster, from her feeling some uneasiness at her mother's strange manners, so unlike her usual respectful courtesy to gentlefolks.

After sitting a little time in silence, the gentleman arose, and walked to the window; the rain fell in torrents, the tall trees bent under the violence of the wind, which roared round the cottage, and the sound of frequent peals of thunder mingled with the fierce gusts. He then turned and surveyed the mother and daughter, whose likeness to each other told plainly the closeness of their relationship. It is true that the hair of the elder female had a mixture of white, that took off the rich warm glow which distinguished that of the younger: but both wore it, clean, and smoothly braided, over their fair open brows: both had the

same pure complexion, the same soft blue eyes, and well-formed features. The dress of the mother consisted of a very neat muslin bordered cap, a snow-white handkerchief, and clean cotton gown; the daughter wore a frock of the same material, equally clean, and no painter, or poet could have selected two pleasanter specimens of humble cottage life. Again the stranger turned to the window, and looked at the streams of water which flowed down the walk. "This will be sadly destructive of the farmer's hay," he said, at length.

"I hope it is nearly all carried," replied Mrs. Livesay. She spoke in her usual gentle tone of voice, and Annie breathed again more freely.

After remaining some time watching the progress of the storm from the window, the visitor turned, and walking to the table on which the Bible still lay, took it up, and speaking as if to himself, in a low, but perfectly audible voice, said, "Oh, the Bible in English: it is a pity it was not better translated before it was put into the people's hands."

"Sir," said Mrs. Livesay, hastily, "very learned gentlemen, who have gained great honour for their knowledge of Hebrew and Greek, have said that they never opened their Bibles without wonder and admiration at the faithfulness of the translation: and we poor people may well be satisfied, when we know, that though these learned gentlemen differ in some of their opinions, they

are all contented to appeal to our English translation of the Holy Scriptures, as the proof of the correctness of their own particular views."

The priest's countenance shewed surprise, at hearing such language from the plain-dressed, humble-looking woman before him. He paused for a moment, then said, "Oh, I daresay they did their best; but among the multitude of Greek and Hebrew manuscripts which have come down to us, how could any man, without the decision of the Church, distinguish between them, so as to know which really contained the revelation from God?"

Reader, did you ever see the parent bird attack, in defence of her brood, the strong animal, from which at other times she would have fled in terror? The maternal instinct implanted in her, for the preservation of her helpless young ones, gives her powers till then unknown, and in the strength of that instinct, she repels the invader. You may then form some idea of the way in which the same natural feeling, enlightened by reason, and sanctified by grace, drew forth from Mrs. Livesay, energies of which she had been, till then, unconscious.

"Sir," she said, speaking in a hasty and agitated tone of voice, so unusual, that her daughter rose in alarm, and placed her hand on her shoulder, —"sir, doubtless you are a learned gentleman, and you must know very well that all the Hebrew

and Greek manuscripts of the Holy Scriptures which could be found in the world, have been compared with one another; and, that though a great many hundreds have been carefully examined, both by good men, who sought to strengthen the faith of themselves and others, and by bad men, who wanted to find an excuse for their unbelief, neither could find among all these copies any variety which affected a single doctrine, or other truth, of God's Word. Why, then, do you come into the cottages of us unlearned people, to try to make us doubt those precious Scriptures, which are often our only comfort in want and sorrow?"

Again the countenance of the unwelcome guest expressed surprise:—"And pray, my good woman," said he, "who made you so wise?"

"Sir," she answered, "these are times to make us look well to our hold on God's Word, when there are so many bad, designing people going about, and seeking to confuse us, and put sinful doubts into our minds."

"I suppose," rejoined the stranger, "you are too well satisfied with your own knowledge, to think it necessary to receive instruction from the clergy. Are you not often able to teach your own minister?"

Mrs. Livesay replied, "No, sir; I do as God's Word commands. I obey them that have the rule over me, and I esteem my dear minister very highly in love for his work's sake. You are welcome, sir,

to stay here till the storm is past, but I would rather not listen to you about such things. Will you please to take a chair, sir; the rain is almost over."

There was no farther attempt at conversation; and soon after the priest took his leave, observing that there was no rain now to hurt him, and that as he had an appointment, he would no longer trespass on their hospitality.

When he was gone, they sat some time with minds and fingers in full activity, without speaking. At length, Mrs. Livesay said, "Did Mary tell you anything last night, which would account for her father's great sorrow when he called at our house?"

Annie replied, "I do not know how uncle found out anything about Mary, but she did tell me a great deal, which made me very sorry, though, if you please, I would rather not speak about it."

"Annie, my child, I hope you have no secrets from your mother," said Mrs. Livesay, hastily.

Annie answered, "No, mother. I did not promise Mary not to tell; but she said, that I let her think I would not; and as she is now out of harm's way, I think I would rather not mention what she told me: I will, if you desire me, but I shall be very much obliged if you will not. What did uncle say?"

"He came in, looking very tired and unhappy, and asked, 'Where is Annie?' I told him, you

had begged to sleep with Mary, and he said he wished she had always been in such safe company. Then he told me he was going to take your cousin to her mother in the morning, before he went to his work; and added, it would be a great comfort if I could let you stop a day or two, while he looked about him. You know Luke Everest does not like to be questioned, and he has been very angry with my sister, because she would not give up nursing Miss Lake. As it was getting late, your father and I said you might stop to-day, and we would think about it; and we made up our minds that I should come and stay with you, till your uncle has settled what he means to do."

"But, mother, how came you to send word that I was not to speak to the ladies down the lane?"

"When he was going away, your uncle said, 'You had better send a message by me, to tell Annie not to talk to those Papists in our neighbourhood, for fear they should teach her to lie, and deceive her parents;' and I answered, 'Oh, yes, tell her I forbid her to have anything to say to them.'"

Here the conversation ceased. Mrs. Livesay complained of headache; and Annie hastened to boil some water for her mother to have a cup of tea.

CHAPTER V.

When Luke Everest and his daughter had taken leave of Annie, they walked on for some time in silence, each too much occupied by painful thoughts to wish for conversation. The circumstance of her father having impatiently snatched the pink frock from her, and thrown it with an expression of mingled wrath and contempt into his own room, made Mary associate her disgrace with this favourite dress. She judged he had somehow discovered that *her* good lady was not Mrs. Moore; and with the natural perversity of the unrenewed heart, her resentment was roused against her Sunday-school teacher, instead of consciousness of guilt filling her with shame and remorse.

The morning was one of the finest of the bright season: the sun had risen without a cloud, but was not high enough in the heavens to lessen the delicious freshness of the breezes which blew

across the common, over which their road lay. A chain of hills, which bounded the view towards the west, was still partially shrouded with a grey mist, but as it slowly melted away, their outline appeared in various picturesque forms. Rural sounds told of the joy of nature, refreshed by the repose of night. The cock crowing aloud, clapped his wings as he mounted on the top of a little thatched shed; the flocks of geese that had quietly followed their leaders to their nightly shelter, now rushed forth with expanded wings and outstretched necks, uttering joyful but discordant cries. Next, the clear note of the lark, as he floated in the bright sunshine, harmonized sweetly with the melodious songs of the thrush and blackbird, which softened by distance, gave the finishing charm to Nature's concert.

As the silent pair ascended the highest part of the wide-spread common, the perfume of new hay, wild thyme, blossoming rose-trees and honeysuckle mingled with the fresh air, and Mary's volatile spirit felt the exhiliration of the scene and hour. Throwing off the uneasy load of recollection, she abandoned herself to vague anticipations of pleasure to be expected in the new sphere she was about to enter. She had often thought the servants at Squire Lake's seemed to enjoy a good deal of liberty, and that they wore very smart clothes. Her mother must have been

very happy there, for even now, she certainly liked the great house better than her own little cottage. Then why, she thought, should she not be equally well off where she was going?

As her reviving cheerfulness gave increased elasticity to her steps, her father became more and more depressed. He was generally considered to be a stern, cold man; and it was said, that if he did not absolutely ill-treat his wife, he made her home so uncomfortable, that she was glad of any excuse to get away from it. None, however, knew the process by which he had been changed from the joyous confiding youth who won the affection of pretty Mary Saunders, to what he was now.

He had been disappointed in his wife. Mary seemed so gentle and loving, so willing to share his humble home; and she and his mother were so fond of each other, that, without listening to those stern counsellors, reason and reflection, he yielded to the pleadings of inclination, and brought the petted favourite of a numerous household to his cottage. While his mother lived, though an uneasy thought would sometimes intrude, suggesting the question, "Had he not made a mistake?" it was hastily dismissed as unkind and unfaithful. Old Mrs. Everest liked the good things which followed her daughter-in-law to her new abode, and therefore, as she knew her son's character, took care not to let the constant gossiping visits of

Mary's former fellow-servants be forced on his attention.

It could not be denied that these visits broke in sadly on the new-married woman's time; but none of the visitors seemed to come empty-handed, and, therefore, it would be a pity to let them think they were not welcome. The words, "Do not tell Luke," or, "You had better say nothing about it when Luke is by," were frequently on her lips, and she thus taught the young wife the lesson so fatal to domestic happiness, that it was sometimes desirable to conceal things from her husband. Her mother-in-law took care that Luke's meals should be ready for him, and his clothes washed and mended as they had always been; and as he never inquired to whom he owed these instances of attention to his comfort, there was no need to vex him, or to make mischief; but when his child was born, and his mother died, soon after, the truth gradually opened to him. He was an industrious, independent man, and, therefore, grieved that his wife could prefer receiving delicacies and luxuries as a sort of alms, to being contented with the homely comforts his labour could always procure her. He was an honest man, and did not feel satisfied that the lady at the great house knew of all the little pats of butter, joints of cold chicken, tartlets, custards, &c. &c., which he saw taken from the baskets of Mary's visitors. He was a man of strict truth,

and was proportionably offended and grieved at the little deceptions and prevarications he dis covered. He was a proud man, valuing as his birthright the privilege of "every Englishman to consider his house as his castle," and his spirit burned with suppressed wrath at the intrusion of the Squire's domestics at all times, without excuse or apology, to gossip with his wife. Then the way in which everybody, from the mistress of the mansion to the kitchenmaid, interfered and advised in his family matters, drove him almost to madness, and in a fit of passion he left the comfortable home of his childhood and youth, and went to settle in an inconvenient little cottage, with nothing to recommend it, except its distance of three miles from Squire Lake's, and the absence of a social neighbourhood.

Though this removed him from the *daily* annoyance, it did not, eventually, better his condition; for now Miss Emily fretted because she could not see Nurse, as she called her, so often as she wished; and whenever she was poorly the servants' van used to be sent for Mary and the baby; so that, when the husband and father came from his work, instead of the smiles of his wife and child to welcome him, he found the key under the door-sill, and his cold morsel laid out in his lonely home, which was often in wild confusion, because the horse and driver became so impatient, that Mary could not wait to put things in their places.

When the absent wife returned, she would be fretting about her dear young lady; and his child having been petted, over-fed, and over-excited, annoyed him by her fretful cries at the slightest contradiction. If he attempted to correct her, the mother interfered; pleading, that she was too young to know any better, or that she was so feverish and unwell, it would be cruel to scold or vex her just then. Thus the domestic husband was driven from his own fireside; and when his child could speak, and he heard her whisper in a tone of disappointment, "Is not father going out?" he would rush from the house in a tumult of wounded feeling, which made Mary say, in the presence of their child, "Luke is so hasty that he frightens me."

Ann Livesay saw this state of things with much regret, and tried to induce her sister to attend more to her husband's peculiarities, and to be more judicious in her treatment of her child. But Mary, like many naturally gentle persons, had a large amount of quiet obstinacy; and the only alteration as years rolled by was, that the younger Mary had grown neat, handy, and, to a certain extent, orderly, under the teaching and influence of her aunt and cousin; she had gone with the latter to a Sunday, and day school, and learnt to make her father more comfortable during the frequent absence of her mother. So that when, about fourteen months before our story commences, an alarming increase of illness made Miss Lake's

parents decide on taking her to London for advice, and an urgent request was made for her former nurse to accompany her, all Everest's objections were overborne. In vain he urged that their own girl needed a mother's care; he was told that she was quite old enough to cook his food, and keep his house and clothes tidy; and at length he was talked out of his just opposition, because he felt so indignant that he feared to speak again, lest he should say something which would well nigh break his wife's heart, though he knew it would not bend her will.

For some time after her departure, he had been moody and dissatisfied with all the younger Mary said or did; but at length his better feelings made him conscious of his injustice to the poor girl, and he began to accompany her to church; especially after Annie left home to nurse her grandmother in a severe illness. The preaching of the new vicar, Mr. Jones, soon attracted his attention; Luke's Bible was more studied, and frequently, as he came from his work, he would linger at the minister's gate, and listen to a little word in season, which sent him home to pour out the confessions of his sins and sorrows into the ear of that gracious Saviour, who had exhibited during his sojourn on earth, all the sensibilities of human nature, without any portion of its selfishness. He was beginning to comprehend in some measure the deep and solemn import of the question,

"What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" when the remarks of the shopkeeper opened his eyes fully to the danger, to which her lonely situation had exposed his child. His sinful impatience had removed her from neighbours who would have cared for her, because they had been the companions of his own childhood and youth: and day after day she had been left to the domestic cares which her mother's absence devolved upon her, with no cheerful salutation to refresh her young spirit. When he turned with her that morning from his door, his heart yearned over her with all a father's tenderness for his first-born; but his efforts to restrain his emotions, gave to his firmly closed lips a look of sternness which she shrank from beholding. The brilliancy of the sun, the sweet melody of the birds, the refreshing breeze of morn, were by him unheeded, and as he walked with slackened pace, out of consideration for his companion, thoughts of the most painful kind were wringing his soul to agony. "William Livesay," he thought, "would not thus walk in gloomy silence by his child—he would find some kind and pleasant words to say to her—but my poor Mary has heard little that is kind or cheerful from me. Why have I suffered gloomy and discontented feelings so to get the better of me, that my wife has been made to cling to strangers, rather than to the husband of her youth? and my poor child, too, has been allowed to fall into the hands of the

destroyer, through want of confidence in her father. And now she is going from me with a light heart, while I cannot find one word, to remind her that a father's love is better than the good-will of strangers."

A sigh, almost amounting to a groan, burst from his oppressed heart. It startled the thoughtless Mary, who raised her eyes to his face, and was in a manner awe-struck by the expression of anguish pictured there. "Father," said she, timidly, taking hold of his hand, "have I made you so very unhappy? I am sorry indeed, indeed, I am; can you forgive me?"

Everest threw his arm round her, and fondly pressing her to his bosom, she felt his warm tear on her cheek, and at that moment, for the first time in her life, experienced a daughter's affection for her father. Short was the time given to the indulgence of their feelings of paternal and filial love. A sudden turn in the road shewed Mrs. Everest standing at a gate which led into the private grounds. She looked exceedingly pale and weary, but told her husband that she generally went to bed at four o'clock, when the housekeeper or lady's maid took her place; but that she had remained longer with the invalid that morning, because she did not like to retire to rest till she had seen him, and received Mary into her care. Lake fixed his eyes tenderly on her palid countenance, and said, with much affection, "I have given you up too

long, I must come and run away with my own wife, that I may nurse her, and bring back the roses to her cheeks."

His fond tone did bring them back for a moment, and she said, "Dear Luke, how much you look now, as you used to do when I first knew you. I think my dear young lady *must* give me up, she is surely getting better, and you will be so lonely now Mary is going away, unless,"—and here a slight change came over the tone of her voice—"unless your sister can make you more comfortable than I can."

"Nobody can make me so comfortable as you, my dear wife, if you can be happy at home: but we must not stand talking about it now. I must run off to my work, for you ought to be in bed, and we are very busy just now."

As he turned away, Mrs. Everest said to her daughter, "I can't think what is come to your father, he speaks and looks so kind: so different from what he used to do."

It was late that morning before Mrs. Everest awoke. Mary too had slept, being wearied with her watchful night, and early walk. Her spirits had not yet recovered from the effects of her father's mournful tenderness. And her mother, remarking her unusual silence, began to blame her husband for sending his only child to service at such an early age.

Mary replied that her father was quite right,

for that he knew she was not steady enough to be left so much to herself. On this the mother querulously charged her with unkindness to her, and ingratitude to Miss Lake, in complaining of being left alone, when she knew that it was only her duty to her kind lady, and her dear Miss Emily, that caused her to be absent from her own home. Mary attempted no defence; she was grateful to her father for not making known, to the lady and her household, her late disobedience, as she knew he would have done indirectly, had he confided it to her mother. The entrance of one of the servants prevented the necessity of entering into any explanations, and after taking some breakfast, her mother led her into a very small room, adjoining that in which she herself spent her time, in ministering to the comforts of a patient invalid. Mary looked from an open window, on the beautiful gardens that surrounded the mansion. Flower-beds of whimsical forms glowed with the brightest coloured blossoms: they were separated from each other by very narrow walks, covered with pure white sand, and resembled rich gems set in ivory frames. Beyond the flower-garden, a velvet-looking lawn stretched to the borders of a lake, which was then glittering beneath the sunbeams; and beyond, far as the eye could reach, fine park timber, planted by the hand of taste, extended in long vistas. After contemplating for some minutes the pleasant view without, she turned to

examine the beautiful things within. The little room had been a favourite apartment of the young lady of the house, who had pleased herself with collecting articles of elegant, ornamental furniture suited to its size. *She* called it her boudoir, but her father named it "Emily's lumber closet." Small paintings covered the walls, and among them was seen the portrait of a beautiful boy of about fourteen, whose large blue eyes and golden hair resembled those of the invalid, and which Mary at once recognised as the likeness of Mr. Herbert Lake, who was now on his travels. After examining, with admiring eyes, the rose-coloured and green silk curtains, the beautiful inlaid Indian cabinet, and various tasteful articles with which she was surrounded, she said to herself, "How happy the lady must be, that all these beautiful things belong to! and yet mother always calls her poor Miss Emily."

Just then a female servant entered the room, looking very hot, and carrying a large parcel. She came up to Mary and said, "You are a lucky girl to have such a friend as our young lady. All these are for you. Miss Lake sent me off to the village the first thing in the morning to buy them. I hope, my dear, you will like my choice, and that you will be very happy in your new place."

She then left the room; and Mary remained intently gazing on the parcel before her, as if her

eyes would penetrate through the paper covering to examine the contents. "All these things are for you," sounded in her ears; and the beautiful furniture and decorations she had been looking at, lost all their interest, while she awaited with eager impatience, for the moment when the parcel should be opened before her. After a full half hour, which seemed to Mary the longest she had ever known, her mother gently opened a door opposite to that by which the housemaid had entered, and taking up the parcel, directed her to follow.

Mary had not seen the young lady for more than a year, and she was not prepared for the change in her appearance. She was dressed in a long muslin wrapper, and reclined on a couch, so contrived that she could, without much change of position, occupy herself with materials for writing and working, which were placed within reach. Her beautiful hair was gathered up negligently with a comb, but fell back in natural ringlets to her neck; her skin was as transparent, and almost as white, as alabaster, except that a bright flush, produced by the fatigue of dressing, tinged her cheeks. She smiled with great sweetness, as she extended her delicate hand to her young visitor, who hardly dared to touch it with her own sun-burnt fingers, which did not form a greater contrast to the soft white palm, than her sparkling black eyes and rich bloom did to the fragile beauty of the invalid before her.

"So, Mary," she said, "I hear you are going to service; I hope you will prove as worthy, and be as valued as my good nurse, your excellent mother. But how is it that your father has made up his mind to part with you?"

The young girl's face and neck were at once tinged with the blush of shame; but she stammered out,—

"Father was afraid I should get into mischief, being so much alone while he was gone out to his work."

Her burning blushes were speedily reflected on the young lady's countenance, as, for the first time, the selfishness of keeping the wife and mother in attendance on her, while the duties she owed to her husband and child were neglected, flashed on her mind. Controlling, the expression of her feelings, however, she said,—

"What will your father do without you?"

"Aunt Jane is going to give up housekeeping, and live with him till—till—" And there she stopped.

Miss Lake's imagination finished the sentence; and she remained for a few minutes, thoughtful and silent. At length she said,—

"With whom are you going to live?"

"I don't know, ma'am. Father only told me it was with some relation of our minister, Mr. Jones."

"If she is as excellent a person as your good minister, you will be a fortunate little girl."

"I do not see why she should be sent away so soon," replied the unobservant Mrs. Everest. "I dare say, Luke's sister is at the bottom of it. I don't think she ever was my friend; and I must say, I think it very unnatural for a man to like to live with his sister better than with his wife and child."

"We have not given him the choice, nurse," said Miss Lake, gravely. "I am very sorry I have so thoughtlessly kept you from your first duties; but we will talk of that another time. Now open the parcel, and let Mary see if she approves of Susan's choice."

The parcel was opened, and there was print for two frocks, calico, and many other necessary articles of clothing, which she was to make, under her mother's direction, while awaiting a summons to her new service. Before she had sufficiently admired these treasures, her mother caught them up hastily, and hurried her back into the room she had left, just as the tall, grand form of the lady of the mansion appeared at the door of her daughter's apartment.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS., or as she was called in the village, "Madam Lake," entered the room just as Mary quitted it. She had some loose papers, and a large packet unopened, in her hand, and as she advanced, said to her daughter's attendant, "Nurse, you must not let Emily excite or fatigue herself," then, turning to the young lady, she added, "Here is another immense packet from Fanny; she and Henry have accepted her uncle's invitation to go to the Castle, the morning he and his wife start for Edinburgh, and my kind mother has undertaken that long journey, because Sir John very properly considers your cousins too young to stay there alone. Fanny's letter is full of the wedding breakfast, and the festivities which have followed. Will it amuse or fatigue you?"

"Thank you, mama, it will amuse me very much. When did it arrive? Is there none for me?"

"The packet was sent over last night. I have

only glanced at it, perhaps there may be something for you in that well-filled envelope, which I have not examined. I have spent every moment I could secure in writing to Herbert, and could think of nobody but him. Dear boy! I hope he will enjoy his visit to Rome again this winter. It was very kind of Sir Hugh to accompany him!"

"Did not my uncle's only son die at Rome?" asked Emily.

"So it is said," replied her mother, "but your uncle could never get any clear account of his death. It was a sad story, and we all wondered that your papa should have yielded to Herbert's wish to travel in Italy. Your uncle, especially, tried to turn him from it, and when he failed, surprised us all, by saying, that he himself would be his companion. Herbert has so much affection for, and confidence in, his uncle, that I believe he prefers him to one nearer his own age. But farewell for the present, for I have not half finished what I have to say to your brother, and as Sir Hugh seems to have good grounds for suspicions that his letters have been opened at the Italian post-office, I must not miss this safe opportunity."

Emily took the thick, unopened envelope to which her mother had alluded, and found it contained a packet for herself, with a note from her aunt, explaining the cause of their neglecting for

so many days to forward the letters, which Fanny and her brother had written from their new abode. We will place some extracts from the epistle of Miss Fanny Douglas to her cousin, Miss Lake, before our readers. It ran thus:—

"I can assure you we were heartily tired of all the visiting and gaiety, and greatly rejoiced when my uncle's letter announced that Thursday was fixed for their departure; and that everything would be ready for our reception on the following day. Oh, Emily! how you would have enjoyed the lovely country through which we travelled; Henry drove me in a little pony-chaise, and though we were caught in one or two heavy showers, it was worth a wetting to enjoy the varieties of light and shade, which the alternations of cloud and sunshine produced. Every new turn in the road presented a fresh combination of the loveliest scenery; Nature does, indeed, here display both her most sublime and most alluring features. The little rivers, which flow through all parts of the country, are distinguished from each other, by the various and interesting scenery among which they wind; some slumber in the greenest fields, others pursuing a devious course among rocks, and round the base of mountains, some of which were wooded to their summits, others desolate and waste.

"The conversation of my dear brother would

have made any journey delightful; but when the charms of such natural beauties were added, truly, I was half wild with delight. Anecdotes of his college life, descriptions of his particular friends at the university, amusing stories about the tricks played by some of the wilder spirits, and extracts from his favourite authors, shortened the distance; and we could scarcely believe the servant, when he rode up to tell us the picturesque edifice on the wooded steep before us was M. Castle, the place of our destination. You have probably heard that the owner is gone abroad, and that my uncle has taken it for seven years. The horses moved slowly up the hill, and then passing over a *real* drawbridge, we entered the court-yard of a *real* feudal castle.

"Though large sums of money have been expended to make this a delightful abode, I cannot say I like the style and arrangement of the rooms so well as those of a modern house; especially, when the family circle includes only so small a party as dear grandmama, Henry, and myself. There is, however, one charming apartment, up I do not know how many stairs, where grandmama sits, and where we are always welcome. It is of a round form, with windows in three different directions, from which we may look out on scenery which, I think, can scarcely be surpassed. I shall astonish you, when I return, with the proofs of my industrious use of the pencil. Henry laughs

at my eagerness to bring away a memorial of every pleasant excursion and interesting conversation.

"To you, my dearest cousin, I may say, that though filled with delight, while these lovely scenes are before my eyes, yet I am not free from many painful thoughts; I will tell you by-and-bye of the doubts which have been introduced into my mind. I have said that we met dear grandmama here last Friday; on Saturday, she insisted that I must have taken cold, from the sprinklings we were exposed to on our journey, and should, therefore, be confined to the house the whole day. It was a brilliant morning, and a stroll would have been delightful; but I had only to submit to the precaution suggested by her kind solicitude, and was well repaid by the pleasant peep I had into all parts of this once feudal abode. Various were the surmises I formed as to the history of its former inhabitants, while I surveyed the portraits of fair ladies and belted knights, which adorn the walls of the long picture gallery.

"Henry was out the whole day, only returning in time to dress hastily for dinner. He was in raptures with what he had seen during his rambles, and expatiated on his discovery of a dell in the immediate neighbourhood, which he described as more wildly and strangely beautiful than anything he had ever seen before; and, on grandmama asking us, if we thought we could amuse

ourselves on Monday while she drove over to C. with her maid, to visit an old friend who had been long confined to her bed, Henry claimed me for his companion in retracing the scene which had afforded him such delight. 'You must put on thick boots, a very tough dress, without flounces or furbelows, and the little bonnet you used to wear last year by the sea-side,' were his directions; and though I could not obey them so far as the particular bonnet was in question, that having long since passed to my maid, I found another quite as small, and destitute of trimming, for the occasion; so that when I made my appearance on Monday, soon after our early breakfast, arrayed, as nearly as possible, in the costume he had described, he politely assured me I was just the thing. The butler brought in an odd shaped tin-case, which Henry packed away somewhere in the shooting jacket he had on, and putting a book in his pocket, we set off.

"We descended the eminence on which the castle is built, and winding round its base came to a clear, shallow stream, which issued from a narrow opening between two lofty hills. Henry told me to step carefully, as he handed me through the water (or rather, from one stone to another, which he had placed there to prevent wetting my feet), along the bed of the stream, which wound imperceptibly into a very narrow passage, where the hills rose almost perpendicularly to a great height.

He then lifted me on to a narrow path, two or three feet above the water, and told me to look up. I had been so occupied with keeping my footing on the slippery stones, that I scarcely noticed the change from the full blaze of sunshine to comparative twilight. Over-head, trees of various kinds so intermingled their branches across the stream, that we could scarcely get a glimpse of the deep blue sky through the narrow opening, which appeared to have been gradually formed by the little stream flowing down the hill, and dividing it into two parts. With my brother's help, and the assistance afforded by the tough roots and branches of plants growing up the hill-side, I reached after considerable labour, a part of the ascent, where, on a little level ground lay the trunk of a fallen tree, on which we sat down to rest, and admire the singular scene to which we had found access. The opposite hill seemed to be formed of a sort of gray rock, some points of which stood out bare and smooth; while other parts were covered with various coloured plants and flowers, which seemed disposed, like a rich mosaic, in various whimsical patterns. Streamers of brambles, and of the wild rose trees, covered with bloom, flaunted in the breeze; and no sound was heard, except the trickling of the little stream down the dell.

"'Is not this just the place for a fellow to study in?' asked my companion.

"'But how are we to get back?' said I; for,

as soon as my first feelings of wonder and admiration had subsided, I looked with dismay at the descent of the hill, up which we had contrived to scramble.

"'Oh, you will not have to get down again, unless you are clumsy enough to lose your footing, and then the attraction of gravitation will bring you fast enough to the bottom.'

"'Not a very pleasant mode of descent,' I rejoined.

"'Well, never mind, I will take care of you; and now I want you to sit down and listen to some passages from one of the most interesting books I have met with for a long time.'

"I happened to have my crochet with me, and we soon settled ourselves as comfortably as if we had been in the library. The book from which my brother read was indeed a wonderful composition. Thoughts, previously familiar, were placed before me in a new and more attractive form: fancies, which had flitted through my imagination, without assuming any distinct shape, found there the most delightful expression; while over all was cast an originality, a fascination, which blinded the judgment, and at first, concealed the fallacy of some of the arguments; but as Henry read, uneasy doubts began to mingle with more pleasurable emotions. Was it true that human infirmity had lessened the authenticity of the Sacred Volume? The Apostles were here spoken of as unlearned men, under the influence

of the prejudices common to their age and nation: they Judaized, they Platonized, &c. &c. These things were not so broadly stated as to cause the mind at once to start back in alarm, but rather were gently insinuated, though in such a way that there was no mistaking their intention, nor escaping their influence. But, dearest Emily, if I am to believe that God has not *wholly* dictated the Sacred Scriptures, if human infirmity is allowed to have affected the original text, where will my suspicions of error stop? Am I not at once removed from the security of child-like trust and confidence in the Word, as a 'light to my path, and a lamp to my feet,' to the position of a cold and cautious critic, weighing each sentence, in order to discover which part is, and which part is not inspired? And can I possibly exercise faith and humility while thus employed? I stated these objections to Henry, but I find he is a good deal addicted to this kind of reading, and I fear to engage in argument with him, lest I be led farther, and farther from what my internal convictions assure me is really God's truth, though I am unable to grasp it with all the firmness I desire. Is it not strange, my dear cousin, that when I strive to recollect the sermons I have heard, the religious books I have read, the instructions I have received in various ways, I can find nothing which can satisfy my mind, on a point of such importance? Good men must occasionally have had similar diffi-

culties brought before them. Good and learned men must have discovered the fallacies of those reasonings, which shake the soul's confidence in the truth of God's revelation. Have they, or have they not, left on record the course of thought by which they discovered the way to certainty, and to the full conviction of the understanding? I have hesitated, my darling cousin, about communicating these doubts to you, lest they should harass you, as they have me; but to whom else can I confide them? Dear grandmama, though a sincere and lovely Christian, has not always been trained in gospel principles. It would be cruel, at her age, to risk the troubling her simple, happy faith: but *you* were so early called to a knowledge of the truth, and *you* have so well improved the afflictive dispensation, which has for years cut you off from the ordinary pursuits of your age and station, that I indulge a hope of receiving from *you* instruction, which, under the Divine blessing, may restore peace to my troubled heart. These distressing doubts did not present themselves with full force during the delightful morning I have endeavoured to describe. After we had spent a couple of hours in Henry's new study, he drew out the little box the butler gave him, and I found it contained some sandwiches, a small bottle filled with wine, and a glass. My companion contrived to get down to the clear rivulet, and bring up a little water, and after taking the re-

freshment so considerately provided, we renewed our scramble upwards with renovated strength and increased pleasure, till we came to a rock which closed the path along which we had proceeded, and hung far over the precipice. My mischievous brother enjoyed, for some moments, my look of dismay; then turning aside some foliage, which concealed a sort of low arch cut in the side of the hill, he led me into it, and we proceeded in comparative darkness, till we drew near to an opening on the opposite side, into which the beams of the sun were shining; he then suddenly placed one arm round me, and the other hand before my eyes, while he hurried me forward; then withdrawing his hand, oh! never shall I forget the blaze of beauty which dazzled my senses. The rays of the sun sparkled on the bosom of a lake, where the loveliest islets seemed to float; beyond the lake, hills rose above hills till the most distant mingled with the clouds, from which the inexperienced spectator could not distinguish them. The sun, high in heaven, was undimmed by a passing cloud, and glittered and sparkled, filling all with light and life, and presenting a spectacle which can neither be described nor forgotten."

The letter concluded with family matters, and assurances of warm and constant affection.

The perusal of her cousin's letter awakened, in the affectionate and pious mind of Emily Lake,

much painful thought. She was grieved to hear that Henry, who was to her as a beloved brother, was in the habit of perusing books calculated to shake his *prepossessions*, (she scarcely dared call them *principles*) in favour of true religion. She was displeased, too, at his exposing his young sister to the same danger, and felt sorrow that so much literary talent should be employed in lowering the standard of truth, and casting the fascinating glow of genius over error. She well knew there were many who would turn with abhorrence from naked infidelity, yet who might be lured on by general expressions of reverence for gospel principles, to peruse, and gradually to receive impressions from statements subversive of faith and godliness. As memory ran over the letters of her cousin Fanny, and she in a measure realized the various dangers to which young people are exposed when entering into what is called "the world"; her heart rose in thankfulness for that dispensation of Providence, so often lamented by her family and friends, which had extended her on a bed of languishing, just as preparations were making to introduce her into the frivolity and dissipation of fashionable life; and had taught her experimentally the truth and value of Divine revelation. She now earnestly sought the promised Spirit of Wisdom, that she might be furnished with convincing arguments; and prayed that her cousins' minds might feel and acknow-

ledge the weight of such arguments. At intervals, as strength permitted, she wrote as follows:—

"My beloved Fanny,—I have in imagination accompanied you through all you have so pleasantly described, and enjoyed an introduction and sort of intercourse with all the agreeable acquaintances you have made since we parted. Your letter describing the wedding festivities, was redolent with the perfume of orange blossoms, and dazzling with the blaze of jewellery. Every one of your amusing epistles has been duly forwarded from the Hall; and my mother, especially, has marvelled how you could have secured time to see, to enjoy, and to describe all, without giving up the necessary duties of eating and sleeping. I am now to add to the acknowledgments which I, in common with the rest of the family, owe to your graphic pen, my individual thanks for your most interesting—do not start if I add, painfully interesting—letter addressed to myself. You know, my dear Fanny, that I have lived long enough on the borders of eternity, to be in some measure qualified to weigh its all important realities against the perishing things of time. Often, when I have been almost borne down by languor and suffering, the recollection of some cheering promise from Scripture, has infused a joy or tranquil peace into my heart, which no combination of the brightest earthly prospects could have awakened.

"Frequently, when I meditate on the loving-kindness exercised toward me, and trace back the minute movements of Divine Providence, my mind reverts to the time when papa and mama went to St. Petersburgh, and left me for more than two years under the kind guardianship of your dear parents.

"You were just born, and Henry and myself were between five and six years old. Then it was that the beloved governess of your sisters, Harriet and Mary, first opened to my infant mind the wonders of redeeming love. She was snatched from us by a very sudden illness soon after I returned home; but I never forgot the lessons she had taught me, never ceased to find in the Word of God the instructions which enabled me to keep in the paths of peace. That delicacy of constitution, which prevented my taking pleasure in many of the pursuits common to girls of my age and station, threw me early on my own resources; and my indulgent parents allowing me to gratify my taste for serious reading, I have engaged in many studies which do not often occupy the attention of a young lady. It has been my practice, for some years, to note down from different authors, passages which express views and evidences satisfactory to my own mind, so that I am not altogether unprepared to discuss the important subject on which you ask my sentiments,—namely, that of the *plenary*

inspiration of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament.

"By the expression, 'plenary inspiration,' I mean neither less nor more than the mysterious power exercised by the Spirit of God upon the minds of the sacred penmen, causing them to write, and guiding them in writing, even to the choice and application of the very words they have employed; and this to such an extent as to guard them effectually from error.

"You must not accuse me of plagiarism, because I do not give the names of the authors whose sentiments I quote. In many instances, the idea was gleaned in reading, but afterwards digested by meditation before being committed to paper; so as to prevent my separating between the original suggestion and the operations of my own mind. Remember this explanation as you read.

"Numerous are the objections started by professing Christians, as well as by avowed infidels, against the doctrine of plenary inspiration. One of these, which once somewhat troubled my own mind, I will state as clearly as I can. It has been said, 'There is in the different books of the Bible a variety in language, thought, and style, which everywhere shews the personal agency of the human writer.'

"This, my dear cousin, is an undeniable fact. Marks of individuality undoubtedly are found throughout the Sacred Volume. Who could mis-

take the style of Paul for that of John or Peter? But why should we not consider this as an element of Divine Revelation? We must perceive that the diversity alluded to, fits Revelation for meeting the diversity which is found among mankind: why should its existence then be received as an argument against the inspiration of Paul, or John, or Peter? He who used them as His instruments, in conveying the knowledge of His mind and will to their fellow-men, not only knew every peculiarity of their mental constitution, but also formed that constitution for His own purposes. David could say, 'The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and His word was in my tongue.' Paul tells us, Gal. i. 15, that God separated him from his birth to be an apostle. The Almighty declares the same of Jeremiah.

"Let me give a little illustration of this argument; and, as a preparatory step, recall to your mind that wonderfully talented and pious man, the Reverend Dr. ——, whom we met three years ago at uncle James's. Do you remember how he fascinated, as it were, the attention of mere infants, while he explained to them, in language grand in its simplicity, the types of the Mosaic law? Now, then, for my illustration. In the room adjoining the one in which I am writing, is seated a young girl, the daughter of my kind nurse, who has gone for some years to

the village Sunday-school, and is now about to enter into service at a distant town. Suppose the Doctor, of whom I have spoken, intended to address her class-mates, in *her* name and through *her* instrumentality; would he not, while dictating to her the supposed address, adopt the simplicity of style, and choose the phrases most in use among girls of her station? If his acquaintance with her turn of mind were sufficiently intimate, he would stamp her individual character on the address. Would it on this account be less truly and entirely *his* composition?

"Let us next suppose him to employ mama's pen, as his means of communicating with the different members of our family. You know her style is peculiar; but we may imagine him to be familiar with this, and to adopt it. Might he not, in her name and style, and using her as his amanuensis, mention certain particulars, with the minutiæ of which *she* was unacquainted, thou h some of the parties to whom they were addressed might be familiar with them in all their bearings? Might he not even (supposing his influence over her to be sufficient) use her style and pen to express sentiments to which she is entirely opposed; and yet the composition still bear her name? But would not the authorship be exclusively the Doctor's?

"One more illustration. Might he not, in his own name and language, put forth an explanation

of the glorious plan of salvation; but using my hand and pen? When he dilated on the grandeur of God's revelation; pointed out the harmony of its several parts; and proved, by clear and connected arguments, that though the books of the Sacred Volume are given in manifold forms, there is to be found in all the same eternal truths:—man everywhere shewn to be a sinner, and God to be 'a Just God,' and yet a Saviour; man losing in the first Adam his right to the tree of life; man recovering in the second Adam a title to feed eternally upon its precious fruits—again I ask, would this third composition be more or less the composition of our talented and pious friend than either of the other two? If you agree that my illustration is correct, you will find no difficulty in acknowledging, that the difference in language and style, to be found among the various writers of the books of the Old and New Testament, is no sound argument against their plenary inspiration.

"M. Gaussen, a sound and judicious Swiss author, uses the following arguments in substance, though, perhaps, not in the exact words:—'The Scripture is—not the expression of the mind of God, revealed by him to men, and by them promulgated in words of their own selection,—but it is the Mind of God and the Word of God; and the man who communicates it, may never himself have received the affections or light of life: as we see in

the instance of Caiaphas and Balaam. It is t
inspiration of the *book* which is presented to us
the object of faith, and not the state of mind
him who wrote it; and our minds ought ever to
directed, not so much to the endowments of t
writer, as to the God of all holiness, who spea
to us by his instrumentality; so that in the bo
we have to confide in God for everything, in m
for nothing.' Should you ever meet with th
work of M. Gaussen, do not let its hard name
Theopneustia frighten you. It will well repay
careful perusal.

"You will, I know, be interested in hearing th
the new mode of treatment adopted by Dr. A
seems quite suited to my state. I can sit up no
for some time, and even bear to be carried dow
and wheeled along the sheltered walk in t
garden-chair. Uncle Hugh has written to h
steward to hire a yacht, and sail in it
the Mediterranean; and it is now in debat
whether it may not be desirable for me to pr
ceed in this vessel, to a warmer climate for th
winter. Should it be so decided, papa and mam
will accompany me, and we shall be joined b
uncle Hugh and dear Herbert. It seems strang
dear Fanny, to find myself thinking of years
come, after so many weeks watching for sympton
of speedy dissolution. He who has kept me tra
quil and happy in pain and weakness, will, I dou

not, keep me from falling, if permitted again to enter into active life.

> " ' 'Tis sweet to lie passive in His hands,
> And know no will but His.' "

" So that His presence go with me, all must be well.

" Let me have another of your entertaining letters soon, and believe me always,

" Yours affectionately,

" EMILY.

" P.S.—I enclose letters for grandmama and Henry."

CHAPTER VII.

We will commence this chapter with the reply of Miss F. Douglas to the last letter. It ran thus:—

"Dearest Emily,—How pleasant it is, on such a stormy day as this, to have employment so much to one's taste, as answering your late valuable letter is to mine. I have read it over several times, and each perusal makes me more entirely realize the fact, that 'the marked individuality which may be traced in the different writers of the several books of Holy Scripture, affords no sound argument against the *plenary inspiration* of these writings.'

"Have you, my dear cousin, ever remarked, how a multitude of perplexing doubts lose their influence, if only one among them vanish before the light of truth? We have in the dispersion of this one doubt, clear proof that it was our ignorance, and not the strength of the evidence by which

it was supported, which gave it the power to harass our minds; and we may reasonably cherish the hope, that, like as the noon-day sun dispels the mists of the morning, so the darkness of error will disappear as the light of truth and of sound reason beams more fully on our understandings.

"As my pen finished the last sentence, Henry came in, to collect his books preparatory to a day of hard study; and asked, first, 'Who I was writing to?' next, 'If he might read what I had written?' On doing so he smiled, then sighed, saying, 'Ah, Fanny! so *you* argue! But suppose a man makes it his interest to be an unbeliever, do you suppose that your reasoning would satisfy him?' He then hurried out of the room. What could he mean? He could not allude to himself when he thus spoke. Papa has always expressed himself satisfied with his conduct; his tutor has ever spoken with approval of his regular habits. I have heard that his college friends were chosen from among the most respectable men there. Why, then, did he sigh?

"I rose from my seat, and walked to the window, that I might get rid of the uneasy recollection of my brother's manner; but a curtain of rain and mist shut out the fine prospect from view. Grandmama is immersed in a sea of papers with her man of business, who is staying here: so I have resumed my pen to get rid of my present

uncomfortable feelings, in the review of all that has passed here since I last wrote.

"I will commence with the despatch of the letter-bag, which conveyed my voluminous epistles, at which your mama so marvels. Just as it departed, a messenger brought a note from aunt Julia, my uncle's bride, which said, that as they would probably travel for some months in France and Germany, she should feel obliged if I would keep her favourite mare in full exercise; and that, knowing my fondness for horse exercise, she had desired her to be forwarded for my use. You never saw such a beautiful, gentle creature; her paces are perfect, and after a ride of twenty miles, she mounts the castle-hill apparently no more fatigued than her rider, who could double the distance if permitted. In this neighbourhood the farmers are so obliging, that we never need lose a fine prospect from the fear of trespassing; and we daily feast our eyes on hills and valleys, wood and water, churches and ruins, which might convince the most incredulous, that none need leave England in search of the picturesque.

"Last Thursday we rode to D——, a town about seven miles off, and as we were entering it I said to Henry, 'Do observe that strange-looking man. Did you ever see such a coat?' As I spoke we drew nearer, when my brother cried out, 'Frowden, is that you? How did you come here?' The stiff personage addressed, an-

swered with something like cordiality to Henry's frank address; but bowed with great formality when the latter introduced him to me, as one of his college friends. At parting, my brother invited him to dine at the castle on the following day; but he answered, with an air amusingly solemn, 'Do you forget that to-morrow will be Friday, a day on which the Church commands fasting and mortification, not visiting and feasting?'

"'Let it be Saturday then; I will send a horse, if you have not one here.' And thus it was settled.

"'Who is that friend of yours?' I asked, as soon as we were out of hearing. 'Why does he make such a figure of himself? I am sure grandmama will not like him. Why did you invite him to dinner?'

"'Taking your questions in regular order, I reply,—my friend is the Rev. S. Frowden. He adopts a particular style of dress, and a few other peculiarities, as means of satisfying a rather inordinate desire for distinction, which limited abilities, and the absence of higher claims, prevent his gratifying in any other way; and I invited him to dinner, at the risk I confess, of some annoyance to our good grandmother, for the sake of seeing how his vagaries will shew in the light of her sound common sense, and real piety. I have hitherto seen these gentlemen only in the company of silly young ladies, and men as shallow as themselves, where they have it all their own way.'

"'But is he a Roman Catholic, that he talks in that manner, of fasting and mortification?'

"'My dear sister, I must take your education in hand, for it has been sadly neglected. Young ladies are expected, in these days of progress, to know all the points of difference, or rather, I should say, of resemblance between Anglo Catholics and Roman Catholics. If you expect to be distinguished in society, you must be prepared to set at defiance papa's and mama's, yes, and grandmama's opinions also, that you may be a worthy follower of ladies of rank and fashion, who have made the first move in exchanging the religion of the Bible for one of forms and ceremonies. Consider, Fanny, what an advantage it must be, to compound—by the exercise of morning and evening chantings and intonations, a few extra genuflexions, and occasional fastings—for taking your full swing among the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. Do not stare at me so, "avec ces gros yeux bleus." You cannot understand me?—No wonder; I am often a riddle to myself: I despise these innovators, and am sometimes tempted to doubt everything.'

"At dinner, Henry mentioned the invitation he had given, and the reason for its non-acceptance on the following day. Grandmama observed,—

"'I hope your friend does not attach any idea of merit to fasting; if once this finds entrance into the mind, it draws the soul off from the only

foundation, and fosters either a feeling of self-righteousness or one of slavish fear.'

"'But,' replied Henry, 'you will allow that fasting is a scriptural practice. Our Lord both observed it, and gave directions for its performance, and the Apostles did the same.'

"'We read of the Apostles fasting,' rejoined grandmama, 'but find no intimation of their inculcating the observance on their Gentile converts. Not being thus bound on the conscience as a duty, the practice of fasting is left to the judgment of the individual believer. Each must decide for himself, and forbear judging those who differ from him in this matter. We may conceive cases in which fasting may assist devotion, and thus benefit the soul; but if you notice its effects, where it is rigidly enforced, as among Mahommedans and Roman Catholics, you will agree with me, that if superstitiously used as a mere ritual observance, it weakens both mind and body, and delivers a man over as a slave to the tyranny of a designing priesthood.'

"'What regulations,' asked Henry, 'do you consider most likely to enable a man to derive benefit from the practice?'

"Grandmama replied, 'Our Lord has told us that we must not, like your friend, force our observance on the notice of others,—"When thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face, *that thou appear not unto men to fast.*" Neither must we make the observance or non-

observance a matter of contention. God says to His ancient people, by His prophet,—"Ye fast for strife and debate. . . . . Ye shall not fast as ye do this day, to make your voice to be heard on high." The only acceptable motives must be the securing of leisure, and ability for secret devotion, and the increasing our ability to assist our distressed fellow-creatures; both which objects are, according to my poor judgment, more likely to be attained by habitual abstinence, than by the Lent fasting, preceded by the carnival rioting of the Papist.'

"'Bravo, grandmother!' cried Henry, 'I wish all our *regius* and other professors would argue as practically as you have done.'

"I pass over the rest of the conversation with the remark, that if, as it must be confessed, grandmama does sometimes make very long speeches, what she says is always so much to the purpose, that few persons would wish to abridge them.

"On Saturday, according to previous arrangement, the groom was sent with a led horse to D. for Mr. Frowden, and an hour later Henry and I mounted, intending to meet our expected guest, and guide him to some of the celebrated points of view in the neighbourhood, with which he was probably unacquainted. On reaching the brow of a hill, which commands the view of a long line of road, we discerned the *expected*, sitting bolt upright, in the most awkward position you can

imagine, his elbows sticking out, and the long skirts of his coat fluttering in the wind. 'What a guy!' cried Henry; and though I quarrel with him for these foolish, schoolboy expressions, 'what a guy!' came again and again to my mind throughout the day.

"When we had exchanged salutations, and explained our plans, Mr. F. begged we would accompany him to an old church in the neighbourhood, which was undergoing the process of renovation; and we turned our horses' heads in the direction he indicated. We soon reached the building, beautifully situated on the brow of a hill, and alighting, amid stones and litter, entered the church. Our companion, who had appeared quite insensible to the beauties of nature, became absolutely animated, as he found, or *fancied* he found, traces of certain Romish superstitions, which our reforming forefathers have wisely suffered to sink into oblivion. I was tired of the dust and noise of the work-people, and, leaving the two gentlemen to discuss sundry questions about altars and credence tables, rood-screens, sedilia, piscina, and such like jargon, I strolled into the churchyard, and seating myself on the steps of a stile, feasted my eyes on the cultivated country, which stretched out below me. I spare you a description of fields of golden grain waving in the breeze, trees of every hue, from the tender green shoot, called forth by the late warm

showers, to the prematurely rich tint of autumn hedge rows, decorated with various-coloured blossoms, and the wild fruits, which Nature's lavish hand had spread out, to feast the feathered tribes. These things may tire in description, but never in the reality. Here I sat, in a sort of dreamy enjoyment, till the sound of a distant clock reminded me of the hour; and I hastily summoned the gentlemen, fearing we could scarcely avoid breaking in on grandmama's punctuality. We cantered home as speedily as we could, without incurring the danger of ejecting our awkward companion from his saddle, and I had barely time to dress for dinner.

"I own it was rather inhospitable, but during the social meal, I could not help remarking that our guest's habit of periodical fasting, must involve a large amount of mortification; for surely never did a man enjoy, with keener relish, the luxury of a good dinner, and what Henry calls 'choice wines.' It was therefore, perhaps, less surprising that he made frequent allusions to his Fridays; and I was much amused with the detail of various ingenious little devices, adopted in the way of diversion, to make him forget the cravings of a healthy appetite. Grandmama's usually pale and tranquil countenance gradually became flushed; she looked troubled,—her common sense, and high religious standard, making her feel disgust and annoyance at this trifling with what the poor man

evidently considered a religious observance. After the servants had withdrawn, she remarked that she could not understand how any person could attach the idea of a pious exercise to abstinence from food, if unaccompanied with entire devotion to the single purpose of seeking communion with God in prayer.

"'It is not always in a man's power,' answered Mr. Frowden, 'to devote the time to such a purpose; yet your ladyship must own that the Church has authoritatively settled the matter by fixing the regularly recurring days. Though the laxity of modern times has suffered this wholesome exercise to fall into disuse, it is certain that the mediæval Christians were strict and punctual in its observance.'

"After a short pause, grandmama said, 'My young friend, a great difficulty in all discussions arises from the imperfection of language, especially as connected with the use of general terms. Unless, therefore, some common standard be agreed upon, as that which shall fix the limits of each matter in dispute, there can be no hope of arriving at satisfactory conclusions. It is probable that by the terms Church, Christian, and such like, very different ideas are presented to your mind and to mine. Where shall we find a common standard? Shall it be in Holy Scripture, which, as our 6th Article says, 'containeth all things necessary to salvation, so that whatso-

ever is not read therein, nor can be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation.'

"Mr. F. replied hastily, as if fearing a snare was laid for him, 'I hope your ladyship does not insist on my receiving the interpretation of Holy Scripture from either your or my own private judgment. We must look to the traditions of the Church for the sense we are to attach to its propositions. With this condition agreed to, I am quite willing to abide by the Article you mention.

"'Will you tell me what the Church is, and how we may learn that there is a Church in existence?' inquired grandmama.

"'Oh, my lady, you must know what is meant by the Church.'

"'I certainly know what sense God's Word leads me to attach to the term; but I do not learn there that the interpretation of that word is committed to any man or body of men. The Holy Spirit who inspired the Scriptures is their only infallible Interpreter, and that Holy Spirit is promised to them that ask. God has endowed mankind with the powers of reflection and observation. As reasonable and reflecting beings, we are bound to exercise our natural powers in seeking to discover the plain grammatical meaning of each sentence in Divine Revelation; looking up, at

the same time, with faith and prayer for the promised Spirit to open to us the spiritual meaning, and to write the truths savingly on our hearts.'

"'My dear grandmother,' interposed Henry, 'do not you sometimes find difficulties and contradictions in the Bible?'

"'Difficulties, frequently,' she replied; 'contradictions, never. If there were no difficulties, would it not prove the Book to be the product of a mind of no higher range than our own? If there were real contradictions, it could not be the work of the All-Wise and True God. When the mind is opened to understand the Scriptures, many things which before appeared perplexed and contradictory, become plain, as if written with a sunbeam. Then we feel and know that the Scriptures are from God, because only He who formed us could so wonderfully speak to our inward consciousness, and adapt His remedies to our spiritual maladies. Believe me, my dear Henry, when I say, that the weakest, real Christian can meet, without fear, all the arguments and objections of all the infidels in the world; because, according to God's faithful promise, he hath "the witness in himself." Seek, then, for the gift of that Spirit, which "searcheth all things, even the deep things of God;" and remember, that "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."'

"We were all silent for some minutes. Even

our sapient visitor seemed touched by the tender earnestness with which these words were spoken.

"At length I ventured to inquire of Mr. Frowden, whom he meant by mediæval Christians. Looking at me, with that sort of condescension with which one answers the question of an inquisitive child, he replied, 'To whom could the term be applied, but to Hildebrand, Leo, and Becket, those lights of the middle age, and others like-minded.'

"Henry here remarked, 'There is certainly a fault in our colleges and public schools; for while they send us forth quite familiar with the mythic heroes and great men who figured in ancient Grecian and Roman history, we are left quite ignorant of the character and conduct of those who flourished in later times. Frowden, will you enlighten me as to the claim of the worthies you have just named, to the honourable distinction you have assigned them?'

"Mr. Frowden answered, 'Oh, you cannot be ignorant that they were brave champions of the privileges of the Church.'

"'Here, then,' said grandmama, 'we return to the question from which we started, "What is the Church?" Suppose, before we go further in this discussion, each gives a definition of the word. Will you, Mr. Frowden, commence?'

"'Well, my lady, I should say, that by the term Church, we mean the Bishops and other

Clergy who can trace back their succession to the Apostles; and all the laity who have received Christian baptism.'

"'I doubt,' said Henry, 'whether, if we strictly abide by this definition, we shall find a single Church in Christendom; for one link wanting in the chain of Apostolic succession, will break the continuity as surely as if you take away a hundred. Now, grandmother, for your definition.'

"'Yours first, if you please. You, as a Greek scholar, can give us the original meaning of the word which our translators have rendered Church; and, you know, I place some value on grammatical accuracy.'

"'The Greek word *Ecclesia*, which is the one you refer to, has, in the original, the meaning of Assembly; and so it is translated Acts xix. 41, where it refers to the riotous concourse of people brought together by Demetrius and his craftsmen. When intended to designate the assembly of those who profess to be the followers of Christ, we should, perhaps, find no definition more worthy our adoption than that of the 19th Article, which runs thus, "The visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men; in which the pure Word of God is preached, and the Sacraments duly ministered, according to Christ's ordinances in all things that of necessity are requisite to the same."'

"Grandmama looked very much pleased, as she

replied, 'Your quotation prevents the necessity for any other. As dutiful members of our Scriptural Church, we are bound to accept her definition; and I for one, can do so with all my heart and understanding. Mr. Frowden, you cannot hesitate, having so recently subscribed to the 39 Articles. Having now cleared the way, will you tell us how Hildebrand, Becket, and Leo merited the honourable title you have bestowed upon them? What particular acts of theirs gave them a claim to the appellation, "Lights of the Middle Ages?"'

"Mr. Frowden stammered and hesitated, as he replied, 'I—that is, I must own that, like Douglas, I am not sufficiently acquainted with the history of the times in which they lived, to be able to give a detailed account of their actions; but everybody knows that they laboured to release the Church from bondage to temporal authority.'

"'I think,' rejoined grandmama, 'that if you examine into the history of this period, you will find they were distinguished for zeal—not for the privileges of the collective body of the Church—but for the exaltation of their own order, at the expense of all other interests in both Church and State. Hildebrand, afterwards Pope Gregory VII., appears to have been the very impersonation of papal arrogance and spiritual despotism. He greatly oppressed the lower orders of the clergy, and enforced on them the unnatural and

unscriptural practice of celibacy; and he excommunicated the Emperor Henry IV., because that monarch resisted his invasion of rights previously exercised by every emperor, and unclaimed by any pope. Becket convulsed England by his attempts to set aside "the Constitutions of Clarendon;" because by these laws clerical *criminals* were declared subject to the civil courts. While Leo X., to whom I suppose you allude, as he was the first of the name after Gregory VII., plundered the people of their property, and fostered destructive error, by his infamous sale of indulgences, which led, under God, to the blessed Reformation. His history rather belongs, however, to modern times than to the Middle Ages, properly so called.'

"Mr. Frowden fidgeted on his chair, and gave evident tokens of dissatisfaction, while grandmama was speaking; and, almost before she ceased, broke forth,—'But surely your ladyship must grant that it is insufferable for the spiritual power to be in subjection to the temporal?'

"She replied, 'By spiritual power, I suppose I am to understand the ecclesiastical; and by temporal, that of the civil ruler?'

"Mr. F. bowed assent. 'Let us examine this in the light of Holy Scripture. Let us see how the case stood among that nation, whose institutions were appointed and regulated by the Almighty Ruler of the universe Himself. When

God appointed Moses lawgiver, and Aaron high priest, to which did he give the ordering of all regulations connected with the worship of the Israelites? You will find that these, as well as the political government, were committed not to the high priest, but to the lawgiver; and, so far from the supremacy being given to the former, we find Jehovah rebuking Aaron for attempting to claim equality. You will find the history in the twelfth of Numbers. If you read with attention the historical books of the Old Testament, you will find everywhere, kings, *not priests*, ruling those circumstantials of worship which were not fixed by the Almighty himself.'

"Henry here remarked, 'Frowden looks very incredulous, will you oblige us with chapter and verse where such instances are recorded?'

"Grandmama put her hand into one of those pockets whence, when we were children, so many little indulgences came forth as to make us marvel at their capaciousness, and drew out a little notebook: after turning over some of its leaves, she said, 'In Joshua iii. 8, you will read, that the Lord said to the leader and commander of the Israelites, "Thou *shalt command* the priests that bear the ark of the covenant," &c. &c. In the eighth chapter of the same, 30, 32, 35, *we find it was* Joshua, the civil ruler, not the high priest, who "built the altar unto the Lord, and wrote on the stones a copy of the law of Moses; and afterward

read to the people the words of the law, the blessings and the cursings." 1 Chron. xiii., you may read that it was King David, and not the high priest, who regulated the religious observances on the removal of the ark. 2 Chron. vi. vii. viii., you will find King Solomon, not the high priest, dedicating the temple; hallowing the priests; and appointing their courses, while of these latter it is recorded, "They departed not from the *commandment* of the king unto the priests and Levites, concerning any matter." I should weary you before I had exhausted my evidences. Search out the matter for yourself.' Mr. Frowden said, rather discourteously,—'I suppose your ladyship will next undertake to prove, that the civil ruler is also to decide points of doctrine.'

"Grandmama replied, in a gentle tone of voice, 'Certainly not; neither king nor priest has authority in this matter, but only the Word of God: though the peculiar studies and the learning of the clergy will give great weight to their explanations and interpretations in doctrinal questions. A faithful clergy will always be duly honoured by a pious and well-ordered laity.'

"'Nobody shall ever convince me that it is right for the State to lord it over the Church. Perhaps your ladyship approves of the appointment of Bishops to their sees, and Clergy to their benefices, by sovereigns and other lay persons.'

"'We must not overlook the fact,' said grand-

mama, 'that no layman, of any rank, can take a step in the ordination of an individual, beyond bearing testimony to his moral fitness for the office of the ministry. The Bishop appoints his course of study; examines his qualifications; and, by the imposition of hands, sets him apart for his important work. The Bishop afterwards gives him his license to preach. To his Bishop he is accountable for the soundness of his doctrine, and the blamelessness of his life; and, if in either he is faulty, the laws may be so put in force, by his Bishop, as to hinder his preferment by any patron, lay or clerical. With such ample security against the intrusion of improper persons, what need is there for any interference with the rights of property? Is it not just that the donor of the temporalities should be allowed to select from the body, (which is supposed to be all equally elegible,) the particular individual he or she esteems best qualified, for the particular preferment to be bestowed?'

"Grandmama looked to our guest for a reply; but after a minute or two of silence, she arose, inquiring whether the gentlemen would join us in the drawing-room, or have coffee sent to them? Mr. Frowden pleaded the distance, and lateness of the hour; and we saw him no more.

"Do you wonder at this lengthy report of our table-talk? The subjects treated of were new to me; and I was deeply interested in observing the clearness of grandmama's views, and the affec-

tionate earnestness of her manner. After the departure of his visitor, Henry joined us, and soon turned the conversation back to the mediæval age.

"'It is quite true,' he observed, 'that I am sadly ignorant of this portion of history; and the new light which the Anglo Catholics, as they call themselves, cast on it, tends still more to perplex me. Even Dr. Arnold has endeavoured to vindicate Hildebrand, and some German professor, I forget his name, eulogizes him as "one of the most blameless of men." I want a candid opinion, and I think I may expect it from you.'

"Grandmama replied, 'Hildebrand, afterwards Gregory VII., was undoubtedly a man of commanding talents; and being the hero of the Church of Rome, may be fairly considered an exemplar of her views and principles. When he appeared on the stage of history, the papacy had just emerged from a state of disorder and infamy, which one would think might deter the most resolute stickler for Apostolic succession, from attempting to trace its course through such a polluted stream. Crime and debauchery filled the Vatican; while three rival popes performed ceremonies, and conferred orders, which they mutually declared void, and anathematized. From this hot-bed of corruption, the Emperor Henry III. raised Rome, and enabled her to put forth anew, pretensions to be considered as "the pillar

and ground of truth," but who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?

"'Under the more respectable Pontiffs, whom Henry raised in succession to the papal tiara, *infamous* vices were corrected, the papacy began to regain, once more, ascendancy over the minds of the people; and soon after put forth pretensions to independence till then unheard of. The minority of Henry IV., son and successor to the benefactor of the papacy, enabled ambitious churchmen to make many successful encroachments on the imperial prerogatives; and when Hildebrand ascended the papal chair, he found a wide field for the exercise of ecclesiastical ambition. He formed a scheme of government, by which political and religious interests were to be blended with each other; and the Bishop of Rome, placed at their head, was to exercise authority over all the kings of the earth. They were to hold their dignities and possessions at the pleasure of the Spiritual Autocrat, so long, and so long only, as they employed their authority in support of his power. This vision of universal, unlimited dominion, has never faded from the mental view of the Roman pontiffs. In order to realize it, they have plunged kingdoms into desolating wars; insulted, excommunicated, and caused to be assassinated, monarchs who opposed their exorbitant pretensions; and slaughtered God's faithful servants, from age to age, in order that the so-called

infallible head of this projected hierarchy might exercise prerogatives commensurate with his insatiable ambition.'

"Henry here remarked,—'It is a common thing to hear the Romanists of the present day profess that their religion teaches them to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." According to Pope Gregory's plan, they may do this without the abandonment of a single iota of the lofty pretensions of the papacy to universal supremacy.'

"'As among these pretensions we find a claim to infallibility,' said grandmama, 'it is quite fair to argue, from the conduct of the popes in past times when they had power, what would be their conduct again if they once more obtained power. Infallibility must, in the very nature of things, be unchangeable. Let us see how Rome has, in times past, "rendered unto Cæsar."'

"Rising from her seat, grandmama selected a commonplace book from a pile of volumes on the side table, and pointing to some extracts in her own handwriting, said, 'Read this, and remember that the German Kaiser was the representative of Cæsar in that day.'

"Henry read what, with permission, I copy, as follows:—

"'The pope, raising his eyes to Heaven, invoked, (with a voice which echoed amidst the breathless silence of the synod, through the remotest arches of the vast building,) the holy

Peter, prince of the apostles to hear; and Mary the mother of God, with the blessed Paul, and all the saints to bear witness; while for the honour and defence of Christ's church he, in the name of the Holy Trinity, interdicted to Henry, son of the deceased Emperor of that name, the government of the whole realm of Germany and Italy; absolved all Christians from their oaths and allegiance to him; and bound him with the strong bond of anathema.

"'This sentence was pronounced in the second week of Lent, A. D. 1076; and, in the autumn of the same year, appeared a rescript of Rome, requiring the German princes and prelates, counts and barons, to elect forthwith a new emperor; assuring them of the apostolical confirmation of their choice. The theocratic theory of Hildebrand seemed now passing into a reality; the relations of the papacy and the empire were inverted; the vassal of Otho sought to reduce Otho's successor to vassalage; and churchmen began to speak of the exaltation of their order above all earthly potentates.

"'At this time Henry IV. had scarcely completed his twenty-sixth year. Degraded, if not absolutely deposed—hated and reviled by the superstitious populace, he set out for Italy in the garb of a pilgrim, during a season so severe, that for four months the waters of the Rhine were frozen into a solid mass.

"'Among the crowd of courtiers who had in more prosperous times thronged his palace, not one could be found willing to become the companion of his toils and dangers. It was towards the end of January, after a painful journey of more than six weeks, that this descendant of kings and rulers of nations drew near to the fortress of Canossa, which was situated in the bosom of the Apennines, and where Gregory was then residing with Matilda, of Tuscany, known in the history of those times as "the Great Countess." Barefoot, and clad in a thin penitential garb of white linen, the emperor slowly ascended the rocky pass which led to the outer gate: the earth was covered with snow, the mountain streams were arrested by the freezing blasts, which whistled through the gorges of the hills; and it was with strange emotions of pity and wonder that the princes of Italy, who surrounded the Pope and his protectress, gazed on the majestic form and noble features of him to whom the head of the papacy was now rendering what we may suppose he considered "*the things of Cæsar.*" Passing through the first and second gateway, Henry stood in the posture of humiliation before the third, which remained inexorably closed against his further progress for three days, during which time the pope irreverently trampled on that authority which God has commanded to be honoured. The endurance of the sufferer was the only measure of the tyrant's inflexibility, for

it was not till the emperor had rushed from the scene of his mental and bodily anguish, that the pope consented to receive the proffered submission. Hunger, cold, and weariness, had for the moment crushed the lofty spirit. Henry wept and cried for mercy, and humbled himself, until he had reached the lowest level to which the haughtiness of his great antagonist could depress him. Then, and not till then, did the Pope revoke the anathema he had pronounced.'*

"Henry's cheek flushed as he read this description of the tender mercies of ecclesiastical rule. 'What fools we Oxford men are,' he cried, 'to countenance any approach to a system which would reduce our beloved Queen to the position of a mere puppet, under the control of ambitious churchmen; and her lay subjects to slavery of the most despotic kind—the slavery of superstition.'

"'Surely, my dear Henry, *you* have never been mixed up in any movement towards Rome?'

"'Not actively, I had no temptation, for, as a layman, I could have had nothing in common with those who consider all civil interests subordinate to the ecclesiastical; but I, and others like myself, have been indifferent to the success or failure of their schemes; and when we have noticed their mummeries, it has been rather as

* These historical facts are clearly set forth in an interesting little volume, recently published by the Rev. Joseph Sortain, entitled "*Hildebrand and the Excommunicated Emperor.*"

subjects of ridicule, than as a conspiracy against civil and religious liberty. Can you guess at the inducements which lead so many of the laity to aid, by their influence, in the dissemination of Tractarian principles and practices? We may, without breach of charity, surmise that love of dominion, and craving for notoriety, have weight with the clergy of a certain class; and the hieropathic affection which ecclesiastics have excited in the female bosom, from the "great Countess" to the present race, may account for the worsted work and bouquets, the fasting and daily attendance, of young ladies; but why middle-aged ladies, and gentlemen of all ages, should join the ranks is, I confess, a problem too difficult for me to solve.'

"Grandmama replied, 'Among the varieties of human character, there are always to be found individuals of a grovelling spirit, who rejoice to resign, on any terms, the burden of free-will, and the responsibility of free agency. Besides these, there are weak souls, who can only make progress, or stand upright, when sustained by the impulse or pressure of a crowd: add to them, the worldly-minded, who gladly purchase, by rigid conformity to rubrics, and an exact performance of ceremonials, a license to continue a course of dissipation and vain amusements incompatible with the profession of a purer doctrine, and you will have, so far as mere number is the question, a goodly

company to fill the body of the church, and admire the histrionic performances in the chancel. To such, the practices of Tractarianism are likely to prove the high road to popery, where splendid ceremonials, superb edifices, and the prestige of numbers, are to be found in perfection.'

"'It must be owned,' rejoined my brother, 'that in the splendour of their worship, and the exquisite beauty of their cathedrals, the Roman Catholics do give us an idea of their devotion, which contrasts, unfavourably for Protestants, with many of our neglected country churches; where the absence of even cleanliness and decent order shocks every sense of propriety.'

"'I am not going to justify such irreverent neglect, which is, however, much less common than it was twenty years ago, when I say, that if the stones of those magnificent cathedrals "could cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber answer them," the tales they would tell of widows plundered, and orphans impoverished, to supply the funds spent in their erection, would make us rejoice in our plainer edifices; combined as they are with the deliverance of our land from that superstition, which taught that the erection and adornment of such buildings were more acceptable in the sight of the Most High, than the habitual exercise of justice, mercy, and truth. But are not you and Fanny inclined for a walk, this mild evening?' added grandmama. 'I have

talked so much, that unless I have a season of perfect quiet, I shall look forward to a sleepless night.'

"The glow of light from the beams of the departed sun had not faded from the western horizon, and the full-orbed moon had but recently ascended above the eastern, when we sallied forth to enjoy a delicious walk. Dear Henry's invariable kindness and fine intellect, must always render him one of the most delightful companions; and on this evening, there was a gentleness and quietness about him which made him more than usually interesting. Scarcely a breeze ruffled the branches over our heads; the moonbeams quivered on the waters which wound round the bottom of the castle-hill; and a cheerful chirping, or an occasional low twitter from the hedge-row, which bounded the path by which we ascended after our rambles, alone suggested the idea of other living things being near us. Nothing could be more favourable for the awakening of feelings of gratitude and devotion to the Creator of this fair world. If my letter had not already exceeded all reasonable dimensions, I could enlarge on the sentiments expressed by my dear brother; but here are one, two, three, four, closely written sheets. A succession of rainy days, (during which grandmama's private business, and Henry's absence, who is gone to Liverpool to meet some Irish friends, have left me many solitary hours;)

enabled me to scribble on, till I had set down the whole of the conversation, which so much interested me.

"You will easily believe, my dear Emily, how much we all share in the joy that the prospect of your eventual recovery has awakened. I scarcely dare picture you to myself as rising from that couch, where you have so long lain a resigned and patient sufferer, to adorn and bless the domestic and social circles. Let me add, that I await with anxiety another of your valuable letters, on the Plenary Inspiration of the Sacred Volume. What would I not give to be able to say, with the firm decision of our excellent grandmother,—'We *feel* and *know* the revelation to be from God.'

"I have left no space for messages to dear friends. Assure them of my love, and accept yourself a double portion from

"Your fondly attached

"FANNY."

CHAPTER VIII.

EMILY speedily replied to her cousin as follows:

"MY DEAR FANNY,—I find it difficult to convey, in words, even a faint idea of the interest with which I have perused your charming letter. How striking are our dear grandmama's sound understanding, extensive information, and deep piety, throughout the conversations you have related. Your Mr. Frowden seems one of a class alluded to in a quotation I lately read from the speech of some good man, to this effect,—'We must not be surprised, if, when unconverted men intrude themselves into the sacred office of the ministry, they magnify the external rites which they *can* understand, at the expense of the spiritual truths which they *cannot* understand.' May we and ours be preserved from this class of teachers, who fancy they are feeding the flock, when they give them the shell without the kernel.

"I am the only idle person in the house, all

the rest being busied with preparations for our approaching departure; and I feel my helplessness when I see mama perplexed with a multiplicity of cares, which, though many of them appear scarcely worth the anxiety, I would gladly lessen by participation. You will be glad to hear that I have an attendant in the place of my old nurse Mary Everest, who is quite as tender and skilful in assisting me, while she possesses what I always felt to be a want in poor nurse. Mrs. Wilton, Mary's sister-in-law, is one whose Christian character has been moulded in the school of affliction. Only think, dear Fanny, of her having three promising boys, and an excellent husband taken off by consumption in ten years. The chastened sorrow with which she alludes to these loved ones, and the triumph of faith over mere natural feeling, are truly instructive and affecting: her eye kindles in the midst of her tears, as she remembers that in the case of each of the departed, she could 'commit the body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in the sure and certain hope.' This admirable person has a little independent property, sufficient for all her moderate wants; but when she found that Mary's absence from her home had broken in on her husband's domestic happiness, and caused their child to be sent away, to remove her from some mischief into which she was likely to fall, she came and offered to supply nurse's place till a

suitable person could be found: and we have become so attached to each other, that she has consented to accompany me in our projected voyage, to which I am looking forward with almost unmingled pleasure.

"I am anxious to devote some of my short remaining season of quiet to the examination of the subject we have entered upon—the *plenary inspiration* of the Holy Scriptures. If, as some assert, we may detect therein, errors in facts, and contradictions in statements, this doctrine must be abandoned. But let it be conceded, that some differences not easily explained are to be found in a book abounding in narratives; in which the same events are repeated in a variety of forms, by different historians, each having a definite object in view (such as the elucidation of a doctrine, or the individualizing of some general truth)—may not the accounts be all true, without being strictly identical? Does it not frequently occur in common life that different persons relate the same facts in different ways, and yet without departing from strict veracity?

"It is easy to assert that there are contradictions in the Bible; and sometimes really pious Christians suffer their convictions of its inspiration to be relaxed by such assertions, without knowing the grounds on which they are made. They do not trouble themselves with examining either the general testimony of God's Word, or the nature

of the objections opposed to that testimony. The complete connection of a chain of circumstances which happened 1800 years ago may not be stated, and consequently the means of explaining the way in which apparent discrepancies may be reconciled, not being in our possession: should an outcry, therefore, be raised that these facts are contradictory?

"I will illustrate my meaning by relating what appears to me a case in point. About a fortnight ago, papa, who had been some days absent from home, wrote to beg mama would meet him at Birmingham, in order to arrange a business of importance with some persons, whose stay there was to be very limited. She was to travel by an appointed train, and punctuality was urged as of the first importance. Owing to some misunderstanding on the part of the servants, the carriage which was to convey her to the station was nearly a quarter of an hour later than it was ordered: and mama entered it in great discomposure of spirit, a violent storm of wind and rain adding to the disagreeables of her hasty and anxious journey. About ten minutes after she had driven off, and before I had commenced dressing, a card was put into my hand, on which she had written a hasty message; desiring me to welcome some visitor who had just arrived, and, if possible, persuade him to remain until her return with papa on the following day. I sent Wilton to explain to him why I could not at once attend

to her wishes, and to inquire if he would take refreshment. On her return she told me his servant had taken a portmanteau into one of the dressing-rooms; and that the chaise had been dismissed, with directions to the driver to send another in two hours. Half that time had elapsed, ere the newly-arrived guest made his appearance. I thought him one of the most interesting persons I had ever seen. His forehead was lofty and finely formed; his complexion dark, but lighted up by the most brilliant eyes you ever saw; and though he probably looked older than he really was, owing to the upper part of his head being bald, yet this added to the dignity, without detracting from the elegance, of his appearance. He introduced himself as the intimate friend of my uncle Arthur, from whom, he said, he had parted at Bombay only seven weeks before; then placing a small Indian casket in my hands, he added,—

"'Colonel Lake, recollecting that the day of my departure was his niece's birthday, sent this little memorial, with a *verbal* message of congratulations and good wishes; his right hand having recently sustained an injury prevented the use of his pen.'

"The casket contained a splendid gold chain, and some other very elegant ornaments. I gave mama's invitation; but my guest told me, he had only landed the day before from the steamer

which brought him from Alexandria; that he had come nearly one hundred miles out of his direct road, in order to fulfil as early as possible, the commission he had been charged with, and was longing to reach London, where he had business which would detain him for a week or ten days; after which, he would gladly avail himself of mama's proffered hospitality, and give us, as he had promised his friend, a hundred particulars respecting his wife, his child, his position in India, &c., which could not be communicated by letter. We were in the midst of a very interesting conversation when the chaise was announced, and we parted.

"When papa and mama returned next day, I hastened to display my superb presents; expatiated on the agreeable and polished manners of their bearer; described his venerable bald head; and wondered at the kindness of my dear uncle, in remembering my birthday after a separation of so many years.

"'What dreams are you relating, Emily?' exclaimed mama. 'I never saw a more ill-bred and unprepossessing person, than the man who thrust his head out of a post-chaise into my carriage yesterday morning, so close to my face that the wind blew his nasty grey hair almost into my mouth, though he still wore his travelling cap. The packet of letters he gave me, ought to have been delivered a month ago, when the shawls and

preserves were sent down; for Arthur writes word that this person received the whole under his charge, and that he was to sail from Madras, last April, direct for England.'

"'Here are a host of irreconcilable contradictions, indeed!' cried papa. 'One says, he sailed from Madras direct to England; the other, that he came by the overland route. One, that he took leave of Arthur in April; the other, that they parted on the twenty-third of June. One, that he has kept back letters, which common politeness would have induced him to forward a month ago; the other, that he had the gallantry to travel one hundred miles out of his direct road, when he had important business awaiting him in London, in order that he might fulfil the commission entrusted to him the very earliest possible moment. One asserts, that he is an ill-bred, unprepossessing person, with a quantity of grey hair; the other, that he is a most interesting and elegant man, with a venerable bald head.'

"'It must be one of Emily's fancies,' said mama. 'If he only landed yesterday, how could he have sent the shawls a month ago? Besides, Arthur's letters are dated from Madras, where his regiment is stationed. It is surprising, my dear (looking somewhat sternly at me), how you can thus let your imagination run away with you.'

"It did not become me to argue the point with

mama, or I might have retorted, 'How could my uncle's friend have known that the 23rd of June was my birthday? Where could he have procured the chain and other presents, if not from my uncle? Why should he have told me he had just landed, and was in haste to be in London, if he had spent more than a month there?'

"'Now I appeal to you, dear Fanny, if any two descriptions of the same facts could appear more contradictory and irreconcilable than those which my mama and myself gave to papa? Yet when our Indian friend arrived here last night, and supplied the missing links, the whole became one harmonious narrative. The application is obvious.

"Besides the obscurity arising from the absence of connecting circumstances, we must remember the probable source of verbal differences, arising from the record being made in a different language from that used by the speakers. Our Lord, his disciples, and the Jews, spoke the vernacular language of their nation, which was the Syro-Judaic. When, then, according to the Redeemer's faithful promise, the Comforter, whom He sent from the Father, brought all things to the Apostles' remembrance, and inspired them with the *Greek* words in which they were to record those things; where is the inconsistency of supposing, that while this Holy Spirit of truth always caused the exact truth to be written by

each, He might not always restrict Himself to the same terms, but might in infinite wisdom supply different writers with different, though equivalent expressions, in which to record the same facts and discourses for the instruction of distant ages?

"I will leave you for the present to reflect on what I have written, and conclude with a promise of sending in a few days a paper of extracts I am making from my commonplace-book, and the explanation of my riddle. The enclosure you will kindly give, as addressed, to dear grandmama and Henry. Always believe me, dearest Fanny,

"Your affectionate cousin and sincere friend,

"EMILY."

A few days after, Miss Douglas received the extracts which are copied below, enclosed in the following letter:—

"DEAR FANNY,—Our time of departure draws near, and as our correspondence will necessarily be interrupted for some time, I have copied the enclosed, which I hope you will study candidly and prayerfully. May the arguments therein contained be blessed to your full establishment in the conviction of this truth, 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.'

"Every object around me here seems to acquire a new charm, from the thought that

many months must elapse before we shall again visit our dear home. The gardens are in their most luxuriant bloom; and as my eye turns from the many memorials of affection which adorn my dear little room, to the gay prospect without, the thought arises—can Italy, with all her boasted attractions, present anything which I shall admire as heartily as I do the numerous beauties which here surround me? Nothing but the prospect of renewed health bringing with it renewed opportunities of usefulness, could repay for the quiet enjoyments we are for a season to resign. We leave this, next Tuesday. I am to take three days to travel to Southampton, resting on the road, that I may not exhaust my feeble powers. Mama is so nervous and anxious, that I lose my selfish fears in sympathy with her; and my father has prevailed on her to go through with him in one day, leaving me to travel with Wilton and a couple of servants.

"Now for the solution of my enigma.

"My uncle's friend had taken leave of him, after receiving the parcels and letters he was to be the bearer of, had sent all his luggage on board the *Swansea*, to sail direct for London, and was preparing to embark as the vessel was about to weigh anchor, when an officer, belonging to the civil court of Bombay, presented him with a law paper, requiring his attendance as witness in an important trial to be heard at that place. All he

could do was to send by the captain letters to his London agent, directing him to pass his luggage through the custom-house, and forward the various packages according to the addresses. It was by this means that the present of shawls and preserves reached us a full month earlier, than the letters which were written to accompany them.

"Landing again at Madras, our Indian friend proceeded by steamer to Bombay; whither my uncle accompanied him, for the double purpose of recruiting his health by the voyage, and being present at a trial, in the result of which he felt great interest. On the passage he severely sprained the thumb of his right hand. Arriving at Bombay, he satisfied his curiosity as he had proposed, and on the morning of June 23rd, saw his friend on board the steamer by which he was to reach Africa, on his way overland to England, charging him at the same time with the affectionate message and kind present so faithfully delivered. Mama now acknowledges that she was fretted at being delayed, and made no allowance for the disfiguring effects of the travelling cap, when she pronounced him 'unprepossessing,' and that it might possibly be something of impatience and haughtiness in her own manner which interrupted his elegant equanimity, and gave him the appearance of being 'ill-bred.' While I, on my part, have confessed that my admiration of the lofty forehead made me quite overlook the long

avoid the appearance of inconsistency; so that the astonishing agreement which a diligent student will perceive among them, can only be accounted for by admitting, that they all 'wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.'

Again, brevity is so connected with fulness in Scripture, that an inexhaustible treasury of Divine knowledge may there be found. The things necessary to salvation are few and obvious [illegible] learn [illegible] frame of mind: [illegible] diligent student will [illegible]

[illegible]

faithfully deliver his doctrines, by means of which these operations were to be effected. How could they exercise these powers after their decease, but by their writings? And where else can those pure doctrines be found? Our only rational conclusion must be, that the powers conferred on Christ's apostles were exercised, when by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they delivered to the Church of Christ that doctrine according to which man's final state will be determined; and that their writings contain that divinely inspired Word to which our Lord referred, when he uttered that precious petition, 'Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe *through their word.*'

"An objection to the plenary inspiration of Scripture has been offered by some, which they state thus,—'There are passages in which the Sacred Writers use language in manifest opposition to the known laws of Nature.'

"In reply it may be said, that if any physical errors could be shewn to exist in Scripture, it would manifestly prove that the book was not from God; but the believer may defy the infidel to produce from the whole Bible one such error. On the contrary, it is deeply interesting to trace out the latent store of science contained in the sublime simplicity of its expressions. It would be puerile to complain that the language of Scripture should be in the infancy of science, what

it still is with the most learned philosophers—*the language of appearances.* Were you to hear Sir John Herschel himself, discoursing with the learned Professor Airey, even in the Royal Observatory of Greenwich, you would find them speaking of the stars rising and setting; of the planets revolving, accelerated, stopping, retrograding. Would you have had the Sacred Historian relate the miracle recorded in the tenth chapter of Joshua, in more scientific language than is now used by the modern astronomer?

"Let us suppose the case of a learned and pious astronomer directing the attention of his children of tender years to the starry heavens. How he stoops, as it were, to their level: and presents to their opening intelligence, words and images which they can understand! You may notice, that while he tells them nothing that is not strictly true, he does not place the whole truth before them; his language indicates that he knows more than he intends to impart to them. He is not instructing them in science, this is not his object; he would, at this time, lead them up 'through Nature's works to Nature's God.'

"Still, nothing in his language will contradict the principles of science; on the contrary, *much* of what he says, will shew that he is silent respecting *more* that he perfectly understands; and when, at a later period, his children, with enlarged capacities and increased information, reconsider

his instructions, they will discern that with a wise adaptation to their former infant state, the germ of science was then implanted in their minds.

"Such is the twofold character which the attentive student may discern in God's revelation. His inspired Scriptures speak with precision the language of appearances; but while they are thus the words of a father addressing his children in their infant state, they are such that the oldest and most advanced will never find a single sentence opposed to the true condition of the works of creation; but may, on the contrary, observe occasional expressions, which clearly prove that what they themselves have laboriously searched out, He knew more than 4,000 years before; and better than they.

"If God would communicate with man, He must condescend to man's weakness, in order that man may understand what God would teach, and thus His language always exhibits condescension, but never any want of knowledge.

"Let the sceptic, who shelters his unbelief under the supposed contradiction of Scripture language to the known laws of Nature, turn his attention for a little season to the systems of natural philosophy established among both ancient and modern philosophers, previous to the more recent discoveries in science. Let him examine Homer's theory of a *solid* vault or firmament, beneath which the sun and moon performed their courses in

chariots, rolling on the clouds; the luminary of day rising from the bosom of the eastern ocean, and setting in the western: whence in a golden vessel (the workmanship of Vulcan) he was conveyed back to the place of his rising, by the way of the north. Or let him study, in the Shasters of the Eastern Sages, the theory of the moon, 50,000 leagues higher than the sun: and the sun, when he sinks below the western horizon, retiring behind a vast mountain situated in the midst of the earth, which is represented as flat, and of a triangular form. Then, let him notice Mahomet speaking in the Koran, of the mountains as created for the purpose of keeping the earth from moving, as cables and anchors steady the ship. Or let him listen to the theological indignation of Lactantius, who exclaimed, 'Is any one so ignorant as to believe that there are men having their legs above their heads, and trees growing, and bearing fruit, downwards? yet such must be the consequence of asserting that this our earth is a globe. One knows not what to say to such men, who, once astray, plunge headlong from one absurdity to another;' or to St. Augustine, when he asserts, that 'the rotundity of the earth is contrary to Scripture.' Then let the opposers of inspiration, on the grounds above alleged, listen to the infallible (?) wisdom of Pope Zacharias. 'If it be true,' he writes, 'that Vigilius maintains there are other men under the

earth, assemble a council; condemn him; depose him; *expel him from the earth.*' Next, let our unbeliever search out the amount of scientific knowledge possessed by philosophers down to the period of the birth of our immortal Sir Isaac Newton; and contemplate Galileo groaning in the dungeons of the Inquisition, until he purchased his freedom by pronouncing, in the presence of the assembled inquisitors, at their palace of the Holy Order, the following words:—'I, Galileo, in the seventieth year of my age, on my knees, before your Excellencies, abjure, curse, and abhor the doctrine of the earth's motion.'

"What would have been said, and justly said, of the pretensions of the Bible to inspiration, if it had set forth any of the errors noticed above? or had resolved the material world into four elements? or had represented the stars as crystal vases? What, if the volume had asserted that the fixed stars, being kindled by their own velocity, illumine the sun with their fires? Yet these, and countless other theories equally absurd, constituted the natural philosophy of mankind in all ages, down to almost modern times. How could the sacred writers escape these errors, if not through Divine inspiration? Truly, here is proof that every one of those writers could adopt the language of David, and say, 'The Spirit of the Lord spake by me.'

"Now let us open our Bibles, and examine the

writings of the fifty sacred penmen, from Moses, who wrote in the wilderness nearly 400 years before the destruction of the city of Troy, to the fisherman's son, who, 1,500 years later, penned the sublime Apocalypse in the Isle of Patmos. Where are the errors that disfigure the writings of the wisest, and most learned heathen, and early Christian philosophers? We find here none of the mistakes which the science of one age discovers in the science of that which preceded: nothing which contradicts the soundest result of the investigations of the learned world. Let us go carefully through, from the first chapter in Genesis to the last of Revelations. Let us search for faults of the kind alluded to; always bearing in mind that the book describes Nature, records its creation, acquaints mankind with its first revolutions, and foretells its last. Let us remember, also, that its first pages precede, by 900 years, the most ancient writings of the philosophers of Greece. How is it that not one of the thousand absurd speculations, respecting the elements and revolutions of the earth and heavens, with which the latter abound, are to be found in the Sacred Volume?

"We read in its pages strains of poetry, wherein bold and sublime imagery abounds, yet no violence is done to the facts and principles of sound philosophy; nor is it ever in opposition to the more correct ideas which modern science has established,

relative to our globe (in respect to its form, magnitude, or geology), the planets which travel round our sun, or the suns which illumine the depths of space.

"But we need not rest in the negative proposition. Besides the absence of error, we find gleams of truth breaking forth continually, and irradiating its pages, in numerous expressions, which shew the unbounded knowledge of the Author. The Almighty gave His inspired Word for a higher purpose than unveiling the secrets of this material world; which shall, with 'the works therein,' be burnt up. Nevertheless, the attentive mind may discover science, which it was not the main object of the book to teach, and recognise an exactness, which only the discoveries made by mathematical science, aided by the telescope, could enable modern sages to appreciate. Thus Gen. i. 1, gives us a notion of the age of our earth, 'In the beginning, God created;' that is, before unnumbered ages. Yet when the later creation of plants, animals, and men, is treated of, so recent an existence is assigned to them, that proud man, in every age, has rebelled against a truth so distasteful. Still the labours of De Luc, Cuvier, and Buckland, fully demonstrate that the state of the earth's surface, no less than the monuments of history, incontestibly authenticate the inspired record. Again; in Isaiah xl. 22, reference is made to the circular or globular form of our earth; in

Job xxvi. 17, you have its suspension in space, 'hung upon nothing.'

"Gen. i. 6, the heavens are described by a Hebrew term signifying 'space or expansion;' the separation of the waters, verse 7, assigns an importance to their suspension in the atmosphere, in the form of clouds that descend in rain and dew, to the correctness of which the calculations of modern science give their attestation. In the annual publication of the Board of Longitude for 1835, page 196, it is reckoned that it would require the labour of the whole human race 200,000 years to effect what Nature *annually* performs in the formation of clouds, and deposits of rain, dew, &c.

"In Gen. i. 4, we have the creation of light, and of light as existing independent of the sun; thus anticipating modern systems and observations. Gen. i. 11, records the creation of the vegetable world, exhibits plants as vegetating, increasing, and bearing seed, before the formation of the sun; consequently, as under conditions of light, heat, and moisture, different from those which sustain vegetation in the present day; thus revealing, many thousand years ago, an order of things which fossil botany has in later times established. When the Scriptures speak of the waters of our globe, they do it in terms which explain the immense overflowings under which it has at some period or periods been completely submerged.

Learned men have told us of the little depth of the seas, and would hence demonstrate the absolute insufficiency of their waters for these vast inundations; but Scripture leads us to contemplate an abyss of waters beneath its solid crust, whose fountains were broken up at the time of the Deluge, as they were at that of Chaos and the ages which preceded.

"Job xxviii. 5, the latter clause, literally rendered, describes the earth beneath on fire; 2 Pet. vii. 10, declares that it is reserved for fire, thus leading to an hypothesis, which the science of modern times has neither fully adopted nor contradicted. This internal fire might, at the time of the Universal Deluge, be used as God's instrument in causing, on the one hand, excessive evaporation and impetuous rains, and on the other, a rarefaction which not only broke up the 'fountain of the great deep,' and swelled the overwhelming waves above the level of the highest mountains, but caused immense deposits of chalk, under the double action of excessive heat and enormous pressure.

"Gen. i. 20, gives to birds and fishes a common origin; and modern naturalists have proved, that, though outwardly very different to the eye, there really exists very intimate relations between these classes of animals.

"Joshua x. 12, 13. When the sacred historian relates the arresting the apparent course of the

sun, he was directed to record that the moon was stayed in the same proportion; a precaution which no astronomer, ignorant of our diurnal motion, would have imagined.

"Gen. xv. 5 instead of making the number of stars, as Hipparchus and Ptolemy do, somewhat more than one thousand, compares them, as Herschel did, when he had resolved the Milky Way into an innumerable multitude, to the sand on the sea-shore.

"And now, in the midst of all these marvels, 'where shall we find wisdom, and where is the place of understanding? The abyss saith, It is not in me; and the sea answers, It is not with me. God alone understandeth the way thereof, and He knoweth the place thereof; for He looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven. When he gave to the air its weight, and to the waters their just measure, then did He see wisdom and explore its depths. And unto man he said, Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil, that is understanding.'"

CHAPTER IX.

VERY merrily rang the bells of the village church, one bright September morning, in the year of our Lord 181— (that is, about thirty-five years before the commencement of this tale), as the London coach drew up in front of the small neat house dignified with the name of the village inn,—railroads had not then intersected the country in all directions, and the seat on the box, with the occasional privilege of driving four-in-hand, was still, with young men, the favourite mode of travelling,—and a gentleman who was seated beside the coachman, sprang lightly to the ground as the vehicle stopped, and, addressing one of the lookers-on, said, "This seems to be a holiday among you."

"Yes, your honour," replied the person spoken to. "It is the christening of our Squire's son and heir; and he is going to give the people a dinner, and a dance on the lawn."

"Just throw down my great-coat, will you,

friend? Guard, get out my portmanteau and carpet-bag. I can never turn my back upon a dance on the green. I suppose," turning to the waiter, "I can have a clean bed and a chop?"

The answer was satisfactory, the accommodation approved, and the coachman, after receiving his regular fare, and being *remembered*, drove off without his passenger, who entered the house to get rid of the dust of travelling, and then walked forth, following several groups of villagers, who, arrayed in their holiday attire, were all proceeding in one direction.

"Pray, who is your landlord?" he asked of a stout country lad, who had just cleared a high gate with one bound.

"Why, don't your honour know?" replied the youth. "Sir Hugh Lake to be sure; he's a very rich and kind gentleman, I can tell you; and the servants say is mortal proud of his baby: we be all glad it is a son."

"Happy village!" thought the stranger, "where the rich man knows how to secure the kind word and sympathy of his poor neighbours. Not one of these labourers (many of whom, perhaps, will, for the first time in many weeks, partake of a full meal to-day) will cast an envious eye on his landlord's rich possessions, or contrast *his* large share of the good things of this life with their own scanty portion."

As the traveller followed, at a little distance,

the holiday folks, who, full of fun and frolic, were playing their practical jokes on each other, and evidently prepared to enjoy the promised sports and good cheer to the utmost, his attention was drawn from them by the beauty of the surrounding scenery. In all his travels, he thought he had never lighted on a spot more beautiful, or more worthy to be treasured up amongst his choicest recollections. Before him, on a sloping lawn, surrounded by ornamental trees, stood a large white house, whose exterior gave promise that the conveniences and elegances of life would be found within its walls. Behind it rose a lofty hill, covered with feathery larches and other evergreens, which, while they sheltered the house and gardens from the rough winds of winter and of spring, contrasted beautifully at other seasons with the ever-changing foliage that adorned the neighbouring eminence. Openings, judiciously made, gave a variety of views of the distant country; here, the village spire rose towards the clouds; there, a white church on a very distant hill was visible among the trees which surrounded it; and just beyond the spot where he paused to listen to the cheerful voices of the assembled rustics, lay a sheet of ornamental water, which, without a ripple or a wrinkle, reflected as in a vast mirror, the hills and trees so vividly, that the eye could scarcely trace where reality ended or the image began, and looking down into it, the

beholder might contemplate a sky as clear and beautiful as that which, on this bright morning, was shining over-head.

Such was the home where Vincent Lake first drew breath; and such the scenery among which he spent his early years; watched over by very fond, if not very judicious parents.

As is commonly the case where a child is the chief object of solicitude to a whole family, he was soon regarded as a wonder of precocious talent; his abilities were really good, and his temper usually mild and docile; though, as his nurse early said, "he had a will of his own." There were, indeed, occasional manifestations of a strength of purpose, which would have caused more anxiety to persons better acquainted with the workings of our corrupt nature; but as it was seldom called into action, it failed to cast a shadow over the bright vision of prosperity and future distinction, which glowed in the imagination of Sir Hugh and Lady Lake, when they marked what appeared to them, the almost marvellous development of his understanding.

When he was about four years old, an elderly female relative, who was a strict disciplinarian, and much looked up to by his parents, came to the house on a visit; and arriving late in the evening, was entertained till bed-time with accounts of the docility and cleverness of the hope of the family. The following morning she brought

down a bright India silk sash, gaily ornamented with paintings of birds and flowers, presenting it to Vincent, with a request that she might have the pleasure of seeing him wear it at dessert.

"Indeed, I shall not," was the abrupt reply; "I will never wear it."

Sir Hugh rebuked him for this rudeness, and, with more of sharpness than he had ever used in speaking to him, commanded him to thank aunt Margaret for her pretty present, and tell her he should be happy to do what she required.

"I do not like it; I cannot thank her; I will never wear it," was the reply.

"Then," said his father, "you shall not come down to dessert till you do."

Mama and nurse coaxed and threatened; but Vincent's determination was inflexible. Aunt Margaret said it was only childish petulance, which would soon be overcome if the parents would be decided; and to prove that they were so, the little boy was not permitted to go into the drawing-room to say good-night.

Next, he was excluded from sharing the carriage drives; but still there were no symptoms of his yielding. Lady Lake, and even Mrs. Margaret, then sought to induce compliance by gentle means. The fine sights he should be taken to see, the pretty toys he should choose for himself, if he would be a good boy, and do what papa wished, were depicted in glowing colours, but the unvary-

ing answer was, "I never will wear it." *And he never did.*

Mrs. Margaret went away, saying that some children are very difficult to manage; papa and mama lectured their son on the duty of obedience; Vincent held up his face to be kissed, with a promise given in general terms that he would be a good boy, and here the matter ended. Did it really terminate when peace was restored between the child and his parents? Who shall say how much of the sin and sorrow of maturer years may spring from this simple fact—*the child comes off conqueror in his first struggle with parental authority.*

From this time the disposition was seldom called into action; for when the well-remembered expression of fixed determination made its appearance, the point in dispute was quietly yielded. "The dear child is in general so loving and obedient," Lady Lake would say, "that it would certainly be wrong to compel him to do what he has such an aversion to;" and Sir Hugh would reply, "A boy's character is not worth a rush if he has not some firmness. It will all be right when he grows older and knows better."

Vincent's education went on in the ordinary routine. Mama's lessons were superseded by those of the nursery governess; these in due time by the instructions of a private tutor; which were afterwards exchanged for the public school; where

he made respectable progress, and gained the good-will of professors and schoolfellows. During the latter part of his school life, he attached himself very strongly to the head-master, whom he regarded as one of the best and wisest of men, treasuring up his most casual conversations, and adopting his opinions with unquestioning docility. The scarlet fever breaking out in the school, caused him to quit rather earlier than was intended; and Sir Hugh decided on keeping him at home with a tutor, to read with him, and be a companion.

Some months after this arrangement, Vincent mentioned to his mother, that Mrs. and the Misses Durben, the mother and sisters of his tutor, were come to settle in a town about two or three miles off; that he had been to call on them several times, and wished she would do so too, and ask them to dine, as they were very lonely in a strange neighbourhood. Lady Lake complied; she called, accompanied by her son, and seconded his eager invitation to fix an early day, with one quite courteous, but certainly far less warm. A very few hours of intercourse converted her first, not very favourable impression, into a feeling of strong disapprobation; and after watching with much anxiety the progress of the acquaintance, she spoke to her husband of the possible consequences of their son's following up this new intimacy with the same ardour as that he at present manifested.

"Tell him plainly your opinion of the foolish sentimental mother and the forward girls," said Sir Hugh. "Surely, he will not hesitate to give them up, if you wish it."

"Indeed," replied the lady, "I fear I have already said too much, although I have not applied to them such plain language as you have. You know there is no turning Vincent from anything he sets his mind on; and he insists upon it, that if they were wealthy and titled, I should soon discover a thousand good qualities which my prejudices prevent my perceiving: I am quite sure that open opposition will only make him more regular and constant in his visits."

"Vincent is a mere schoolboy, a mere child," said his father, in a tone of vexation. "Why did Durben bring his whimsical mother and bold sisters into our neighbourhood? I have for some time thought he was not a very safe friend for our son, and I must contrive, now he is at Cambridge, for him to stay there, and not have his studies interrupted. I will think this over; for, as you say, opposition would only make Vincent more determined to have his own way."

A very short time after this conversation, and while Mr. Durben was still absent, attending to his affairs at the university, Vincent entered his father's study one morning, with an open letter in his hand, his eyes sparkling, and his whole appearance exhibiting great pleasure. "This is from

uncle Herbert," he said. "He wishes me to join him at St. Petersburgh. It is a delightful season for such a voyage. You will have no objection, sir, will you?"

"What will your mother say to it? How will she do without your help in planning her new cottages, and arranging the fossils in her grotto? You must talk to her. I do not think, however, that she is likely to offer much opposition; for it certainly is a very desirable opportunity for beginning your acquaintance with foreign countries."

Our readers, who have seen more of her ladyship's mind than her son, will perhaps be less surprised than he was at her ready acquiescence, and the promptitude with which she proposed that he and his father should set off on the following morning to pay a long-promised visit to Sir John Douglas (with whom Mr. Lake's daughter had remained, when he accepted an appointment at St. Petersburgh), while she busied herself with the necessary preparations for his voyage. There were so many things to talk over, and so many little private arrangements to make, that it was not till Vincent was entering the carriage next morning, that the thought of his new friends crossed his mind. He drew back, saying,—

"I ought to take leave of the Durbens."

"We cannot keep the horses, as they have a long stage, and it is important that they should

get over Hatfield Hill before the heat of the day," replied his father.

"Well, I can make my excuses when we return from the Hall. Perhaps my mother will explain."

"Oh, yes; no doubt she will do all that is civil and proper. Have you your writing-case, and the presents for Emily? Just look under the seat, and see if the small blue box is there. All right," putting his hand out of the window, and the four horses set off with such speed that poor Vincent, who was looking, as desired, under the seat, was thrown forward with some violence.

Inquiries whether he were hurt, and a fit of ill-humour connected with the pain occasioned by a smart blow on the nose, served as a diversion during the first two miles, so that the carriage had whirled past the small house occupied by Mrs. Durben, before the young man thought of putting his head out of the window, to give a passing salutation to his new friends.

Our old acquaintance Miss Lake, or, as she was more commonly called, Miss Emily, was, at the time of this visit, a delicate-looking little girl about six or seven years old. She at once attached herself to her cousin Vincent, and he took great delight in chatting with her. "Tell papa this. Be sure not to forget to mention that to mama," was continually on her lips. Numerous treasures were packed up for "darling little

Herbert; and what must I give you for a keepsake, cousin Vincent?"

"Anything you please, cousin Emily, only do not let it be very large; for surely I must give it the place next my heart to the end of my days."

"Oh, I know what it shall be. Now mind, Vincent, you must promise that if I give you a little, a very, *very* little keepsake, you will always carry it about with you."

"I promise," said Vincent, with mock solemnity, laying his hand on his heart.

A few days after, Emily gave him a remarkably small New Testament, elegantly bound, with a silk case to preserve it.

"I made the cover myself, and Miss Mundy says you have young eyes, and that if you read a little every day, you will know it all by heart before the print is too small for you to read when you are an old man. Where is your Bible? give it to me, and I will also make a cover for it."

"My Bible! what can you be thinking of, my dear little girl? What should I do with a Bible here?"

"Read it, to be sure! You know, dear Vincent, that the noble Bereans searched the Scriptures daily, and that therefore many of them believed. And that our Lord Jesus Christ said, 'Search the Scriptures;' and God commands us to speak of His Word, and to meditate upon it when we sit in the house, or when we walk by

the way; when we lie down, and when we rise up.' I can shew you the very words; I learned them for my text this morning."

So saying, the graceful child ran swiftly out of the room, and returned as swiftly with the book open in her hands. The rapidity of her movements had raised her usually delicate colour to the brightest glow; her blue eyes sparkled with eagerness; and her bright golden hair, slightly ruffled by her running, shone, as the morning sunbeam fell upon her, like a glory surrounding her well-formed head. The young man, who had a lively sense of the beautiful, thought he had never seen anything so lovely; and in after years, when, fevered in body and agonized in mind, he tossed on his restless couch, the recollection of this bright vision calmed his troubled spirit.

"Look, Vincent, it is in the first chapter of Joshua; read it yourself."

"Yes, yes; I see it," said he, carelessly. He would not vex the innocent child by the utterance of his thoughts; but he said to himself, "I suppose this is a specimen of the Bibliolatry the dear Doctor spoke of. I remember hearing him say, that the Bibliolatry of the Evangelicals was quite as offensive as the superstition of the Catholics. I wonder who is training up the sweet child in this absurd way."

The fortnight passed at the Hall convinced Sir

Hugh that he had decided wisely in letting his son see more of the world. The two eldest daughters of Sir John Douglas were of an age to be brought into comparison with the Misses Durben; and the forward, artificial manners of the latter appeared less attractive, now that he had an opportunity of seeing the graceful simplicity, cultivated minds, and elegant accomplishments of Miss Douglas and her sister. It seemed quite a relief to him, when his father proposed that Lady Lake should join them in London, instead of their returning home again; and at length he embarked in excellent spirits, without the slightest suspicion that the freedom of his will had been interfered with.

It is not the province of this little tale to enlarge on what our young traveller experienced during his voyage; or to give a detailed account of his arrival in St. Petersburgh, his introduction there to the best society, or of his journeyings to various parts of the Russian dominions. It is sufficient to say, that he remained abroad during the remaining period of his uncle's residence at that court, and returned home only a few months before attaining his majority. Who shall describe the exultation with which his parents remarked the beauty, sweet temper, and elegant refinement of manners which distinguished their only son? In their confidential communings, when no considerations of a prudential character, nor apprehensions of a want of sympathy, checked the freest

utterance of thought, most brilliant was the future they delighted to trace for him. It seemed to them as if his whole course through life, would be as bright as the sunbeams which shone without a cloud, on the holiday which celebrated his twenty-first birthday, as it had shone on that which celebrated his admission into the visible Church. Full of such anticipations, they yielded a ready acquiescence to his wish to visit foreign countries. A somewhat extended plan of travel was laid out, including a stay in various parts of France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy; from which he was to return whenever a dissolution of parliament should afford him an opportunity of offering himself as candidate for a seat, his father observing, that the knowledge he would acquire by examining into the laws of other countries, would qualify him for watching the progress of government in his own.

It happened that certain papers, requiring Vincent's signature on the attainment of his majority, were brought to him at his father's, by a confidential clerk in the employ of Sir Hugh's solicitors. In the course of conversation, it appeared that this young man had been on the continent for nearly four years; had visited Austria and Rome, and acquired much information likely to benefit the traveller. He was invited to remain a few days; during which he contrived to ingratiate himself with each member of the family. He frequently enlarged on the annoyances experienced in travelling, con-

nected with the examination and renewal of passports, the exactions of the douaniers, &c. &c.; and suggested that a trusty domestic, familiar with the several languages and customs of the different European nations, would be an important acquisition to an inexperienced traveller like Vincent, and such a person he undertook to seek out and engage. He also promised to procure letters to some persons, who, though not of high rank, were possessed of considerable influence in the places where they resided, and who might be found useful under various circumstances, where application could scarcely be made to friends moving in quite the upper walks of life.

Now, let us pause and reflect on the prospects which seemed to open on Vincent Lake, when, from the deck of the packet fast receding from the shores of his native land, he waved his last token of farewell to the affectionate parents, who followed the vessel, with moistened eyes, till she sank below the distant horizon. In describing him as he then stood among the passengers, we might adopt the following words of an American poet,—

> "He was young,
> And eminently beautiful, and life
> Mantled with eloquent fulness on his lip,
> And sparkled in his glance; and in his mien,
> There was a gracious pride that every eye
> Followed with benisons."

The representative of an old and honourable

family, he was already in the receipt of an independent property bequeathed to him by a relative; and of which he had taken possession when he attained the age of twenty-one. His intellectual powers were naturally of a high order, and had been carefully cultivated: he had passed uninjured through the public schools, for besides the influence of the pure atmosphere of home, which had made the usually coarse forms of boyish vice distasteful, his almost idolatrous admiration of the amiable and talented principal, secured him from every dereliction of duty, which would involve the probable loss of his good opinion. During his stay in the territories of the Czar, his uncle Herbert and his dignified wife maintained such authority, as preserved him from associations which might have lowered his moral standard; while Mr. Herbert Lake's position at the court of St. Petersburgh, secured to his nephew admission into the best circles; so that he seemed to have reaped the benefit of early intercourse with society, without incurring any of its dangers.

What hidden canker blighted all this bloom of promise, and abandoned him, in the prime of life, to deep remorse and hopeless misery? It was incipient unbelief; which, ripening into open infidelity, eventually surrendered him as a bond-slave to vile superstition.

It would be well for society, if certain amiable

theorists would reflect on the responsibility they incur in propagating sentiments, which may, in their own cultivated minds, and under due regulation, be like certain pretty looking weeds in a parterre, rather ornamental, and not very noxious, but which, if scattered abroad indiscriminately, become like the same weeds growing rank and luxuriant in a soil suited for their reception, choking all that is fruitful, and destroying all that is valuable.

Thus, when Dr. —— circulated his sentiment, that "the Bibliolatry of some of the Evangelicals towards the Old Testament is as foolish and mischievous as the superstition of the Romanists," it is probable that, in his own mind, he limited the terms to some definite instances, in which a love for the Inspired Volume had been expressed in a sort of *cant* phraseology which had offended his own refined taste; and thus his contempt for what he implied in the term *bibliolatry*, might not absolutely run counter to the reverence he at other times professed for God's revealed Word; but would the multitude of admiring youths, who treasured up every sentiment uttered by their beloved master, as if he alone engrossed all wisdom, receive it with the same limitation? The superstitions of the Romanist are tangible things; in numerous instances, the least observing may see how "foolish and mischievous" they are, but where can we trace anything like them in even,

if it were possible, an undue veneration for Divine revelation? Inexperienced and irreverent young men, who embraced the Doctor's views, would probably stamp the feelings of David with the name of Bibliolatry, when he broke forth into such expressions as these, "How sweet are Thy words to my taste, yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth. The law of Thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver;" and feel a sort of contempt for him, who is spoken of as "the man after God's own heart." Would the Doctor have approved of such an application of his sentiment?

Nor was this offence the only one committed by the individual alluded to against the Sacred Scriptures. Our blessed Lord, who is emphatically "the Truth," when quoting from the book of Daniel, speaks of the author as "Daniel the prophet" (see Matt. xxiv. 15). In the face of this testimony, the admired preceptor of Vincent Lake was not afraid to place him, whom Christ honoured with the name of prophet, among the Apocryphal writers: or to speak of his inspired history of the world, from his own day to the time of the end, as "the *pretended* prophecy of the kings of Grecia, Persia, &c.,—a late work of the time of the Maccabees."

This irreverence, whatever effect it might have had on his own mind, was, in the instance more immediately before us, like the minute breach in the dyke which sustains a mighty weight of waters;

it opened a passage for floods of infidelity, which bore away every plant of promise, and left the unhappy young man to stem the full tide of youthful passions, without one solid principle on which to stay his soul. But we must not anticipate.

CHAPTER X.

MANY years had elapsed after the departure of Vincent Lake from his native shores, on his travels through France, Germany, and Italy (which it may be remembered he commenced under such favourable circumstances), when two young Englishmen entered the gates of Rome, towards the close of a bright day in early spring. They had left the cares of business behind them, and set off from London with a determination to make the most of their six weeks holiday, and were enjoying all they met with — comforts and discomforts, conveniences and inconveniences—with a zest known only to the young and healthy, with whom business is the rule, relaxation the exception. They had determined, while seeing as many of the beauties of nature, and wonders of art, as their limited time and means allowed, to look about them, and gather from observation what particulars they could, relative to the character and condition of the people; and, especially in Rome, to note down the

effect on both, of the Roman Catholic religion; as there, at least, no rival system was permitted to modify or neutralize its influence for good or evil.

In pursuance of this design, they set off the morning after they arrived, to walk from the quarter in which they had fixed their residence, to the Church of St. Peter's, and had not proceeded far, before they concluded that there could be in this city very few, if any, of that influential middle class of society which constitutes the strength and security of their native land; arriving at this conclusion, from the dirty state of the streets, and the absence of paved footpaths, which indicated so much carelessness as to the comfort of the walking part of the community. They, however, were young, and not very fastidious, so that, although they would have preferred smoother walking, they proceeded onwards. The streets through which they passed at the commencement of their route were long and straight, and occasionally terminated by a church, an obelisk, or a fountain; but even here, mansions deserving the name of palaces were often surrounded by wretched hovels. When they drew nearer to their place of destination, they came into the dirtiest part of that dirty city, where every avenue was thickly peopled by men and women, marked by traits of indigence and demoralization; and, as they picked their way through

a maze of dilapidated dens, they now and then encountered glances from piercing black eyes, which rather quickened their pulsation, and awakened a conviction that in future it would be safer to avoid this part of the city.

The two pedestrians were proceeding as swiftly as the numerous obstructions they encountered would permit, when the tinkling of a little bell announced the approach of a procession, and they had just time to step aside into a narrow passage, where a row of broken columns supported a humble roof, before the consecrated wafer, borne by priests under a gaudy canopy, made its appearance, accompanied by the usual attendance. From the place where they stood, they could see all the desperate and dissolute looking persons who thronged the streets, cross themselves, and kneel down to adore the host, as it is called; and their retreat having been observed, and its cause divined, when they emerged from it, the words "*eretici maledetti*" were muttered through the clenched teeth of several among the brigand-looking men by whom they were surrounded.

The honest young Englishmen would not have asserted that the cold moisture on the brow, the tremor of the frame, and the chill with which the blood seemed to curdle at the heart of each, were the effects of bodily fatigue; but as they saw, or fancied they saw, sundry brown muscular hands among the bystanders, thrust into the folds

of their loose dress, all the tales they had heard of murders and assassinations rushed unbidden to their memories.

A sharp turn brought them to an opening, where the Piazza di S. Pietro in Vaticano burst suddenly on their sight; its magnificence being rendered more striking by the contrast with the wretchedness they had just witnessed. With hearts still palpitating, and knees trembling, they seated themselves near one of the noble fountains, and strove to shake off their disagreeable sensations.

"I say, George," cried the younger, "I do not think either you or I could just now enact the part of the knight 'sans peur.'"

"Indeed," replied his companion, "I feel, as aunt Henny says, rather nervous. Just put your hand to your back, and feel if you have not a stiletto sticking into it. What a set of villainous countenances those fellows have down there! I feel" (drawing a long breath) "as if I should hardly be myself for a week to come."

"Look," said his companion, "at those peasants lounging in the sun; suppose, now we are in Rome, we do as they do at Rome, and lounge also. Here is a delightful piece of shade, and the breeze, as it blows past the fountain, is delicious."

The water of the said fountain, light, graceful, and refreshing, sparkled in the bright sunshine, and the two young men were soon able to smile at their late terror.

"Don't you think, George," said the younger, "that this would be a capital opportunity for getting up an extempore lecture, by way of practice? I will be your 'enlightened and candid audience'; if anybody is near, they will not understand English; and the Pearsons will be here at two o'clock. If we accompany them in their sight-seeing, they will, doubtless, give us a seat in their carriage; and, to tell you the truth, I feel certain I should take a violent cold, from the shivers which the bare thought of going back through those vile streets would occasion. Come, I will give you a subject; let it be as follows:—Considerations of the comparative wretchedness of the haunts of poverty and vice in the cities of Rome and London: their causes, and their remedies."

"You have, indeed, given me a copious subject," replied the person addressed, "and I have scarcely any data on which to establish a comparison: but, if you will promise not to be very quizzical, I will do my best.

"Hem! My respected auditor! kind friend! and most discerning young gentleman! Though it must be confessed that there is in London, and in other large cities of our native land, a most appalling mass of vice and misery, yet we must allow that the wretchedness of Rome differs considerably from that of England,—in its extent, compared with the amount of population; in the

causes which produce it; and in the possibility of finding means for its amelioration.

"In England, the population, under the stimulus afforded by extensive commerce and immense manufactures, have increased with such rapidity as to outgrow, to an alarming extent, the provision made for their religious instruction; while in Rome, a stationary, if not a diminishing population, has even a superabundance of ecclesiastics and ecclesiastical establishments; for it has been calculated, that one in every thirty of her regular inhabitants is devoted to the service of the Church, as a priest, a monk, or a nun.

"In England, the masses among whom vice and misery especially abound, are found to be destitute of even the forms of religion; while in Rome, the religion of the country has all the scope it can desire, so that in England, people are depraved through the *absence* of all religion; while in Rome, they are at once religious and depraved. Here they bow down to the wafer, the image, and the picture: they attend the sacraments of the Church, and her services; they recite punctually their Ave Marias and their Pater Nosters; they confess to their priests, pay the money, or perform the penance he enjoins; receive absolution, and go on again in the same sinful courses as before. We conclude, therefore, that the depraved masses in England are what they are, because they have been suffered to grow up

uneducated, and destitute even of the forms of worship; but that the depraved masses in Rome, equally uneducated, have become what they are through the influence of a false worship, which serves to pacify the conscience, while it leaves the man equally distant from the one true God.

"Now for the remedies. In England, let the Gospel be faithfully, diligently, and extensively disseminated throughout the length and breadth of the land; let the Christian missionary ascend to the garret and dive into the cellar; let him penetrate into the recesses of the courts and alleys of our great towns; let Bible education be extended, till there is a place in the Bible School for every infant, child, and uneducated youth, and let care be taken to enforce with tender earnestness, on parents and children, the duty of profiting by the means placed within their reach; let the rich pay the poor fairly for their labour, and then leave them to their own resources, confining almsgiving to seasons of affliction, and to such of the sick and helpless as are destitute of families able to assist them: then the next generation, if not all a *godly*, would be a moral and orderly people, and our land would shine forth in the midst of the nations as the glory of the whole earth. But Rome! Who shall devise a remedy for her demoralization? The evil principle is interwoven with her system, so that till the sentence is executed, and the mill-

stone of her infallibility plunges her apostate church into the depth of destruction, there is no hope for Rome."

"Softly, my good fellow! if any Romanist understanding English should be within hearing, we may have our passports sent to us before we have even looked at the wonders of this city. Oh! there is Mrs. Pearson, with Caroline and William; I have only time to propose (without a speech) a vote of thanks to 'our talented lecturer:' all who assent hold up their hands. All! all! unanimous!"

So saying, the youth sprang forward to assist his friends in descending from their carriage, and the party entered the Cathedral of St. Peter's. After pausing to view the magnificent entrance, which itself resembles, in size, a cathedral, they passed through the side portal into the church, which presents to the beholder the most spacious hall ever constructed by human art; expanding in magnificent perspective to the length of 600 feet. The aisles and altars adorned with ancient pillars of the most costly marbles, the walls ornamented with festoons, wreaths, and other devices, carved in the same material, the profusion of gems, precious stones, statues, pictures, mosaics, gold, and marbles, have all been so frequently and graphically described, by innumerable writers, that further reference to them may here be dispensed with.

The two young men received the expected invita-

tion, and after examining the wonders of St. Peter's, and viewing the prospect from the roof, to which they mounted by a well-lighted staircase, the whole party re-entered the carriage; and on their way back stopped to examine a picture, which was hung in such a dark corner of the church that contained it, as only to be seen to advantage during the afternoon; at which time, the sun shining full upon it, brought out a singular and striking effect. On one side of this church, some cloisters, which united it to an adjoining monastery, were separated by an iron railing from the part where our English friends stood; and when they drew nearer, to observe the arrangement of the pillars and arches, their attention was drawn to an open gate, through which was seen a pleasant garden.

"I wonder," said the young lady, in a low voice, "if we might be permitted just to look into that beautiful garden. Ask that gloomy-looking person there, William, will you? You can manage to speak enough Italian for that."

The person alluded to was a tall, thin man, in the habit of the monastery, who was leaning in a melancholy, listless attitude, against one of the pillars in the cloisters. The request was made, and negatived by a gentle shake of the head, so gentle, however, that they were encouraged to ask some other trifling question. The monk answered only by a slight bow, and walked away;

and the sacristan, who had approached, told them that the brother they addressed had lost his speech in a severe illness about two years before, and had never, so far as he could learn, attempted to speak since. The visitors looked after him with a feeling of interest, and during their drive home, he formed the chief subject of conversation.

"I never saw an Italian with such a cast of countenance," remarked Mrs. Pearson. "Those long, soft hazel eyes, and silken lashes, give quite a different expression to that of the flashing black eyes we see everywhere here."

"Now you speak of it," said her son, "I do think he started when he heard us talk English; and, certainly, he looked as if he envied our free intercourse with one another. I could make quite a story out of that start and look. Shall it be gay or pathetic, Cary?"

"Pathetic, by all means. Who could fit a cheerful tale to that melancholy-looking man? I feel really unhappy from sympathy, when I recall his woe-begone look."

"He did, indeed, look unhappy," observed the young Englishman, called George; "and no wonder if he be, as his countenance would lead one to suppose, a countryman of ours. It must be bad enough for the poor Italians who are befooled by their priests from their infancy, and trained up amidst the mummeries of Popery, to live such a worthless, dronish life as those idle monks do; but

if a free-born Englishman, reared under our glorious constitution, bend his neck to the drudgery of their vile superstition, he must so heartily despise himself, that he may well look down and feel miserable."

That miserable monk, gentle reader, was Vincent Lake. We must take up his history from a period of nearly eleven years previous to this conversation, when he entered the town in Germany where he proposed to settle for some months, while he studied the German language and literature, and to make occasional excursions to places in which there was anything worthy of particular notice. It was his misfortune to engage for his teacher, a talented man deeply imbued with the infidel philosophy of the day, and both zealous and skilful in the work of proselytism. His conversation had shaken many who appeared confirmed in Christian principle; but Vincent Lake was ready prepared to his hand, for in him, no holy reverential feeling shrank from the profane attempt to cast ridicule over all that Christians hold sacred.

At first, it is true, he made some faint efforts to combat the vile opinions, by arguments which he had heard his former preceptor use in favour of true religion; but, at the time, he had paid too little attention to enable him now to recall those arguments; consequently, he was ill prepared to use them with effect against so expert an

antagonist. While the heedless remarks of his beloved teacher, derogatory to the Gospel and its professors, clung pertinaciously to the recollections of the youth, the antidotes with which he had sought to qualify them were all forgotten. The issue was not long doubtful: Vincent Lake became an avowed infidel.

Still, respect for what he considered the prejudices of his parents, kept him from expressing to them his new opinions; and with them, religion had not the prominence assigned it by the question of our Lord,—"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" No anxious inquiry of theirs elicited a statement of his real sentiments; and while they were delighting in anticipations of his future honours and prosperity, he was drinking the poisoned draught which blighted every hope of excellence.

At his age, and in his circumstances, the baneful principles he had imbibed could not long remain inoperative. Pride of intellect, an ample fortune in possession, one still larger in reversion, a person endowed with great beauty, an unbroken spirit and exuberant health; all conspired, in the absence of solid Christian principle, to swell the tide of temptation, and multiply the channels by which it could approach him. One evil practice was yielded to; then another; and each step in the downward course increased the impetus by which he descended to depths of vice

and folly, into which a short time before he would have indignantly asserted he could not be possibly led. His mind and taste speedily became too depraved to permit of his regarding a quiet, well-ordered home with any feeling but disgust; his heart became hardened; his letters grew shorter, and less frequent; he changed his residence as whim or passion dictated, without communicating his plans or intentions to his parents: and when his father wrote to mention that a general election was expected, and the electors of the borough of H. desired to have him for their representative, he replied, after a lengthened silence, "that he had no relish for parliamentary squabbles," but was setting off for Rome, where he proposed to winter; and should probably, in the spring or summer of the next year, travel into the East.

Poor Sir Hugh and Lady Lake! How bitter were their sorrow and disappointment, when in accordance with the regulation of the Supreme Governor of the universe, they experienced the truth of that saying, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap!" Their system of management had been one of unmingled indulgence. When Vincent was a little helpless child, he had never learned that gratitude and obedience were due from him, to those who ministered to his wants. On the contrary, he was allowed to think that he conferred a favour when he consented to

receive help. "Let me do that for you, my dear boy," was often answered by "No, you shall not do it; but papa or mama" (as the whim of the moment suggested) "shall." And the look of disappointment of the rejected *offerer*, contrasted with the alacrity of the selected *helper*, was calculated to encourage the idea, that he was rather the obliger than the obliged.

As he grew older, all the plans and pursuits of his parents were regulated by the *avowed* desire of ministering to the gratification of their idolized son. The excursion he had objected to, was given up in favour of the one he had planned; the servants of the family regarded his wishes as the rule by which their conduct was to be regulated, so that, though naturally of a remarkably sweet and loving nature, he grew up in the habit of consulting only his own inclinations, without reference to the wishes of his family. Egotism and self-will had been implanted by weak indulgences; indifference and ingratitude were the bitter fruits.

It would be worse than unprofitable to trace out the course, by which character and fortune, health and peace, became a wreck. At times, the recollection of former happiness, the contrast of his prospects at the outset of life with the future now before him, combined with the voice of conscience to sting him as with the poisonous serpent's fang: and at such times he would cast himself down in despair, and groan in agony of spirit.

The servant recommended by Mr. Price (the solicitor's clerk) as his travelling attendant, had proved clever, useful, and *accommodating*, and soon acquired considerable influence over his master. At such times, he would urge him to see "il padre Laurentio," who, he said, would surely give him peace. "His dear master said that sin had made him miserable, and had not the priest power to bind or loose his sin? could he not by his absolution place him sinless before God, and secure his salvation? and il padre was so easily pacified, and granted absolution on such slight penance, that it was a pleasure to confess to him," &c. &c.

Such language is common with Roman Catholics: blasphemous language we may, without undue harshness, call it; for "Who can forgive sins but God only?" It may be answered, "Our Lord said to his disciples, Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained;" but before these words were addressed to them, it is recorded, "He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

If we examine the record of the manner in which the inspired apostles used the authority thus communicated, we shall find clear evidence that they understood it to consist, in authoritatively declaring the only method in which sin can be forgiven, and in setting forth the character and conduct of those who are pardoned, or the contrary.

Even the Roman Catholic clergy, *when pressed*, agree, that "where the priest, as judge, errs in his judgment as to the sincerity of the sinner's repentance, and the consequent absolution of his sin, the judgment is not affirmed by the Almighty Judge; so that, in such a case, though the priest bind on earth, it is not bound in heaven, and though he loose on earth, it is not loosed in heaven." *

It may therefore be argued thus:—"If the sinner have already truly repented, then the priestly absolution in the Romish Church is useless; inasmuch as the sinner's absolution has already been pronounced by God; and if he have not truly repented, the priestly absolution is void, because there was an error of judgment in the priest who pronounced it." The case may be, also, stated thus:—

"If the sinner truly repent, and believe the gospel, priestly absolution is useless and unnecessary, because God has already forgiven him. If he be not penitent and believing, the priestly absolution is void, according to the faithful words of Christ, 'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. He that believeth not shall be damned.'"

Poor Vincent Lake could not reason thus. He was ignorant of the plan of salvation provided for ruined man; and he had been accustomed to

* See Seymour's Mornings with the Jesuits.

such language as this,—" All sects of Christians have among them the marks of Christ's Church; Catholics and Anti-Romanists, Protestant Churchmen and Dissenters;" and, as the drowning man will catch at straws, he allowed Father Laurentio to be summoned.

He came, accompanied by a lay-brother; both were Jesuits; both men of gentle and insinuating address. He commenced the conversation, by saying, " Mr. Lake's servant had informed him that his master was out of health, and depressed in spirits; and he had, in consequence, hastened to offer him the consolation which the Holy Church so freely communicates to the weary and heavy laden."

As we dare not give the arguments which were used to bring this young man under the dominion of Rome's superstition, without presenting, at the same time, the refutation which sanctified reason, enlightened by the doctrines of Scripture, has always ready; and as an error which may be stated in a few words, may require several pages to bring forward the counteracting truth, we will pass them over, together with the struggles of natural affection, which urged him to return to his parents, and the pride of heart which made him shrink from returning disgraced, humbled, penitent, to the home from which he had come forth so full of pride and hope. He cannot submit to such humiliation. He yields

to the tempter. Yes, he will go into the cloister. A monastic life, while it insures his eternal salvation, will secure him from the harsh censure, or insulting pity, of those who would, if he returned to his native land, witness his humiliation.

Impelled by such motives; without examination, without any time taken for prayerful consideration, he renounced the religion of his forefathers, and immediately after entered upon what his Jesuit teachers called "The Retreat;" that is, a state of retirement, in which he was to be engaged for some weeks in meditations on the most solemn subjects. Weakened by fasting, and oppressed by a sense of solitude, he was there directed to place vividly before his mind a sort of spiritual phantasmagoria, intended to subject all his mental powers to the dominion of a heated imagination; and, after undergoing this preparatory discipline, he came forth a mere passive machine in the hands of those, who were teaching him to enter on the road to heaven, through the breach of the earliest, and most sacred duties which the Creator has imposed upon mankind.

It would not be easy to describe the anger and disappointment of Sir Hugh, when he learned this termination to all his high-raised hopes. He had called the vicious extravagances of his son by mild names; always believing that, after a few years' folly, he would settle down into a respectable man of the world; but now his indignation

knew no bounds. Immediate instructions were given to his solicitors to prepare a deed by which his son would be disinherited, and the whole of his property settled on his nephew, the young Herbert Lake; as he said, he must look to him to transmit his name and title to posterity, and was resolved that he should not be left merely with such remains, as those vile birds of prey (the Jesuits) could be compelled to disgorge, after the death of his misguided son.

The necessary directions to this effect were forwarded, as we have said, to Sir Hugh's solicitors, and one of the partners having noted down particulars, summoned the head clerk of the establishment, with whom we have a slight previous acquaintance, to take instructions for the draft of the proposed instrument. Completely thrown off his guard by this unexpected intelligence, he said hastily, "Sir Hugh is certainly going to act contrary to the law of entail; he can have no right to alienate his property: Mr. Lake must enjoy it for his life."

"Sir-r-r," said his employer, looking at him with displeasure and surprise marked on his countenance, "your observation is very imper——, I mean extraordinary; quite unsuitable for a gentleman of your profession."

Mr. Price apologized, by saying that he had become attached to the young gentleman, when he was staying at Sir Hugh's, before he set out on

his travels, and could not help being grieved when he heard that he had forfeited his father's favour.

"He is an arrant fool!" replied the solicitor; "and his father is acting as becomes an Englishman and a staunch Churchman. The simpleton has allowed himself to be entangled in the meshes of those villanous Jesuits, who deserve hanging, every mother's son of them. Only think of their scaring the blockhead out of his senses, and then taking advantage of his folly, to get hold as they expect, of a fine booty. I rejoice that for this once they will find themselves mistaken, and that although they have trapped the goose, they will gather no golden eggs."

The clerk gave the expected smile to his employer's wit, and having received the papers, bowed and left the room. As soon as the door closed, and he remained alone in the dark passage leading from the private room to the offices, he muttered to himself, "Perhaps those villanous Jesuits may be too much for you, notwithstanding all your rejoicing."

That evening, before quitting the office, Mr. Price obtained two days leave of absence, and throwing himself into the mail, presented himself early the following morning (under a pretext that it was necessary to make certain extracts from some deeds in Sir Hugh's possession) at the family mansion.

The impression left by the pleasant manners of the lawyer's clerk, joined to the recollection

of Vincent's kind feelings towards him, again secured him a favourable reception, and the offer of a bed. Before the day closed, he had awakened in Lady Lake's heart, renewed hope that matters might turn out better than was expected. "Surely," he said, "if the opportunity were afforded to Mr. Lake, he would return to his home again. He cannot yet have pledged himself irrecoverably; and were he once more in England, all might yet be well."

Having secured such an auxiliary, it was not very difficult to induce Sir Hugh to apply to his employers for permission to send him (Mr. Price) to Rome, that he might ascertain on the spot, the most hopeful aspect of this melancholy case. Sir Hugh would long since have sought out his son, had not the physicians pronounced that the fatigue of travelling, and any excitement, might prove fatal in his state of health.

On the arrival of the agent in Rome, he wrote such cheerful accounts, that the hearts of the sorrowing parents began to open to feelings of revived hope, and their lips to express to each other joyful anticipations for the future.

They studied books on the Romish controversy; they studied the Holy Scriptures; and light from above broke in on their minds, shewing them the neglect and mistakes they had committed in the education of their son, and teaching them to trace to these, the origin of the evils that had

blighted both *his* character and *their* hopes. Then they sought grace and wisdom to conduct themselves aright towards their expected prodigal.

Leaving them to indulge in alternate fears and hopes, we will avail ourselves of the author's privilege, and change the scene to the private apartments of the Superior of the monastery, in which Vincent had taken refuge, and listen to the conversation there carrying on.

"I find," said Mr. Price, whom we discover in earnest conversation with the Superior, "that there is in the settlement, a power reserved to Sir Hugh to dispose of the property, and the question now is, What is to be done?"

"Brother," answered the Superior, "you have not exercised due caution in this matter. Before you wrote so positively that the property was entailed, and must devolve on Sir Hugh's son, you ought to have fully ascertained the point. Had I not had full confidence in your diligence and legal knowledge, I should have hesitated before I so fully committed myself to this course of conduct. This young man can never be anything but a drag on the Society, except as he may furnish funds for the employment of more determined minds. Vicious and degraded as he became in Paris, he still retains those fantastic principles of worldly honour, which will prevent his ever making use of his influence to further the interests of our holy order; while he is destitute

of that honest simplicity of which we can make so much use, in the way of overcoming prejudices against our institution. As to allowing him to return to England, it is quite out of the question, after the arrangements we have made with respect to the estate we obtained from him. There are too many of those English heretics ready to seize on every opportunity of villifying our holy religion, for us to give them such a weapon to employ against us; besides the young man's confessor, and those of the brothers who have reported his conversations to us, give reason to fear that so much of the leaven of heresy still clings to him, that it would be unsafe to allow him to leave Rome. He had better be dead."

"It strikes me," said Mr. Price, "that Sir Hugh is not likely to live long; he is sadly changed; and if he died without settling his property, the heir-at-law would of course take possession; and as the estates are not entailed, if your new convert were that heir, the whole property would belong to the Society. If we could convince Sir Hugh of his son's death, he would give up his plan of making a fresh settlement; as in that case he would expect it to devolve, in the regular course of succession, on the nephew whom he intends to make his heir. We must contrive to persuade the family of his death, without so far committing ourselves, as to make it necessary hereafter to bring forward such evidence of his survivorship,

as would compromise us in an English court of law. Sir Hugh has been pronounced by his physicians in danger of heart disease, and it is very likely the news of his son's death may be the means of speedily giving this noble property into hands that will worthily use it for the advancement of the interests of Holy Mother Church."

In accordance with this nefarious scheme, the illness and death of Vincent were duly announced to his parents, and Mr. Price, after, as he stated it, three months negotiation with the bigots of the Church of Rome, was unable to prevail on the authorities to command the delivery of his mortal remains, that they might repose in the tomb of his ancestors.

Sir Hugh and his wife, meekly bending to the Divine will, did not refuse to be comforted, but at length found peace in the fulfilment of their duties in life, devoting all their energies to improving the condition of their poor neighbours, and enjoying, in the loving and dutiful attentions of the younger Herbert Lake, some of the consolations, which in happier days, they had expected to derive from the filial affection of their only son.

CHAPTER XI.

LET us pause to consider the condition of Vincent Lake, when left to "eat of the fruit of his own way." From his birth, he had been the object of watchful tenderness, his actions had all been viewed through the medium of love, (receiving undue praise when commendable, extenuation when deserving blame); his wealth had drawn around him the blandishments of flattery, while his talents and amiable qualities had secured a large circle of admiring friends;—contemplate his altered state, when indissolubly bound to the religious order with which he had associated himself. Many of the monks, who had assumed the guise of friendship (so long as escape was possible), now manifested by little nameless acts of malice, the disgust awakened by his haughty independence; while his crafty guides, who had kept him in a fever of devotion till they had secured their victim, left him afterwards to take his chance, as to whether the endless round of

ceremonial observances should stir up feelings of enthusiasm or of weariness. With renewed health of body came renewed strength of will; and as the basis of the order was obedience—prompt, absolute, blind obedience—it was found necessary to subject him to a course of severe, crushing discipline, in order to secure a submission, which, of all self-sacrifice, was the easiest to many of those surrounding him, to whom free will would have been a heavy burden. A majority of the monks willingly obeyed the commands of the Father Superior and others in authority, because by so doing, they considered themselves absolved from attending to the still voice of conscience, and they rejoiced in the yoke of spiritual obedience, because by bearing it, they escaped the pangs of doubt, and the fatigue of reflection. With such minds, the newly professed brother had no sympathy.

Vincent had entered into a course of riot and dissipation during his residence in Paris, which for a season destroyed his love of study; but quiet and freedom from excitement now revived a desire for intellectual pursuits, and he hoped to find, in the cultivation of his mind, and in the researches of science, at once employment for his solitary hours, and a refuge from bitter recollections; those however who had usurped dominion over his mind, were too well versed in the management of character, not to perceive that unless they could first reduce him to submission, liberal studies

would tend to foster independence, and render him more intractable. He was therefore commanded to confine his reading to the breviary, and to employ the time not devoted to religious duties, in the menial offices of sweeping the cloisters, and laboriously assisting in the cultivation of the extensive and beautiful garden of the monastery.

When thus tyrannically deprived of intellectual pleasures, Vincent sought a refuge in the indulgence of social affections; turning to one and another of his associates for the sympathy and friendship which might still give him some interest in life. But the General of the Order must know the secrets of each soul (because power can be irresistible only when guided by unlimited knowledge), therefore every member must disclose, to the minutest particular, every word and action of his fellows to those in authority. The questions of his confessor soon awakened in Vincent's mind, a suspicion that words spoken in the strictest confidence had reached his ear, and that where he thought he had secured a friend, he had in reality, placed himself in the power of a spy. This conviction, by closing his heart to all, increased the general dislike to the proud, unsocial Englishman, who was accused of regarding his equals with contempt, and of indulging cold selfishness, to the exclusion of every kind feeling.

Time crept slowly by, the hours seemed to

lengthen as the days clustered into weeks, and months, and years: often on awaking, he could say in the language of the Italian poet, "Angoscia il breve sonno: i sogni terror"—(My short sleep is anguish; my dreams terror.) And this state was to continue till life wore slowly away. None of the bright visions which belong to his age were presented to his mind—to his hopes. That line of Dante, "Lasciate ogni speranza, o voi che entrate"—(All hope abandon, you who enter here)—seemed engraven on every wall of his cloister.

One very oppressive day in August, he had cast himself, faint and exhausted, on a bank beneath some sheltering trees, when suddenly the recollection darted into his mind, that it was his thirtieth birthday. He was at once carried back, by the power of association, to a morning, one week earlier in the season, when, twenty-four years before, he had assisted his sweet mother in ornamenting with roses the bower where he was to breakfast with his parents in honour of the day,—*his father's thirtieth birthday.* For a brief season, his happy childhood seemed restored; the loving eyes of his parents rested on him; he heard their voices; his lips seemed to feel the pressure of their fond kiss.

He soon awoke to sad realities, and contrasted the parental solicitude which watched his early years, with the chilling words written on the envelope, which brought back his last letter con-

temptuously torn in pieces. "We have no son." There were their signatures, "Hugh and Constance Lake," differing it is true, in some indescribable way from their ordinary writing, yet evidently theirs; for the impression on the wax was that of his father's seal, the name of the post-town was that of one, not many miles distant from his father's house. It was but too plain: those once loving hearts were now steeled against him, and in the wide world he stood alone. In this hour, conscience, whose voice had long been stifled, spoke, and insisted on being heard. "Was not the punishment just? Had he not repaid the tenderness of his confiding parents by base ingratitude? Were they not left, through his fault, with no son to support their age, and transmit their name to posterity? Why did he reject their offers to receive him again, even when covered with infamy by the indulgence of his evil passions? Why did he prefer casting himself into a living tomb, to humbling himself before them? Was it at the call of devotion?" The awakened monitor sternly answered, "No." At this moment the veil of self-deception was withdrawn, and he saw things in their true light. Memory recalled instances of active benevolence, by which his parents had scattered blessings around them: he considered how encouragement had been given by them, to the virtuous and industrious among the tenantry; how his father's influence as a magis-

trate, a neighbour, and a landlord, had been mighty for good, and he contrasted such a course, (which should have been his also) with the round of heartless observances in which he was continually engaged. Could these be as acceptable to the great Governor of the universe as a life of active usefulness?

But why encourage such thoughts as these? Repinings were useless: he had entered on a path, from which there was no turning aside, no retracing of the steps: he must linger on, a melancholy desolate creature till death came. And after death? Alas! the system he had embraced placed beyond the tomb an undefined period of torture, from which, for him at least, there seemed no escape, since many of the exercises to which the Church (as it was said) attached merit, appeared to him so puerile, that he could only feel disgust and contempt, instead of devotion, when he saw others engaged in them.

Desirous of escaping from thoughts and feelings which seemed likely to drive him to madness, he arose from his recumbent position, and began to busy himself in training the shrubs, and flowers which grew in rich profusion around the spot on which he stood. It was an eminence which extended in a gradual ascent, to the height of thirty or forty feet, and then terminated abruptly; the descent being nearly perpendicular to the garden below. The broad and lofty heads of six majestic pines

cast a deep and spreading shade across the most elevated part of the mound, which faced the south, and from which a view was obtained over the garden walls of ancient Rome. Its massive ruins appeared in the distance, shaded by the dark pine and the cypress. The Palatine Hill, where infant Rome was cradled; the remains of the baths of Caracalla in gloomy grandeur on the farther summit of the Aventine; and the gigantic circle of the Colosseum were visible in the bright sunshine; and ruined aqueducts stretched across the plain to the wooded hills which terminated the view. Below the place where he stood, a thick covering of tangled shrubs and branching trees spread far beyond the summit; but their tops had been cut into a level surface extending several feet, so as to conceal the suddenness of the descent. Vincent leaned forward to train a straggling flower, but as he did so, the ground on which he stood, gave way beneath his feet, and he fell through the clustering vegetation to a considerable depth.

The shrubs which grew from the face of the declivity somewhat broke his fall; but when he reached a projection on which he alighted, he found himself shaken and bruised, and buried, as it were, in a tangled mass of vegetation. The top of the hill was more than ten feet above him, and too nearly perpendicular to allow of his climbing up; the lower part of the garden was more than

double the distance below, and it was some considerable time before he felt equal to attempt the descent. At length, taking off that part of his dress most likely to impede him, he gradually let himself down, by clinging to the branches and shrubs, and at length found firm footing on a sort of terrace, which was several feet from the level ground. A branch of an oak grew in a horizontal direction between this spot and the open garden, and round this a thickly tangled mass of creeping plants had entwined themselves, so as form an impervious screen. A large piece of rock bounded the terrace on the opposite side, leaving a level space between, covered with dry leaves and the softest moss. Faint and wearied, he laid himself down to rest, before he proceeded to explore his way out of the thick shade: the sun, though high in heaven, could not penetrate the leafy covert; and the soft murmur of a fountain with the delightful coolness of his resting-place, combined to lull him to repose.

He was awoke by hearing voices just below him, and soon became conscious that the persons conversing were the Father Superior, who had only been appointed a few weeks before, on the decease of his predecessor, and his own Confessor; and that he himself was the subject of conversation.

"You say," observed the first, "that it is rather more than five years since he entered. Have you

had the direction of his mind during the whole of that period?"

"I have, and for two or three months previous."

"What course has it taken?"

"When a lay-brother, who had been travelling with him as confidential servant, obtained his consent to my introduction, he was in a state of alternate fury and despair, while suffering under an attack of fever, partly the effect of malaria, but still more of the agitation of his mind, on account of some serious difficulties into which a course of reckless vice and dissipation had plunged him. He had, as is common with these young heretics when they study German philosophy, been laughed and reasoned out of that reverence for the Bible, which presents the only insurmountable obstacle to our efforts for their conversion; and he was the more ready to adopt a monastic life, because too proud to return to England humbled, and disgraced. During the 'retreat,' his exercises were unusually severe; and it was nearly two years before his mind was fully under his control, so seriously was it unhinged by his emotions and illness."

"And during that time he was professed?"

"Yes, during that time."

"I think I understand that there were circumstances which made it particularly desirable for this Vincenzo to be brought into our communion and society; what were they?"

"His family estates are so situated, that the possession of them would greatly forward the efforts now making for the restoration of England to the Catholic faith; and a lay-brother, whose situation in that country enables him to serve the holy cause very effectually, wrote to the late Father Superior to mention this, and to point out the means by which this object might be attained."

"Who is this lay-brother?" asked the Superior. "All these circumstances must have been communicated to me at the time, but I prefer to hear your statement."

"His name is Price; he was educated at our college of Oscott, and afterwards placed with one learned in the English laws; he then spent two years among us at Rome, and the Father-General, to whom as you know, the secrets of each soul are disclosed by the Provincial, decided that confidence might be placed in his communications, as his whole heart was engaged in the interests of our Society. He afterwards obtained the situation of head clerk to one of the first of the English lawyers, and has secured the confidence of his employer, which gives him many opportunities of forwarding our interests."

"What advantage has accrued from the young man's having embraced the monastic profession?"

"An estate which he held independent of his

father, and which had been heavily burdened by his extravagance, was still sufficiently valuable, after paying off the debts, to enable the society to establish another place of education in England; and after his father's death, Vincenzo will, if he survive him, take possession of a vast property as heir-at-law."

"I think," said the Superior, "that the father was fully persuaded of the death of his son."

Vincent started, and became still more anxiously attentive to the conversation, in which he was so deeply interested.

"Yes, he was preparing to disinherit this son, and settle all the estates on his nephew, when the brother I have mentioned by the name of Price, contrived to persuade him of Vincenzo's death, and as this nephew would in that case be the heir, the deed of disinheritance was never executed. A sudden thrill, almost approaching to pleasure, shot through the heart of the unsuspected listener. His parents then thought him dead! had he, too, been deceived? perhaps their hands had never penned those cruel words; perhaps they had not cast him, unworthy as he was, from their affectionate remembrance.

Again the Father Superior spoke. "Nothing of what you have just said, explains why this young man has been allowed to follow his own inclinations so much, and to set at defiance so many rules of our Holy Order."

The Confessor replied, in a deprecating tone, "He has no influence. He never holds any communication with the other members of our community, or speaks to any one except myself in the confessional; and I am quite sure his will is so inflexible, that if, in the point you allude to, an attempt were made to enforce submission, either his life or his reason would be sacrificed; and in either case, the Society would lose all its expected advantages."

"Brother, you are mistaken," rejoined the first speaker. "Depend upon it, that man will acquire most power over others, who, with the sublimest purpose and most inflexible will, exacts the most painful sacrifices and absolute submission. You have been much too indulgent." Then, after a pause, he continued, "Do you think he has entirely cast off the heretical principles in which his childhood was trained?"

"I cannot say that he has," replied the other. "When he first came under my notice, he was an avowed infidel. Like many others, he had in Germany been completely reasoned out of all religion; but latterly I have perceived that the small portions of Scripture, which our Church has introduced into the breviary and missal, appear to recall what he heard in his own country; and I have often to check his too curious questions as to the reasons for certain observances, and re-

specting the relative value of the Scriptures and the traditions of the Church."

"How do you account for this? has he access to the Vulgate?"

"Certainly not; as a penance for various acts of disobedience, he is strictly prohibited all access to the library."

"There seems," said the Father Superior, "to have been such singular laxity, that I should scarcely be surprised if a copy of the Bible were found concealed in his dormitory, or about his person. Many of these English are so madly set on that dangerous book, it is almost impossible to wean them from it. Let there be a strict examination. And remember, that I consider you yourself, brother, to have great need of discipline and mortification of the flesh. I repeat, here has been great laxity."

The two Jesuits rose from their seat beneath the shade of the oak, where they had been conversing, and walked away.

Who shall describe the feelings of the unsuspected listener, when left to ruminate on what he had heard? He had been betrayed by that fair-spoken villain, Price. Doubtless, his letters of introduction were all addressed to those who had leagued together for his destruction. His servant too, whom he considered so affectionate and attached, had been in the plot against his

liberty; and his own vicious excesses had furthered their schemes. He groaned as he reflected that the remainder of his life must be spent amongst men, whose whole energies were devoted to the extension of their order by any means, however vile. His eyes had been long opened to the hollowness of those pretensions to sanctity, by which his superstitious veneration had been first excited. From their conversation among themselves, it could never be gathered that they sustained any holy office, or seriously held any religious belief whatever. They would converse on what devout Romanists consider the holiest offices of their Church, in the language of cold sarcasm, evidently despising the very superstitions they were zealous to foster. With the social affections blighted, and chilled by their unnatural vows, their sole object in life was to obtain for their order, dominion over the minds of men; and, in pursuit of this object, they manifested an intensity of zeal, and a perseverance, unrivalled by any interest which could be excited, where self alone was the immediate object.

In such feelings Vincent had never participated. He was *in* the order, not *of* it. No proud glow mantled his cheek when those around him spoke of guiding the springs of governments; of ruling in the council chamber; of directing public opinion,—in free countries by means of the press, in others by means of the priesthood. Their system of fraud

was laid open to him, and had disgusted him with error; but this disgust could not carry him forward to the acquisition of truth.

The mists of doubt, which had cast a damp and an abiding chill over his spirit, could only be dissipated by the beams of the "Sun of Righteousness," and how could these find access to him in that abode of tyranny and priestcraft? The full development of the wiles to which he had fallen a victim, had roused a spirit of fierce wrath; but softening influences had also reached his heart. His beloved parents mourned for him as dead, and had sought to supply his place in their affections, by that dear boy to whom he had been so much attached while residing with his uncle at St. Petersburgh. He felt convinced that the English law would require evidence of his being alive, and documents signed by his own hand, before the property to which he might be entitled, could pass through him, into the hands of the Jesuits; and he resolved that he would never be instrumental in affording the first, and that no power on earth should wring from him the second.

"No, my father," murmured he, "never shall that house which has witnessed so much domestic felicity, be the abode of such wretchedness and pollution as spring from this monastic system." His thoughts next reverted to the little testament which he had received as a keepsake from his young cousin Emily, and carried about with

him ever since in accordance with his promise, though he had scarcely ever drawn it from the little silken cover she had put upon it.

The Father Superior had spoken of a search after the prohibited book, being extended even to his person; and indignant as he felt at the thought of such an insult, he knew that if it were commanded, resistance must be in vain. A crevice in the rock by the side of the spot where he lay, would be a secure place of concealment, and he could find his way there to recover it, when the present danger of discovery had passed by. Before he deposited it, however, he drew the book from its cover, and opening it, his eyes fell on the passage beginning thus,—"Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." The word *peace* arrested his attention. How different were the feelings there depicted, from the tumult perpetually raging in his breast! Oh, that he could taste of peace! but he had found by sad experience, that the system of the papist is separated from that peace, and hope, and love which the Scripture before him described as the genuine fruit of the Christian's faith. As he read these verses, a flood of recollections seemed to flow forth. For years during childhood and youth, he had been accustomed to attend the pure and simple worship of the Church of England, where a larger amount of Scripture is introduced into the Service, than can be found,

perhaps, in that of any other system of Christian worship; and numerous passages, long forgotten, came rushing to his memory, accompanied with a feeling of wonder that he could have forgotten, or ever have been indifferent to such precious truths. The sound of the bell roused him to a sense of the danger of his being missed, and discovered issuing from a spot so near that in which the two priests had been conversing. The descent from his resting-place was rendered comparatively easy, by stones and branches of trees, on which he could place his feet; and after continuing for some distance behind the plants which screened him from view, he put aside the yielding boughs of some oleanders, whose fragrant blossoms perfumed the air, and slipping out into the walk, proceeded to enter the church from the garden, then crossing the cloisters he made his way to the refectory, where he found the other members assembled. The Father Superior reproved him for his dilatoriness, and desired him to return to the chapel, and pass the time till vespers in humiliation.

The fatigue and agitation of the morning were but indifferent preparations for a season of fasting. It is probable that he had also received some injuries in his fall; but however this may be, when the other monks assembled in the chapel at vespers, they found Vincenzo stretched senseless on the marble pavement; and after he had been removed to his bed, and medical aid

applied, it seemed doubtful whether he would survive many hours.

A very severe return of the fever, to which he had been subject ever since his first arrival in Rome, reduced him to such extreme debility, as to frustrate the design of the Father-Superior to bring him speedily under the most rigid discipline. For many days he was insensible to all around him, and when consciousness returned, there came with it no motive for exertion, so that he heard all that passed around him, without giving any sign of recognition. He had just awoke one morning from a quiet sleep, when he heard the voices of the Confessor and Superior conversing in a low tone. The latter was saying, "The crisis is past, and when he wakes he will probably be conscious. I shall remain here and watch him, as nothing can be done in the case of Marcello, till we have ascertained how many of the brothers are in his confidence. You may leave me."

The patient resolved that no power on earth should draw a single word from his lips, and that, in order to avoid the hateful questionings to which he was subjected, he would maintain at all times, a silence as complete, as if during his illness he had lost the faculty of speech. "Let them," he thought, "kill me if they will, then there will be an end of all their expectations of enriching themselves by the plunder of my inheritance."

Hour after hour the monk sat by his bedside, and strove, by various means, to ascertain whether the sick man was conscious of his presence. His pulse had become regular, and indicated returning strength, yet no sign of recognition escaped him. His mind was weakened, but not his strong will; and even when he recovered his mental powers, he maintained the same silence, as it prevented him being called to participate in what he abhorred. Gradually, he ceased to be an object of interest to any one, and was suffered to wander about the garden and cloisters without restraint; and when his former servant presented himself, as he regularly did once a year, and artfully remarked that he had lately been to England, and seen the place of his dear master's birth, even this did not betray him into discovering his restored powers, so that if any suspicion had previously existed, it was now completely set at rest.

The next four years passed much more tranquilly; and if no one could have traced in him, an identity with the bright joyous creature who, at twenty-one years of age, had embarked from the shores of his native land, for the purpose of gaining a knowledge of the world; neither could they have recognised the desperate, heart-broken man, who nine years later, seemed to be acting out what had been foretold of Ishmael and his posterity. He rose up from lengthened sickness, speechless, and taking so little notice of words addressed to

him, that it seemed as if he failed to comprehend their meaning. But his manner was kind and courteous; he was ever watching for opportunities to relieve his companions of any work, to which they were disinclined; he tended the sick, and manifested kind sympathy with the sorrowing; but he never spoke.

As time rolled on, changes took place which were favourable to his peace. The Superior, who had been dissatisfied with the lenient administration of his predecessor, was sent to a distant country, where a strict disciplinarian was required, and his place supplied by a Father, who had too many grand projects for the advancement of the interests of his Church, to have leisure to care much for a *mute*, who could neither make nor mar her prosperity, except so far as the expected acquisition of his large patrimonial estates would add to means already in operation, by which England was to be again united to the Papacy. It had been plain to those in authority, that Vincent could never be moulded into a strenuous supporter of their order. It would be vain to expect from him a submission, which involved the resignation of his own opinions and inclinations, and the placing himself entirely at the disposal of the General. Their convert was so resolved to think and act for himself, that it would be easier to destroy his life than the freedom of his will; and as the rich

possession he was heir to, would come into their hands only in the event of his surviving his father, they judged it prudent to avoid a course of irritation, which might destroy his life before their order had reaped the expected harvest. It was therefore decided, that he might roam about uncontrolled, in the monastery and its garden (from which all except the monks were excluded) until the estates were secured; but only let it be a matter of indifference, so far as their own interest was concerned, whether he lived or died, and he would soon learn from experience, that the monk who resisted the will of his superiors did it at his peril.

Not suspecting, or unheeding the motives which secured to him comparative freedom of action, Vincent gradually recovered, under this more lenient system, from the state of bodily and mental weakness, to which the attack of fever had reduced him; and when the warm breath of spring had unfolded the leaves, and thickened the foliage, he found an opportunity of returning to the spot where he had deposited the small testament. Great was his joy to find it uninjured, and that he could study it in his place of retreat without discovery, or interruption. The part of the garden where the oleanders grew, which marked the point of egress, could not be seen till long after the steps of any one approaching had given notice of his vicinity: and, once entered into the deep shade, he

had only to remain quiet, in order to escape detection from a passer-by.

How precious to him were the hours spent in reading and meditation! No laboured arguments were now needed, to prove to him that what he read was indeed the language of inspiration. He had the "witness in himself"; he felt it was the Word of the Omniscient piercing his inmost soul, and laying bare its most hidden secrets. In its wonderful adaptation to his own wants, he found a clear evidence of its being the gift of God for man's salvation. The false system he was abandoning, had indeed sweet sounds, rich perfumes, splendid edifices, gaudy colours,—all for the senses: deluding the natural man into a belief, that he could offer acceptable worship, although God was not in all his thoughts, but on the contrary, was removed far from him, by a crowd of imaginary mediators and vain ceremonials. Now that the Word, and Spirit of God had convinced him of sin, and shewn him his danger, while exposed to wrath and condemnation, and lying under the curse of the broken law, he saw in the machinery of the papal system only a refuge of lies, erected on the sandy foundation of human inventions, from which he must escape, if he would not be left naked, helpless, and unsheltered, to encounter the just wrath of a holy and offended God.

As he proceeded in a prayerful examination of the Gospel, he discerned that the point where the

Romish scheme evidently diverges from the path of truth, is at the doctrine of the *sinner's justification before God;* and that when the true doctrine of "being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus," is received into the heart and understanding, all the errors of Popery are undermined, and must speedily fall: for there is then no room for the adoration of the Virgin, or for invocations to saints, martyrs, and angels; no need for images or pictures to help devotion; no admission for the idolatry of the mass; indulgences, auricular confession, and priestly absolution, and prayers for the dead are then plainly seen to be fond fables, invented for the sole purpose of bringing power and profit to the priesthood.

He reasoned thus,—"How can Mary be supposed to have power with the Lord of glory, when, even in the time of His humiliation, He reproved her interference thus, 'Woman, what have I to do with thee?' When one pronounced a blessing on her because of her relation to His human nature, did He not answer, 'Yea rather, blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it'? And did not His last words to her, when, hanging on the cross, He pointed to the beloved apostle, and said, 'Woman, behold thy son,' intimate that the tie between her and Himself in that relation was about to terminate? Again, why should he invoke saints and martyrs, when he was invited to enjoy

free access to the Father, through Christ, by one Spirit? and when that blessed Saviour, who is the way, the truth, and the life, had pronounced, 'No man cometh to the Father but by me.'

"Why look to images as a help to devotion, when the gracious provision was made known, of 'the Spirit helping our infirmities, and making intercession for us'?

"Why look to the priest to offer any more sacrifice, when he knew, on the testimony of God's Word, that 'Christ by *one* offering hath for ever perfected them that are sanctified'; and that 'they are sanctified by the offering of Christ *once* for all'?

"Why give money to purchase indulgences for the pardon of sins past, when God hath made known, that 'if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness'? Why purchase indulgence for future transgressions, when the believer is taught to 'reckon himself as dead indeed unto sin'? Why confess to the priest, either as a duty or as a privilege, when he may go to God with the words He has Himself provided in His Holy Word —'Search me, oh God, and prove me, try me and know my thoughts; see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting'? Or why seek absolution from his fellow-worm, when the Bible makes known to him Jesus, 'through whom is preached the forgiveness of sins'? Or

why pray for the dead? for if, like Judas, they have died in unrepented and unpardoned sin, like Judas, they are gone to their own place, between which and the mansions of blessedness, there is a great gulf fixed; or if they have 'died in the Lord,' they are already blessed?"

These things were not perceived at once, or held by Vincent as clearly and firmly as he desired; for the reception of error weakens the capacity for truth, and blunts the mind to the perception of its force and beauty; so that it will generally be found, that persons converted either from paganism or popery, carry to their grave some scars of those plague-spots — superstition and false doctrine. It is to this cause, that we must attribute many of the errors of the early converts from Judaism and paganism. As soon as the miraculous influences of the Spirit ceased, and Christians were left, as now, to his ordinary actings on the converted soul, they experienced then, as now, that they were renewed but in part, and old associations were permitted to maintain a certain power. Doubtless, it is to this cause that we must attribute the mixture of error discernible in the writings of those whom it is the practice to style "the Fathers."

CHAPTER XII.

THE course of this little narrative requires some notice of events which had been passing in a distant land, while Vincent Lake was learning by sweet experience, that there is a peace which "the world can neither give nor take away." Weary and heavy laden, he had listened to the gracious invitation, "Come unto me"; and, in obeying it, had found rest. His own sin and folly had separated him from all the interests that could shed a charm over his earthly course; and because there did not seem a spot in his future life on, earth, on which a beam of hope could gleam, he fixed his gaze with more realizing earnestness on unseen, and eternal blessings, and in his sweet retirement drank largely from "the wells of salvation." As he moved about, a lonely, silent creature, looking merely as a spectator on the routine of puerile and idolatrous ceremonies, in which the other residents of the monastery occupied themselves, who

can express the gratitude with which he reflected on the wonderful course of Divine Providence, by which a precious portion of God's Word was preserved to him, to become "a light to his path"! and events so overruled, as to permit his pursuing his way from day to day, without being required to join in a single act which could bring a sense of guilt into his conscience; and, though he would not court persecution, he continually asked for grace and strength, that if required, he might rather lay down his life than deny his Saviour.

We will leave him to pursue his solitary way, and turn from beautiful Italy, whose bright sun, deep blue sky, and rich foliage, even in early spring, must be allowed by all to constitute a more agreeable order of things, than that which presented itself to the group of idlers assembled, one rough evening in March, round a shop door in the English market-town of L., which was situated about four miles from the birthplace of Vincent Lake. The clouds, which scudded swiftly along the stormy sky, were not more dense than the clouds of dust, which from time to time, were borne along upon the piercing blast. Yet the little knot of gossips kept their ground, and eagerly listened to, or related some circumstance connected with the excellent lady, whose grand funeral they had that day witnessed.

"It will be long before we shall find such a friend again," said one.

"She was always to be found, wherever the sick or the sad wanted help or comfort," said another.

"Truly, you may say that," rejoined a third. "Indeed, she caught the cold which killed her by going to Dame Smith's, to comfort her when she had just received news of her sailor sons being drowned."

"Ah, poor lady," added a fourth, "she knew what it was to lose an only son. Well, I remember what a fine young gentleman her son was, when he left home nine or ten years ago, to travel in foreign parts."

"It is not quite nine years ago," said a man, who had not before spoken. "Mr. Vincent and I were born on the same day, the 3rd of August. I shall not be thirty till next birthday; and he kept his coming of age full two months before he left."

"Well, well, a month or two makes no great difference; I said nine or ten. It would have been well for him if he had stayed at home, then he might have been alive and among us now."

"Did you see," said an old woman, "how Mr. Herbert Lake watched Sir Hugh, as if he had been his own father? Ah, that is a nice young gentleman; he has no more pride than a baby. He will go into a poor man's cottage, as my lady used, wherever there is want or sorrow. I am sure, when my master broke his arm, he didn't miss coming to him every day; and he used to

read a chapter to him, and talk over what he read so nicely, that John says he shall never lose the good it did him."

"See!" said a boy, "there is that gentleman in black, as asked so many questions about the time the post goes out; and how long the mail-cart can stay after it calls for the letters."

"He mustn't trust to the mail-cart staying; I told him so," replied the mistress of the shop, "and, if he wants his letters to go to-night, he had better make haste and bring them: it wants but three minutes to five, and the postman wouldn't wait, if it was for the Queen herself."

As the clock struck five, the mail-cart drove up; the letters were stamped and dropped into the bag, and the key was just being put into the lock, when the gentleman in black pressed through the group of gossips, and said hastily, "My good woman, be so good as to stamp this letter immediately; it is of great consequence that it should go to-night."

"Make haste, then," cried the postman, "I am just going to close the bag."

"Do you hear?" said the stranger; "why are you wasting time in looking at what cannot concern you?" So saying, he snatched the letter from her hand, dropped it into the bag, waited till he saw it locked, and the key returned to the woman; the mail cart then rattled down the street, and he hastened back to a chaise, which was waiting to convey him to the station.

"It is very odd," remarked the mistress of the post-office; "he flurried me so, I hardly knew what I was about. I am quite sure, however, the seal had on it the same horse's head that I see on the letters which come in Sir Hugh's letter-bag; and yet it could not belong to the family, or it would have been black, now they are in mourning for my lady."

"Didn't you see what name was on the letter, and where it was going to?" asked one of the bystanders.

"He snatched it out of my hand so roughly, that I cannot be sure; but it looked very much like that of Sir Hugh's son who died four or five years ago in foreign parts; and now I think on it, there was post-paid on it, but he didn't give me any money, as you all saw."

Mr. Price, who was the gentleman in black, thought he had managed very cleverly to get Sir Hugh's seal and the stamp of the post-town on the letter, and he had a friend in the London post-office who would manage the pre-payment for him. The fact was, Vincent had tried so many ways of conveying to his parents the expression of his repentance, that it was considered necessary to make him think they were implacable; his last letter therefore, instead of being destroyed, had been sent under cover to Price, who proceeded forthwith to the town of L——, and only arrived the morning of the day on which the mortal remains of Lady

Lake were committed to the tomb. Did he feel no compunction, when he saw the afflicted husband bending over the grave, which had just received his faithful and beloved partner? Perhaps he did; but the baleful superstition to which he had given himself up, taught him to do violence to all natural affections, and to class them among the works of the flesh, which it was meritorious to mortify: especially where the interests of his Church were involved. What devout Romanist will assert that he misunderstood her teaching?

But his refined finesse overreached the mark, for his conduct excited the surprise of the people about the post-office; it began to be rumoured that Sir Hugh's son was not really dead, and this soon reached the ears of an old woman residing in the immediate neighbourhood, who had been Vincent's nurse. Mr. Herbert, who frequently visited her, and pleased her by the interest he took in her stories respecting his cousin's childhood and youth, was informed of these reports, and induced to seek for evidence of Vincent's death, when a vague suspicion arose, as he discovered that Price, the lawyer's clerk, was the sole authority on which the fact rested; especially when this was coupled with the conviction that he must have been the strange gentleman in black; who had posted the letter in question. He then ventured to cherish a hope, and though he would

not agitate Sir Hugh's mind by alluding to it, he decided upon visiting Rome whenever he could obtain the consent of his parents and uncle, in order that he might examine on the spot, whether it were possible to obtain any knowledge of the true state of the case.

It was quite natural that strong opposition should be offered to his desire of travelling in Italy; but at length his perseverance obtained this compromise—that if he would remain quietly in England till he was twenty-two years of age, and then continued in the same mind, he should go for a few months only. Regard for his uncle's quiet prevented his communicating to him his hopes and suspicions, but with his father he had no concealment.

Mr. Lake forbade his alarming his mother and sister, by any allusion to the schemes he was devising; and he himself treated them as the mere visions of a boy, which would dissipate of themselves before the intervening three years had passed. Three years at Herbert's age, seemed indeed, a long time to look forward to, but in a course of study and active benevolence, they soon glided away. He could adopt the language of David, "Oh God, thou hast taught me from my youth," and the simple piety of this, their adopted son, and of his tutor, Mr. Lothbury, had been a great blessing to Sir Hugh and his lamented lady. His time was divided between his father's residence

and that of his uncle; and constant intercourse with his admirable sister Emily, either personally or by letter, tended to maintain the warmth and purity of his religion.

The long-anticipated time was drawing near, and he was returning from his father's to pay a parting visit to his uncle, when, as the train drew near the small roadside station, where the carriage of the latter was waiting for him, the engine ran off the line, and in the concussion which followed, a second-class passenger received serious injuries.

No medical assistance could be procured nearer than the village to which Herbert was going; and, that no time might be lost, he had the poor man conveyed thither in the carriage, placing him in the house of an old couple, who he knew would take the kindest care of him. On examination it was found his injuries were so severe, that he would not be able to resume his journey for some weeks. He had no luggage with him except a carpet-bag, to which neither name nor address was attached; and when the inquiry was made, whether he wished any communication to be made to his friends, he answered in very good English, but with a foreign accent, "I have no friends."

The following morning Herbert visited his protégé, and found he had passed a restless night: on his going to the bedside, the patient

started, and seemed to be very much excited; addressing him as his dear master, and begging his forgiveness for some injury he had done him, in the most earnest and impassioned manner. The doctor, on his next visit, found the man so very feverish that he forbade his seeing anybody but the people who waited on him, as quiet was absolutely necessary for his recovery.

It was nearly a fortnight after the accident that the master of the house said to Herbert, "I think there is something very strange about this man. He seemed struck all of a heap when I told him the name of our village, and who you were, sir; and all night I could hear him whispering about his poor master, and once I heard him mutter to himself, 'Mr. Herbert Lake! no wonder he looks so like my poor master,' and then he groaned so terribly, that I went to his bedside and asked if he was in pain. He answered, 'What is pain of body to the tortures I am suffering? I am miserable!' then he begged that I would send for a priest. A Roman, I fancy, sir; but there is none nearer than B.; shall I send there, sir?"

"By no means," replied his auditor. "If this man's conscience is burdened by a sense of guilt, we should be acting very wrongly in bringing one of those blind guides to lull him into a false peace."

"Yes, sir," was the answer. "I know that

Saviour, who is exalted to give 'both repentance and the remission of sins.'"

And thus this excellent young man acted. He spoke of the love and mercy of Him whom God sent, "not to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved." He said nothing about churches, or church principles; but simply enlarged on the willingness of Christ to receive all that come to Him by faith. One morning, after he had been speaking with much affectionate earnestness, the invalid said, "I feel that what you say, sir, is very comforting to them that can receive it; but you belong to the Protestant Church, which acknowledges that there *may* be salvation in the Church of Rome, while this last, which is my Church, teaches that out of her pale there is no salvation."

"The real question," replied the young gentleman, "is not what this or that *Church* teaches, but what the Word of God says, which is given to teach the way of salvation. The Church of Rome places before the sinner many foundations on which to build his hopes for pardon and eternal life: for instance, Peter and his successors; a man's own good works, and his interest in the works of supererogation (the merit of which Romanists tell us, is laid up in the treasury of the Church ready for use); then there are the Intercessions of the Virgin, and of Martyrs and Saints, Priestly Absolution, the Sacrifice of the

Mass, and Extreme Unction. I appeal to your own conscience, whether some, or all of these do not hide from you the Blessed Saviour, who is the Alpha and Omega; the One Foundation which God hath laid; the All-in-All in the salvation of the sinner?"

"I own, sir," was the reply, "that I have thought (as I believe all good Catholics do) that God hears our prayers more quickly when they are offered through the Blessed Virgin. She is represented as so merciful, so loving, so willing to save, that I have gone to her. I should be afraid to go direct to Jesus Christ."

"Afraid of going direct to Jesus Christ? Afraid of going to the Saviour who died for you? and who took our nature upon Him, that he might have entire sympathy with us, and might make a perfect and sufficient satisfaction for the sins of the whole world? Was He not tempted that He might know how to succour them that are tempted? Oh, my poor fellow, if such is the teaching of your Church, it is not feeble, erring man, but the sure Word of God, which declares, that *in her communion there is no salvation.* There may be," he continued, "here and there, individuals remaining in external union with her, who have nevertheless been delivered from all false confidences, and taught by God's Spirit, to rest for salvation on the finished work of Christ alone, (as there may be also among those heathens,

Mahometans and Jews, to whom the doctrines of grace have been taught, either by the living teacher, or by the written Word). Circumstances may be such, that although believing in the Lamb of God as all their salvation, and thus being justified in the sight of God by His righteousness imputed to them, no opportunity may have been afforded them of testifying to their fellow-sinners their separation from a false religion, and their union with the spiritual Church of Christ. This would, however, be an exception to God's ordinary method, and likely to occur only where the land is buried in thick darkness. To all within the reach of evangelical instruction, the command is, 'Come out of her my people, that ye partake not of her plagues.'"

Daily did Mr. H. Lake thus converse with the patient, and by degrees, the Bible, which was placed within his reach, was opened to test the doctrines presented to him. His questions assumed less of a controversial, and more of an experimental character, and his young teacher often hoped that the Spirit was conveying the truth to his heart; but there was evidently some secret weight upon his conscience; and one day, after having long continued in deep, and apparently painful reflection, he said to the old woman who attended him, "Does your Church allow of confession?"

She replied, "The Bible tells us to confess our

faults to one another, and to pray for one another, that is all the confession I ever heard of among real Christians."

"But are you not commanded to confess to your clergy sometimes?"

"No; we are exhorted to confess to God, and he has promised in his Word to forgive us our sins if we do so. But what use would there be in troubling our clergy with them?"

"Somebody told me that members of the English Church did sometimes confess to their clergy; and that the rubric either commands or permits it," persisted the sick man.

"You had better ask Mr. Herbert Lake, he can tell you. I know I never heard of such a thing. I remember once, when I had had a quarrel with a neighbour just before the communion time, and was very uneasy because I could not bear to turn my back upon the Lord's Supper, and yet was afraid to go, if I was 'not in charity with all men,' as the Catechism teaches, my master (meaning her husband) said, I had better ask our minister's advice, for that the prayer-book told us to do so. I therefore went, and told him how angry I had felt with my neighbour; and he prayed with me that all angry feelings might be cleansed away, and that I might have more of the loving spirit which overcomes evil with good; and I went very comfortably to the Lord's Table, after I had told my neighbour that I was sorry for any offence I

might have given her, and had no malice in my heart."

"I do not quite understand," said the sick man. "Do you mean, that you confess to your clergy only when you receive what you call 'the Lord's Supper?'"

"I do not confess to my clergy at any time. Why should I, unless I have offended them? My sins are committed against God, and his Word tells me, that 'if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' But here is Mr. Lake; he will tell you better than I can.

The visitor just named heard the last words, and his look of inquiry was answered by the question previously put to the old woman. In reply he said, "If I find that I have given just cause of offence to anybody, I hope I am ready to confess my fault, and offer suitable reparation and apology. Or if I wanted counsel as to the best way of repairing any wrong I had committed against a fellow-creature, I might confess it to some Christian friend, on whose judgment I could rely for advice, as to the best reparation I could offer. In most other cases, the less we talk about ourselves the better."

"Sir," rejoined the poor man, "your last supposition meets my case. I have joined with others in committing a grievous wrong against my poor master, and I would gladly ask counsel, but I am

so solemnly sworn never to speak first on the subject, except to a priest in *confession*, that if your clergy will not receive *mine*, my secret must die with me."

"I think," replied his auditor, with as steady a voice as he could command (for the beating of his heart almost prevented utterance),—"I think your name is Marco Bruno?"

The man started and said, "Who could have told you, sir? I did not think there was any one in these parts that knew me."

"And I think," continued Herbert, "that you, and a man named Price, have plotted, and committed some great evil against my cousin, Vincent Lake, whom you always call your poor master?"

"Sir, do you know all? Can you help my poor master? Has Price confessed? Oh, do tell me that you can do something for my master!"

"You must tell me first," said Herbert (astonished at the correctness of his suspicions), "when you last saw my cousin, and whether you think he would leave his present residence, if he had the opportunity."

"I have always seen him once a year," replied Bruno, "because the man you have named, said it was necessary that there should be somebody not connected with the monastery to prove his identity."

"When did you see him last?"

"I always go every year, about the middle of September."

"How was poor Vincent when you last saw him? Did he look contented?"

"Ah, sir," said Bruno, bursting into tears, "he is so changed! quite an old man to look at, though he is only three or four and thirty. When he first went he used to fast a good deal, and be very strict in the observances of our religion; but in a year or two, he seemed to get tired of it; and one of the lay-brothers, who is my friend, told me he was very harshly treated: but his spirit was so proud, that the more severity they used, the more obstinate he was. At last he became so ill, they thought he would have died; and you know, sir, that would have prevented their ever getting possession of his lands. So they became more gentle; and he wanders about the monastery, and gardens just as he likes. He has not spoken for some years, and the Fathers look upon him as little better than a madman; but there is that mild gentle look now in his eyes, which I never saw in anybody but you, sir; and I do think he must, somehow or other, have found the way to true religion."

"Have you free intercourse with him when you visit him?"

"I always see him alone in the monastery; but, sir, there are so many eye-holes and ear-holes all about, that one can never be sure the

lowest whisper may not be overheard; but my twin-brother is often employed for days together, as a labourer in the garden, and through him I think I could find an opportunity of speaking to him; but though he never speaks, he always looks as if he distrusted me."

Herbert feared just then to say more; but he hoped to find out the name of the monastery which Vincent had entered; so that if scruples arose in Bruno's mind, as to whether or not it would be right to assist in the recovery of his liberty, he might be able himself to endeavour to effect it. He therefore asked the man to tell him how long he had been connected with the Jesuit society, and how he became so connected?

"My parents," he replied, "when I was about five years old, entered the family of an English catholic nobleman, who had been settled for some years in Italy. When they were returning to England, they persuaded my father and mother to accompany them, which they did, taking me with them, and leaving my brother to the care of my uncle. My lord was so surprised at the readiness with which I learned to speak English, that he mentioned me to one of the priests from Oscott, who was visiting at the house; and he took me to live there with him, when I was not more than seven or eight years old. My parents died in a few years, but I was well taken care of, taught the languages of Europe, and trained up to think

that I was, as a soldier on active duty, always to consider myself bound to exert myself continually in the service of God, and of the Pope, his vicar on earth. I was taught to consider myself as at the disposal of the General of the Order, and that he, by his uncontrollable mandate, could impose on me any task, or employ me as he pleased; that I was to resign not merely all my time and powers to acts of obedience, but even my inclinations and opinions to his will. I was to listen to his commands as if they were uttered by Christ himself; and to be, in short, a mere passive instrument in his hands. Every six months I was required to write my confessions, not only of sin, but also of the inclinations, passions, and bent of my soul. I was directed to report to my confessor the words and actions of the novices among whom I was regarded, not as a brother, but merely as a servant, which tended to make them less cautious. In short, I was trained to consider the interests of the Order, as the grand object to which every consideration was to be sacrificed.

"When I grew old enough, I was the companion of the Fathers in their journeys; and great care was taken to make me expert in transacting all details of business in the matter of passports, money changing, securing relays of horses, and the best accommodations at inns and other places of refreshment; and, in short, I acquired all the knowledge and activity, which might make me

useful in travelling; and my speaking French, German, and English, as well as my native language, with only a slight accent to shew that either of the three first was not my mother tongue, still further fitted me for the post of confidential servant to a man of consequence.

"I was in Germany when summoned to await at Hamburgh the arrival of Mr. Lake, to whom I had been strongly recommended by Price. He was then a fine young gentleman, just turned twenty-one; as innocent and unsuspicious as an infant. I soon gained his good opinion, and having persuaded him to send his groom back to England, there was nobody to check him in the wild schemes into which evil associates soon led him. I regularly reported every particular of my poor master's downward course, to the person appointed to correspond with, and direct me; and I obeyed without hesitation, the injunctions I received, among which was to read all letters written by, or addressed to him, and to burn those that were likely to counteract the schemes for getting hold of his large property; and as I was so skilled in opening and reclosing letters, that the most suspicious could never discover they had been meddled with, no wonder his correspondence with England soon slackened.

"It seems to me now, sir, that I begin to understand something of God's Word, wonderful that I could so blindly give myself up to work

out those wicked plans; but I believe that when fairly embarked in them, the same spirit as that which influences the gamester, impels us to proceed, as if we were merely engaged in a trial of skill, forgetting the amount of misery our schemes may bring on those whom we make our instruments.

"But I must proceed with my story. After spending more than a year in Germany, we went to Paris, and from Paris to Vienna; but there my master soon received his passport, with directions to leave that city, on account of some irregularities. As he was very much vexed and disappointed, I proposed that he should travel back with my passport, and as our height, and the colour of our eyes were the same, and his fair complexion was easily brought to the same dark tint as my own, he awakened no suspicion of his identity. As Marco Bruno he remained several months in the imperial city, and came back so altered, that he could scarcely be known for the same man. Sometimes for days together, he would be so melancholy that he would neither speak to, nor see any person; then he would rush into dissipation of every kind, and afterwards become so furious that I thought he would lose his senses. At length I succeeded in persuading him to go to Rome, and when there, I easily got leave to bring a priest to him. He was soon persuaded to take refuge from shame and vexation in a monastic life; and as soon as he entered on the retreat, I was sent to Moscow with

a young Russian nobleman. When I again went to Rome, I found my poor master in the habit of the order, of which I myself was a lay-brother.

"About three or four years ago, I was directed to come into this neighbourhood, and if possible, gain admittance to the house, and gardens where my master passed his early youth, and then to go to Rome and visit him, to see if speaking about things he had once loved so well would rouse him from the silent state into which he had fallen. He however covered his face with his hands, as they told me he was in the habit of doing, and walked away, as if he did not understand anything I said; but I, who know him so well, fancied he was using great efforts to preserve this appearance of indifference."

Herbert mused over this account. He was thankful that he had so far penetrated into the real state of things, and he felt that here was a ray of hope of bettering the condition of his poor cousin. "What a proof we have," he thought, "of the danger of suffering corporate bodies to acquire irresponsible power; since every individual member of such bodies (actuated by a desire for the pre-eminence of his Order) strives for its advancement by all means, lawful or unlawful, without being restrained by the scruples that might be roused, if he were solely occupied in promoting his own selfish interests."

CHAPTER XIII.

For some time after the young gentleman had quitted him, Marco Bruno remained in wondering admiration. How could Mr. Herbert Lake have discovered his name, and his connection with his master and Price? He thought no one but himself and his employers knew these things. His awakening perceptions of spiritual truth, however, led him to look at the course events were taking, with gratitude to that All-Wise Providence which thus opened the way, and made the path of duty plain. From that moment he resolved to engage with all his powers, in efforts to rescue Vincent (if willing to be rescued) from the condition into which he had assisted to plunge him, and to restore him to his home and family. All the ingenuity, fostered by his evil counsellors for their own selfish purposes, now received a holy bias; and while it made him fertile in invention, to an extent unknown to the habitually upright and

single hearted, there was an honesty of purpose, an abandonment of self, a deep devotion of heart to the work he had undertaken, which secured the lasting gratitude of the family for whom he laboured.

Our readers may probably share in Marco's surprise, and await with some impatience that solution of the mystery which the following conversation will supply. On the previous day, the village doctor paid his visit to his railroad patient just as Mr. Herbert was leaving him; and the young gentleman had scarcely crossed into the path leading to his uncle's residence, before he was overtaken by this person, quite out of breath, and looking as if he had "a good story" to tell. After the usual salutations and inquiries, he said, "Have you any knowledge of the man you have so kindly assisted?"

"None whatever," was the reply. "I was merely travelling by the same train when the accident happened and I felt that I owed a thank-offering for my own preservation, which I gladly render in the form of providing for this poor fellow's comfort. Why do you ask if I know him?"

"Because," said the doctor, "now the swelling and discoloration of the bruises are gone from his face, I recognise the large eyes, with their long silken lashes, which so fixed my attention when I saw him three or four years ago."

"Indeed, they are very striking," replied his hearer. "Where did you meet with him?"

"It is rather a long story," was the doctor's answer; "but I will tell it in as few words as I can. Do you remember Robert the groom, who married the year after my lady's death, and went with his wife to one of Sir Hugh's Yorkshire farms?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, I was one day sent for to see the housekeeper (it was while you and Sir Hugh were at Brighton), and as I sat talking with her, one of the gardeners passed the window with this very man. Presently he came to beg the housekeeper would let the stranger see the picture of the late lady, which had been taken when she was a beautiful young bride: I thought I should myself like to look at the lovely face again, so I went with them to the picture gallery, and this man seemed as if he could never hear enough about the dear good lady. When I had finished my visit to my patient, I went to the stable for my horse, which had been put up while I ate a morsel of luncheon, and as I mounted, Robert the groom said, 'I wonder what that sly foreign fellow wanted here.' On my asking what he meant, he told me he had at once recognised the stranger as Marco Bruno, who was servant to his young master. 'I would not seem to know him, sir,' observed Robert, 'because the servants

would have made a fuss with him on account of poor, dear Mr. Vincent. I hate foreigners, and especially that one who is just gone; for I am sure it was all owing to him that I was sent back, after Mr. Vincent said I should go with him on his travels.' Soon after," added the doctor, "I happened to be in London, and to go on board a packet with my two nieces, who were going to Malta; when who should come on board but the man whom Robert called Marco Bruno, in company with a lawyer I have seen once or twice at your uncle's."

"Is his name Price?" asked Herbert, anxiously.

"I think it is, but am not quite sure. He is a fawning sort of a person, who if twenty were conversing in the room at once, would listen to them all, and let nothing escape him; but the poor lady and Sir Hugh liked him, because he was somehow connected with their son. As I was telling you, Mr. Herbert, the two men came on board together, but as soon as they caught sight of my face they slunk below, as if they were ashamed, or afraid of something. It is very strange how all this comes to my mind as if it happened only yesterday, though I do not remember that I ever thought of it from that time to this. I am afraid you have not a very good subject down there at the cottage; but I must run away, Mr. Herbert, for it is just now a busy time. My respects to Sir Hugh."

This information of Mr. Roote's dwelt on his listener's mind, and led to the inquiries which brought him such important information.

All the following evening he was absent and thoughtful, so that Sir Hugh inquired repeatedly, if he were ill? if he had received any bad news? &c. &c.

During the tedious hours of a sleepless night, the young gentleman debated with himself whether he should, or should not communicate to his uncle what he had discovered; but he finally decided to have some further conversation with Bruno, before he mentioned the subject to any one. He visited him early the next day, and found on conversing with him, that conscience had for some time been struggling in his breast, and had become too powerful for any sophistry to silence. A religious conversation, which he had overheard in one of his steamboat passages, had fixed itself in his memory; and the powerful remarks of the good man who had been enlarging on the command, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise," had aroused many serious thoughts. Long after the remarks which drew his attention to the text had faded from his mind, the words themselves remained stamped on his memory, and had filled him, at the time of his last visit to the monastery, with deep compunction, when he looked on the altered appearance of one, whom he had formerly known the very

image of blooming health and youthful joy. During the time of suffering from the effects of his accident, and when thoughts of death were frequent, as there was no false teacher present to lull conscience to a false peace, he became more and more sensible of the wrong he had done Vincent and his family, so that it seemed as if a heavy burden were removed, when Herbert drew from him the secret he was longing to reveal. He entreated the latter to be very cautious in his proceedings.

"You have no idea, sir," he remarked, "of the means the Fathers employ in order to discover what passes in families. Sometimes a clever lay-brother on whom they can depend, will engage as a servant in the house, and make use of every opportunity his situation affords to pry into its concerns. Sometimes such an one will find some employment in the neighbourhood, and make love to the girl in the servants' hall that has the longest tongue. They will learn trades, and become bell-hangers, locksmiths, and the like, in order to gain admittance to gentlemen's houses, where they lose no opportunity of questioning and prying. If by any means they should find out that their plot had been discovered, my poor master would soon disappear; for they would sacrifice fifty lives, rather than run any risk of exposure. Sir, you must never let my name pass your lips, nor suffer the least hint to escape, which might lead to Mr. Price's discovering that I have been here; and if you meet me in any

place, public or private, no glance of recognition must appear."

After long consultations, it was decided that Sir Hugh should be made acquainted with all that has been related, and that Herbert should proceed, as originally proposed, to Rome.

We pass over the effects of this communication on the fond father. He at once decided on accompanying his nephew; and though by so doing he incurred some risk, it was probably less than that which might result from his remaining in suspense and anxiety at home.

Bruno warned them, that when they reached Rome they would immediately become objects of suspicion; that their letters would be opened by one of the Society, who filled an important situation in the post-office; that in whatever residence they took up their abode, there would probably be one, or more persons devoted to the Jesuits among their foreign servants; and he said that many houses had places of concealment, where a listener might be stationed in the vicinity of their apartments without their suspecting it.

He then explained his plans, to which they listened attentively, and easily perceived how much they were calculated to promote the object they had in view; and though Sir Hugh could not but have some misgivings as to the honesty of the man, his nephew reposed entire confidence in him. He trusted that Bruno was a renewed

character, and he was not deceived, for he had cast away for ever the traditions of the Church of Rome; and to him had indeed been communicated that true repentance, and living faith, which delivered him from the evil principles in which he had been nurtured, while the desire of making some reparation to those whom he had so deeply injured, became to him the one great object, for the attainment of which he was willing to sacrifice his life.

Herbert's original plan had been to reach Rome in the spring; but summer was far advanced before all their arrangements were completed, and not till the end of June was Bruno sufficiently recovered to leave L., and to travel in a close carriage to the nearest place at which he could embark for Hamburgh. Sir Hugh and his nephew crossed to Calais, and proceeded very leisurely, as they perceived the justice of Bruno's remarks, that it would be better not to excite attention by going to Rome, till after he had opened an intercourse with Vincent, which he could not do till the regular time for his annual visit. For the sake of his young companion, Sir Hugh stayed at those places in France, Germany, and Italy, in which were objects worthy the traveller's attention; and Herbert tried to take interest in them, to gratify his uncle and detain him, till they could safely approach the spot where the beloved object of their anxious thoughts resided, unsuspicious of the

warm affection and earnest efforts enlisted in his behalf.

Vincent had been quietly pursuing his lonely way, and visiting his secret treasure daily, except when the fall of the leaf prevented his feeling secure from observation, and in that quiet shelter had enjoyed many tranquil hours. Beneath the trees which shaded the walk below, a seat was fixed, to which at different times, those of the community who were aware of the "eye and ear holes" mentioned by Bruno, resorted, when wishing to hold secret communications with each other; and Vincent would wonder whether the place he occupied had been formed accidentally, and never discovered till his fall revealed it to himself; or whether it had been contrived in times past, for the purpose of listening to the unrestrained conversation, to which the apparent security of the place invited.

A walk of considerable length extended at the base of the lofty eminence before named, and was bounded by a rude stone wall, apparently constructed for the purpose of preventing a land-slip from the perpendicular hill, which rose to the height of the tallest trees planted in that part of the garden. From crevices in this stone wall, sprang numerous creepers, which extended their slender tendrils to the branches of the trees, with which they formed a screen, reaching to the summit. Just in the centre of the above-named walk, a seat was fixed

under the shade of an oak, in front of which the waters of a fountain sparkled in the beams of the sun, cooling the air with their spray, and soothing the mind with the sound of the falling stream. The garden immediately in front of the seat was laid out in parterres, which afforded no shelter for a listener; and farther down might be seen the glossy leaves, and golden fruit of numerous orange trees. All the lower part of the garden was so overlooked from this spot, that it was impossible for any one to approach it, without being perceived long before voices here in conversation could reach him.

Several times Vincent had been compelled to hear from the lips of different individuals, the expression of sentiments, and arrangement of schemes, which proved to him that the unceasing round of services in the Romish Church had not a more sanctifying effect on its most devoted adherents, than he had found them produce on his own soul. Oh! the baseness, the malice, the misery, which were there disclosed.

No allusion to himself or his concerns had ever been made in his hearing, since the memorable conversation between the former Father Superior and Father Laurentio, till about four years after, when, one day he heard persons approaching, and soon recognised in one of the speakers an old monk, who was considered to stand high in the confidence of the Superior; the second seemed

to be a stranger, and yet there was something in the tone of his voice, which awakened in Vincent's mind that sort of indistinct consciousness of previous acquaintance, with which we at times recall the remembrance of a dream. The two were pacing up and down, and at each turn of their promenade some words became indistinct.

"Do you think," inquired the monk, "that this visit of Sir Hugh and his nephew, can have any other motive than that of gratifying the young man's natural curiosity to visit ——"

The conclusion of this sentence and commencement of the reply were lost to the anxious listener, whose throbbing pulse, at the sound of what he doubted not was his father's name, farther impeded his hearing.

"I can only stay to-night," was the next connected expression. "I have been sent by Messrs. W. and F. to Naples, to collect important evidence for a trial which is to come on next term; but as I could not write my suspicions of Marco, and, besides, required the information ——"

Again the distance and position of the speakers prevented him hearing more. Messrs. W. and F.! Marco! Sir Hugh! names so familiar, convinced him that the stranger was Price; but again the speakers drew nigh, and every other sense was absorbed in that of hearing. It was Price still speaking.

"There is no getting hold of that young man,

though the servants and tenants seem almost to adore him, as they say, for his kindness and condescension; neither attention, respect, nor flattery, could ever win for me a kind word or look, beyond what the courtesy of a gentleman required, though both his uncle and the deceased lady ——"

Deceased lady! Was it his own tender mother to whom this term was applied? to himself personally, it mattered not. All he loved were as dead to him: his own sinful passions had snapped the link which bound him to home, kindred, and country.

Yet how could her fond husband survive? His wife, his son, both lost to him! Once more his heart rose in prayer for blessings on that dear Herbert, who was fulfilling the duties he had himself abandoned.

The two men, on their return, seated themselves just below the anxious listener, and after some minutes the monk said, "Why do you suspect Bruno of faltering in this work, and being unfaithful to his vows?"

"When he was with me last year, he prated a good deal about some nonsense he had heard on board the packet, about doing as you would be done by; and whenever he spoke of Vincenzo, it was by the term, 'my poor, dear master.' Since then, neither I, nor the Fathers at Oscott have set eyes on him, though one on whom I can depend,

saw him in July, landing from an English steamer, and looking as if he were just recovering from an illness. Besides, although the Fathers have caused inquiries to be made of every priest in England, we cannot find that he has applied to any of them for the rites and consolations of the Church. The time of his annual visit draws nigh, keep your eye upon him."

"Why," asked the monk, "do you object to all this being told to the Father Superior?"

"Because," answered the other, "he always rebukes me for having led the Society into the difficulties this business has occasioned, by my false information respecting the nature of the settlements, and by my statement that Sir Hugh was suffering under a mortal disease, when at the end of ten years he is stronger and healthier than he then was. The fact is, he has taken up the principles of the Evangelicals; and when these get hold of a man, he professes to consider trials and afflictions as tokens of God's fatherly love, and then seems to rise above them all."

"Certainly," said the monk, "the Superior may well feel displeasure. Here has this Vincenzo for years set at defiance the rules of our Order with impunity; and you would still have forbearance shewn him, although it is likely his father may eventually survive him, and then the monastery will have no compensation for all the care and trouble he has occasioned."

"You know," interrupted Price, "that all the *younger* fathers have been led to regard his silence, his solitary life, and his absence from all the services of the Church, as the effects of the displeasure of the Superior; he does not therefore injure discipline, and he will be in your power at last, if you only have patience, and do not risk the shortening of his life by ill-timed severity."

"I cannot understand," rejoined the other speaker, "why you take such an interest in this affair."

"Why, besides my zeal for the advance of our Order, I am desirous of disappointing that Mr. Herbert, who makes himself so sure of inheriting that fine property. He will be mightily chagrined, I have no doubt, notwithstanding all his disinterestedness. But where is Vincenzo? I should like to see if meeting me unexpectedly would not rouse him. We shall probably soon require evidence of his existence and sanity, for before I left England, I went in the name of the family to one of the physicians, who met in consultation when Sir Hugh wished years ago to travel into Germany in order to reclaim his son, and he said he had little doubt that he was affected with organic disease of the heart; so we do not know what travelling may do in our favour. Where shall we find him?"

"I seldom either meet or see him; his food for the day is placed in his cell, and nobody asks or

thinks about him, but perhaps we shall find him in the shade down there; we will walk that way and look for him."

As soon as Vincent could remove with safety, he left his hiding-place, and mounting by a path where the shrubs concealed him from view, stretched himself, with beating heart, but composed and abstracted air, in the shade of the pines, and awaited their return.

In vain Price spoke of their former intercourse, of his home, his parents, his mother's death—Vincent sat with his head leaning on his hand as if he heard him not: and Price departed greatly chagrined, and fearing that all his ingenuity would fail to secure the harvest it had cost so many crimes to produce.

Shortly after this, Bruno arrived at the monastery, and was admitted into the cell where Vincent sat as usual, in his melancholy posture. The servant took the unresisting hand of his former master, and pressed it to his lips, making some inquiry after his health. No sign of recognition could have been perceived by the most watchful observer; but Price's remark about Bruno had revived Vincent's regard for the man, who felt a slight return of his warm pressure; and a paper which he placed in the hand of Vincent contained the expression of Marco's repentance, and information of the approaching visit of Sir Hugh and his nephew to Rome, for the purpose

of attempting his release; it concluded with an entreaty that he would be at the seat under the oak on the following morning, while the Fathers were engaged in the chapel.

This information agreed so completely with what he had overheard, that it removed all suspicion of the writer's sincerity, and feelings of tenderness and hope revived in his heart. He might be disappointed in his efforts to profit by their affectionate cares; his life might be sacrificed to the vengeance or fears of his enemies; but he had the joy of knowing that he was forgiven, and that his father retained such love for him, unworthy though he was, as to risk health and life for his deliverance.

The following morning he left the monastery, and while going to the appointed spot, observed a man dressed like the labourers who occasionally worked in the garden, following; but he proceeded to the seat under the oak, and presently hearing the well-known voice utter the words, "My dear master," he turned to meet Marco, who hastily said, "where can I place a parcel for you?" Vincent led the way to the oleanders, and drawing aside their supple branches, pointed to a large stone, behind which anything intended for him might be deposited: and then Bruno hastening away, busied himself in a small plantation on the opposite side of the garden.

The packet which he found next morning, con-

tained affectionate letters from his father and cousin, informing him of all with which the reader is already acquainted, and entreating him to yield implicitly to Bruno's directions, who was to meet them at Geneva as soon as he had opened a communication with him.

A note from Bruno, a large packet of writing materials, and a small English Bible were also in the parcel, and Bruno departed with letters to those beloved ones, whose thoughts were incessantly occupied with projects for his deliverance; but slight hopes were entertained, however, that the necessary passports could be procured, and other needful preparations made, till the following year; and much prayerful effort was needed to keep his mind in a state of quiet dependence. On the one side was the prospect of detection, followed, perhaps, by lingering tortures, and a violent death: on the other, the hope of deliverance, of restoration to his friends and country, together with a participation in the privileges of a pure worship, and of sound scriptural instruction; but he looked for strength where none seek in vain.

All who have studied the machinery of false worship must have noticed, that whatever may be set up as its object, the minds of its votaries are kept in a state of excitement by means of appeals to the senses; and Popery especially, has her cup of abominations, filled with intoxicating influences of this kind, by which the weak-minded

and imaginative are drawn, and kept in subjection to her soul-destroying heresy. All the solemn realities of God's wonderful plan for the recovery of a ruined world she has dramatized, and exhibited with the sensual accompaniments of dress, scenery, and music; but between the feast of Pentecost and the season for celebrating our Lord's Nativity, there is a long interval to be filled up, according to the most approved methods, by imaginative details of saintly performances. An exquisite statue representing a beautiful young man in the act of dying, was considered well calculated to furnish a very effective spectacle; and as a preparation for the show, the Pope canonized the youth of eighteen, whose likeness the statue was said to be; a picture, was also painted, representing the Apotheosis of the saint, and then all was ready for an exhibition calculated to answer the purposes of the exhibitors. The following is the description given by an eye-witness:—

"The gloomy month of November is the one chosen for the commemoration of the canonization of this saint; and on the appointed morning, crowds may be seen waiting round the door of the monastery for their turn to be admitted. Two members of the community, dressed in long black robes, stand at the entrance, much as mutes do before a private dwelling in England, from which a funeral is preparing to depart. Parties of twenty are admitted, at intervals of fifteen minutes; and as the spec-

tators proceed with a slow pace through many long passages, and frequently remain some considerable time looking at the show, it not unfrequently happens, that owing to the pressure of the crowd, persons can scarcely move an inch for two or three minutes together.

"On entering, the visitor is struck with the appearance of deep gloom; all the exterior windows being closely darkened, and the long corridors only lighted by an occasional lamp shedding feeble rays, which scarcely make 'darkness visible.' The most profound silence prevails, as no person speaks above the lowest whisper, and the foot falls noiselessly on the leaves and branches of rosemary and myrtle, with which the floor is thickly strewed. Numerous passages diverge from the corridors in different directions; but at each angle one of the Order, dressed like those at the doors, stands upright, silent, and still as a finger-post, merely indicating, by his outstretched arm, the course to be pursued towards the chamber of the saint. Thus is expectation enhanced by every accessory of gloomy solemnity. On entering the room, the spectators see the figure of a delicate youth, lying apparently at the point of death. The head is raised by a pillow of white marble, as if for the purpose of casting a dying look at a picture of the Virgin, which the left hand, resting on the chest, seems to support with difficulty, while the right grasps a crucifix of ivory, and a lily of frosted silver. The head, feet,

and hands are of the purest white; the couch on which the figure reclines, and a sort of pall thrown over the body, as well as a balustrade placed round the couch, are of polished black marble; and on the wall, against which the top of the couch is placed, is suspended the painting representing the apotheosis of the saint, in which numerous figures of young and beautiful females are depicted as scattering flowers over the grave. Bouquets, of the most exquisite artificial flowers, are laid on the balustrade and strewed over the statue; and numerous wax-lights, a large company of apparent mourners, an altar, with its officiating priests, &c., so act on the imagination of the spectators, that occasionally sighs and tears give a sort of reality to the scene. The bright colours of the flowers, reflected from the polished marble, seem to give to it a sort of roseate hue, which is strikingly beautiful; while the intermingling, as it were, of the flowers of the picture, with those on the couch, and of the figures of the girls, with those of the living persons in the apartment, creates that singular confusion between the ideal and the real, which belongs to all the histrionic exhibitions of the Church of Rome, and to which may be traced some part of the secret of her power."

Vincent had placed himself in one of the gloomy corners, ostensibly to perform that part in the pageant which was so unpopular, that no other inmate of the monastery was likely to dispute his

right to the position he had chosen. Herbert was among the spectators, and it had been settled that a white handkerchief bound round the arm of the latter, and the same token visible from the bosom of the dress of the former, should serve to point them out to each other. For a moment their hands were clasped; "Vincent!" "Herbert!" was breathed rather than spoken, and then the pressure of the crowd separated them.

Every effort to secure Vincent's escape failed, till the returning year brought the repetition of this vain show, and then . . . . but we must not anticipate.

CHAPTER XIV.

If it be true in ordinary cases, that—

> "Time in advance, behind him hides his wings,
> And seems to creep, decrepit with his age,"

how much more so with persons situated as were Vincent Lake, and those who were striving for his deliverance? All connected with the remainder of his earthly course hung suspended on the success or failure of their efforts. On one side lay cheerful hopes of days and years spent in the society of those beloved ones, who were labouring to extricate him from the toils in which his own sinful folly had entangled him. On the other—but he would not contemplate it — the utmost which malice and superstition could inflict, would only shorten his earthly course; over his real welfare, they had no power.

Happily for him, he escaped the alternations of hope and disappointment, attendant on the adoption and abandonment of many plans for his escape; and in the Bible that Marco had con-

siderately placed in his packet, he found an unfailing source of consolation, and of interesting subjects for research and consideration. He could now adopt the language of inspiration, and say with David, "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!" and well would it be for many, who have all their lives had free access to an open Bible, if they could know its value in some measure, according to the estimate of one who had experienced that worst of all famines—"the famine of the Word of God." He committed whole chapters to memory, that he might have materials for meditation when he could not safely resort to the sacred text; and as his perceptions of truth became clearer, he understood the grounds of the enmity manifested by the Romish hierarchy towards the free circulation of the Holy Scriptures.

The Word of God opens to every sincere seeker a knowledge of the way of access to Him, in his character of "a reconciled God and Father in Christ Jesus"; and invites the penitent sinner to humble confession at the throne of Infinite goodness, by the gracious declaration, "Whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sin, shall find mercy;" while Rome binds a man to the priest's footstool, and forces him to lay bare the secrets of his heart to a fellow-sinner, as the only price at which she will dispense a fancied deliverance from guilt and punishment.

This enmity of the Romish priesthood to the Bible is manifested in various ways; they bury it under an immense heap of written and unwritten traditions; they lock it up (where practicable) in the darkness of an unknown tongue, or where circumstances preclude the withholding the Scriptures altogether, they require the obedient members of their Church to swear that they will attach no meaning to what they read, till they have (what has never existed) "the unanimous consent of the Fathers."

The reason of this proceeding is, as they (the priests of Rome) assert, "the obscurity of God's revelation to the unlearned"; but it may be asked, why then did the Almighty command that the books of Moses should be read publicly to all the people? why were the prophets charged to "write the vision, and make it plain," so that even heedless passers-by might read? why did the Holy Ghost record this sentence by the pen of David—"The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple"? Besides, we are told that our Lord "spake openly to the multitude"; and that "the common people heard him gladly." Why should not the common people profit by reading now, what they then profited by hearing? Why did St. Paul, an inspired Apostle, command that his epistles should be read by *all* the holy brethren? and why was the last and most mysterious book of all the

Sacred Canon doubly guarded against presumptuous interference, by a blessing and a prohibition? as it is written, "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy."—"Seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book."

Sir Hugh and his nephew busied themselves, after their return to Switzerland, in active measures to facilitate Vincent's deliverance, and in securing all possible assistance. About the time this little tale commenced (as it has before been mentioned), Sir Hugh wrote to desire that a yacht might be hired, and despatched to the Mediterranean early in October; and that his steward, and one or two more trusty domestics, should proceed in her to Civita Vecchia, and there await further instructions.

Mr. Lake, in addition to entire sympathy with his brother's hopes and fears, felt some natural anxiety lest his own son should be placed in personal danger, by his generous eagerness for his cousin's welfare; and he was meditating the best means of joining them in Italy, without alarming his wife and daughter, when the improved health of the latter, and the opinion of the doctors that a sea-voyage, and a winter spent in the south of Europe, would re-establish her, decided him on embarking, with her and her mother, in Sir Hugh's vessel, and proceeding to the scene of action.

His brother's East Indian friend, who also pro-

posed to winter in the south, happening to be in Southampton when Mr. and Mrs. Lake arrived to prepare for their voyage, was easily prevailed on to sail with them as far as Gibraltar. On the passage he was made acquainted by Mr. Lake with the important business in hand, and entered into it at once with all his heart, offering his active services, if they could be made available, in forwarding the deliverance of the poor monk. In the course of frequent conversation he developed a plan, which he afterwards altered and matured in consultation with Bruno, who was sent to him at Gibraltar, and remained there till the time of his annual visit to Rome.

It has been mentioned that Marco's twin brother was employed in the gardens of the monastery in which Vincent resided. Marco had been careful not to excite his suspicions, because he had considered him to be entirely under the control of his confessor, but now, on meeting and conversing with him, he found his devotion a good deal cooled. He had begun to listen to the republican theories of some of his companions; the tyranny and vices of the priesthood were contrasted with the advantages of free institutions; and all his theoretical dissatisfaction grew into active principle, when the Fathers (who had a great dislike to a change of labourers) opposed his marriage with a young girl residing a few leagues from Rome, in a village where he wished to take up his abode, and obtain a livelihood

as a gardener. The wages he received from the monastery were small and ill paid; and he was then in the height of indignation against his employers, because he had just been refused permission to absent himself for a day or two from his work. Marco listened to his complaints, and acknowledging their justice, promised to obtain his discharge from the Fathers, and procure him a place in a rich man's establishment, where he would soon save enough to enable him to begin housekeeping prosperously; and as Silvio wished to consult Lisetta, his kind brother proposed to take his place for two or three days, while he visited his betrothed.

There was a strong family likeness between them; and when Marco had darkened his face and hands to the sun-burnt hue, and adopted the peasant's dress of Silvio (instead of his usually smart habiliments), it would have required the scrutiny of suspicion itself to detect the metamorphosis. The lover set off in high spirits, unsuspicious of any secret but his own; and Marco, while busied in training the trees in the vicinity of the mount, contrived to communicate to Vincent, in his hiding-place, every particular necessary for his guidance; and to convey to him everything required for carrying their plans into execution.

He did not, in the mean time, neglect his promises to his brother; before he left Rome he obtained the Superior's permission for him to

seek a more lucrative employment; and a few weeks after his departure Silvio was sent for to a palace, and hired for a very rich East Indian, who was to arrive in a short time from Malta. In consequence of Marco's recommendation, he was engaged for three months, at wages which seemed to him almost equal to a prince's revenues; but though he was well fed, well clad, and lightly worked, he felt very strange and lonely when all the foreign servants arrived with their master, and ardently longed for the day when he should settle in a humble cottage with his dear Lisetta.

It was, perhaps, this feeling of loneliness which drew his attention to a person residing in the establishment with which he had become connected. Various conjectures were hazarded among the Italian servants respecting the individual alluded to. One said, he thought he must be a favourite Hindoo attendant; a second, that he was their master's secretary; a third, that he was certainly an eastern prince who had come to see Europe. He always wore on his head a turban, from beneath the folds of which, fell a mass of long straight black hair, reaching nearly to his shoulders, and partially concealing his face. His figure was tall and slight; he was dressed in a sort of robe or tunic, which reached below the knees, and was girt about him with a scarf; a rich cachmere shawl hung over his shoulders, and was so wrapped round him the moment he was exposed to a breath

of air, that only a pair of dark eyes were visible. The incongruous part of his attire consisted in black trousers or pantaloons (worn, Silvio thought, on account of his chilliness), which sadly detracted from the orientalism of his costume.

This individual, whose name no European organs could pronounce, appeared to suffer extremely from cold. The breezes which to all else were soft and refreshing, after the burning heat of an unusually hot September, caused him to wrap himself up more closely; and people who saw him cowering in the corner of the carriage, said it was cruel to bring him from his native land.

Wherever Silvio's master went (and he went everywhere that there was anything to be seen), he was accompanied by this poor shivering creature. In the churches and artists' studios, among the ruins of ancient, and the wonders of modern Rome, were to be seen the Nabob and his companion; and people marvelled why such constant attendance should be exacted from one who was evidently too sensitive to physical inconveniences, to take interest in the objects which delighted others. The Italian servants knew nothing of his in-door pursuits, for he spent his time in the private apartments of their master, where only English servants were admitted.

The rich East Indian seemed to have taken a particular fancy to the church and chapels connected with the monastery in which Vincent

resided; he frequently conversed with the Fathers, and asked many questions respecting the doctrines and discipline of the Society, while his companion, standing shivering behind him, would turn with an air of fretful impatience from any person who sought to engage his attention. The former heard of the festival in November, and was invited to visit the monastery on that day, which he promised to do, if then in the city.

After visiting the principal lions in Rome, a new whim seized the rich man (rich men are said to be whimsical at times). He conceived a desire of making researches among the ruins of the ancient Antium (the birthplace of the monster Nero), once a flourishing seaport. These ruins are on a promontory not far from the town of Nettuno, which is about twenty-four miles SE. of Rome, and at the mouth of the little river Loracina. A fatiguing excursion once a week over indifferent roads to Nettuno, and thence in a boat to the site of the former city, severely tried the patience of his attendants, who, when they saw that their master only came to scrape holes in the sand, and hunt about among the old walls, would be sometimes heard to mutter to each other, "Un Matto."

The poor people of Nettuno by no means shared in the sentiments of the domestics. The kindness and liberality of the gentleman to those who gathered round the carriage, had secured for him a large amount of good will; all were eager to

launch their boats, and render any service in their power; and expressions of regret were heard among them, when the announcement was made, that he should pay them only one more visit.

Silvio had been well pleased at being left out of these journeys, and was by no means gratified when told one bright November morning, that he was to accompany his master alone, in a small carriage driven by the latter, some distance into the country. For a wonder, the man in the turban was to be left at home; and Silvio wondered why he, who had never exchanged five words with his master, should be selected for his companion. When they had emerged from the city gates, they turned into the road which led to Lisetta's village. His heart opened, for his master conversed with him so kindly, and with such condescension, and at length he actually found himself talking of his love, his wishes, and his hopes.

They entered the village; the chaise stopped before the very cottage which he had long desired to possess; but as he looked at it, his hopes died away, for it was thoroughly repaired, and evidently intended for some tenant far richer than himself. The gentleman alighted and entered, followed by the bewildered Silvio. All was clean, neat, and, for a place of the kind, nicely furnished. "How do you like the home Marco has prepared for you?" asked his master.

After his surprise and joy had in some degree

abated, the gentleman told him that Marco, having conferred a great benefit on a rich family, they had requested him to purchase what he now saw, as a token of their gratitude. He next desired Silvio to put on a peasant's dress which had been provided, and to place the livery he had worn in the carriage; and then paying him the full amount of wages, although the half of his engagement remained unfulfilled, he drove off, and left him to communicate the joyful news to Lisetta.

The same carriage, with the solitary gentleman, drove up soon after to a small hut in a little wood, where our old friend Marco took the bundle of clothes which his brother had laid aside, and putting them on, returned to Rome as Silvio.

As he was to leave again the next morning to take charge of some packages which were to be shipped at Civita Vecchia, he was engaged with his master till so late at night, that no inquiries could be made by his fellow-servants respecting the drive into the country.

The time was at length arrived, when the object of all these preparations was to be accomplished; if not, disappointment followed by punishment, probably even to death, would fall on the poor recluse. Herbert, dreading the consequences of these trying hours of uncertainty to his uncle, had prevailed on him to join his mother and Emily on board the vessel which was to be Vincent's place of refuge, should he succeed in passing undis-

covered from the monastery; and then, for the first time, the ladies were made acquainted with all that hung suspended on the events of the next three days. The thoughtful Herbert had prevailed on Sir Hugh to invite a young English physician to accompany him on board; and had made this person acquainted with all they had in contemplation; that what human skill could do, might be put in exercise for his uncle and cousin, in order to avert any evil effects which were apprehended from their agitation.

On the all-important morning, the East Indian left his house early, accompanied only by the poor native in his eastern dress; and alighting with him, dismissed his carriage with directions to wait for him at the door of the church connected with the monastery. The two then entered the studio of an English artist, situated in that quarter of the city, and shortly after Marco Bruno, in the dress previously worn by Silvio, hastened from the studio, to take his place in the conveyance provided for removing luggage from the Palace to Civita Vecchia, where he was to embark with it for Malta, still bearing his brother's name.

Soon after, the East Indian also came forth from the same house, and proceeding to the door of the monastery, joined a large party of English gentlemen, who, with their servants, were waiting for admission to view the spectacle of the statue lying-in-state. He was alone; a circumstance

not unmarked by one of the bystanders, who was also about to view the show. Herbert and his father were foremost in the crowd, and the East Indian pressed through it in order to get near them, though no recognition of each other was apparent. Two Jesuits at length emerged from the door of the monastery; and placing themselves one on each side, admitted the first party of twenty, and then closed the door. All was dark and gloomy within, and rendered still more so, by the transition from the light of a bright sunny day, to this obscurity. They stepped slowly and noiselessly upon the leaves, which gave forth a pleasant odour, as they crushed them beneath their feet. One, two, three, four, of the silent, directing black figures were passed; and Herbert's eyes were strained to discover, through the gloom, the small white token which was to distinguish Vincent from the others. The anxieties of a life seemed concentrated in the few seconds which followed.

And what had been Vincent's feelings on that memorable morning?

He was not deficient in firmness of purpose; yet more than once he had shrunk from the risk of compromising the safety of those generous friends, who were labouring for his deliverance. It was necessary to darken his complexion, in order to support the character he had to sustain; might not some curious eye detect the transformation? If suspicion led to examination, the Indian gar-

ment he wore under the long black dress of the Order would discover all. He heard the bell ring for the morning mass, and well knew that on this day, a full assembly of all the members of the community would meet around the high altar. He listened till the last step had passed away—till the last echo of a closing door had died upon the walls —and then, summoning up his resolution, he passed from his cell to a dark room, used as a sort of receptacle for lumber, and which opened, by another door, into that part of the corridor where he was to take his stand.

He entered; his trembling knees could scarcely sustain him: he rested, almost fainting, against the side of the apartment; and for a season a sort of dreamy unconsciousness overcame the terror which unnerved him; but he heard the distant sound of the closing hymn; they were about to commence their preparations for the spectacle; and, summoning up all his powers, he passed through the door into the corridor, closed it behind him, and placed himself in the required attitude.

The saint's chamber was immediately afterwards thrown open, and the bright beams which issued from it, reached almost to the spot where he stood. The Father Superior and one or two others came out; they approached him; for a moment (which seemed to him interminable) the Superior paused; Vincent dared not turn his head away from the light, and yet he trembled lest it

should betray his altered complexion; he felt that a scrutinizing eye rested upon him. Was the dress which he wore under the Jesuit's long robe visible? Was there anything discernible, which could lead to suspicion, to examination, to detection? ..... No, the monks passed on, and all was safe. The group of friends approached at a slow pace; the sound of the cough which was to be Herbert's signal was heard; and Vincent drew forth the white handkerchief. Again the hands of the cousins met; the one cold as that of a corpse, the other burning with the fever of excitement. Some of the party paused, and made whispering remarks on the effects of the strong light streaming from the illuminated apartment; the others clustered round the closed door, as if they were also struck with some peculiarity in the scene before them, which they wished to particularly note.

The slight rustling sound of steps upon the leaves strewed along the floor of the corridor, was again heard; a fresh party had entered, and were advancing towards the spot where the first had remained stationary; these divided so as to let the new comers pass through them, and as they entered the saint's chamber, the door of the dark room again opened, and Vincent appeared, with the turban, black hair, and enveloping shawl that had distinguished the protégé of the East Indian (his black garment he had left concealed under a

heap of rubbish, which had not probably been examined for years). He joined his friends, and proceeded with them to the chamber where the mock mourners were seated around the beautiful statue, and the priest at the altar was performing certain (what the most jealous Romanist must permit us to call) "*mummeries*," since they were only used as auxiliaries to a scenic representation.

In order to avoid the danger of rousing suspicion, the English party lingered till the room was crowded; and though the beauty of the statue, the painting, and the flowers might have been expected to engross all the attention of the bystanders, there were some who looked with interest, and curiosity on the turbaned stranger, and wondered at the extraordinary chilliness which could give an appearance of tremor to his whole frame, in such an atmosphere as that occasioned by the numerous lights and crowds of spectators.

As a favour granted to the East Indian (whose wealth and courtesy had won for him in the monastery, as elsewhere, favourable opinions), they were permitted to proceed through the cloisters into the church, and thence to the carriage, instead of wending their way slowly back through the dark, crowded passages. Father Laurentio shewed them the way, and as the three passed on, he inquired respecting the country and religion of the shivering stranger. His protector apologized for his short replies, by stating that he was in great

haste that morning; but would call on the following day at the monastery, and give them further information respecting Bengal and its inhabitants.

At the door of the church, they found the carriage with fresh horses, and proceeded at a brisk pace across the Campagna. The motion, the sense of freedom, the recollections of past sufferings, the new hopes which were springing up, were too much for the bewildered Vincent. It seemed as if he must sink under these strong emotions, till a burst of tears somewhat relieved him. His companion soothed him, spoke of his restoration to his father, and his country, and urged the necessity of his rallying his powers, so as to be able to sustain the character he had assumed, till he was safe on board the yacht, which was tacking on and off shore, in the vicinity of Nettuno, at which place they arrived soon after two o'clock.

The sun shone brightly on the snowy sails of the beautiful little vessel, which sported like an immense water-fowl among the shining waves of the blue Mediterranean. In the distance a frigate, bearing the standard of Great Britain, appeared as if drawing towards the shore; and when the carriage approached the water-side, several British sailors were seen resting on their oars at the mouth of the river. The East Indian entered one of the small boats which

usually conveyed him to the promontory, and then the man-of-war's boat dropped alongside; the pretended Hindoo was assisted out of the one in which he had previously seated himself, and as he sank down by the side of the officer in command, he heard, in the almost forgotten sounds of his native language, the words, "I give you joy, sir, that you are once more safe under the flag of our gracious Queen."

We must pass over the meeting of Vincent with his father, and with that gentle cousin, whose juvenile piety had secured to him the precious little New Testament, which had been instrumental in delivering him from a worse bondage even than that under which the artifices and tyranny of Rome had placed him, and we will here close the chapter, referring those who feel an interest in the future course of the Lake family, to such information as may be gathered from the letter which follows.

CHAPTER XV.

MISS LAKE TO MISS F. DOUGLAS.

"Malta, Dec. 13, 18—

"DEAREST FANNY,—You must have been surprised at not receiving any acknowledgment of your delightful letter, which reached me during our stay at Gibraltar; if you could think of such a trifle, after the perusal of mama's last packet, which contained Herbert's wonderful account of the discovery of our cousin Vincent's existence, and of the means adopted (successfully, I rejoice to say) for his restoration to us. For some time after reading Herbert's letter, my mind was in such utter confusion, that writing was an impossibility; and when my uncle came on board the yacht, I could only think of *his* anxiety, and strive to relieve it.

"Under all former trials (some of which you know have been very heavy), he has preserved the equanimity and dignified submission which

might have been expected from his noble Christian character; but at this time, his restlessness and irritability were painful to witness. All night he paced the deck of the little vessel, and when towards morning Dr. P., a friend of Herbert's, prevailed on him to take a composing draught and lie down, his sleep was short and interrupted; and before the sun rose, his steps were again heard over-head. It was not possible for my cousin to leave Rome before the middle of the day; but Sir Hugh insisted on the vessel's immediately proceeding to the spot, where we were to await the arrival of our poor captive.

"My dear brother's forethought provided for every contingency. It was possible, he thought, that officers from some of the Pope's galleys might go on board any Italian boat seen proceeding with passengers from the shore, and as a relative of ours is in command of a frigate on this station, he had communicated with him; so that when we arrived before Nettuno, his ship lay in the immediate vicinity. Our yacht tacked so as to keep the town and mouth of the little river continually in view; and hour after hour, the anxious father stood with a glass fixed in the direction of that part of the Campagna, which must be crossed by the road leading from Rome. A little before two o'clock a carriage was observed rapidly approaching; and then the hand which held the telescope became too unsteady for any benefit to be derived from its

use, and the extreme paleness which succeeded the flush of excitement, alarmed both mama and myself.

"Dr. P. drew near with a glass of some restorative, which my uncle pushed away. I interposed. 'For my sake, dear uncle—for Vincent's.' The glass was taken, and the mixture swallowed.

"At this moment, a man-of-war's boat with its numerous rowers shot past our vessel, and approached the shore, whither our eyes were eagerly directed; and we soon afterwards saw a smaller boat, with three or four persons in it, leave the mouth of the river; it drew near the other; they met, and a tall figure in white passed into that which bore the British flag. The head of the latter was then turned towards the yacht; the oars cut the sparkling waves with rapid and regular strokes; and almost with the swiftness of a flash of lightning the beautiful little vessel darted towards us, and dropped alongside. A cry was heard, 'My son, my son!' and poor Vincent's wasted form was pressed to his fond father's heart.

"In my childish days, my cousin Vincent had dwelt in my imagination as the personification of all that was bright and beautiful; and after I had wept for his early death, his dear mother would, whenever I was staying with her, seem to forget for the moment her bereavement, while she enlarged on his buoyant spirits, sparkling wit, and fine understanding; his eloquence and cheerful good

temper. Alas! what a wreck of all these now lies extended on the sofa which stands opposite me while I write! Oh, Fanny! this Romanism is a vile system! Whether we consider man as a social, or as an immortal being, its effects are equally destructive to his welfare.

"May our beloved country be preserved from its blighting influences!

"But to proceed with my narrative. Vincent was immediately persuaded to retire to his cabin, and seek that rest which it was evident he greatly required; and it was two or three days before my mother or myself were permitted to see him; but Sir Hugh could not be prevailed upon to leave him for an hour: and Dr. P. told us, that one of the most touching sights he had ever witnessed, was that grey-headed father watching the slumbers of his son, as a tender young mother does those of her infant.

"Vincent's escape was effected on Thursday; and we kept on and off the beautiful coasts of Italy till the following Monday, when we entered the Bay of Naples, to await the arrival of papa, Herbert, and our kind Indian friend, who had laboured so effectually for my cousin's deliverance. How I coveted your talent for description, as I gazed on the lovely scene! On ascending the deck in the morning, I found the vessel passing near the island of Caprea, which seems placed, with its white cliffs and ridgy summit, as a barrier

to protect the interior of the bay from the fury of the tempest. As we advanced, the view which opened to us (illuminated by a sun shining with a brilliancy which is never witnessed in what the old Romans termed 'transalpine countries') was perhaps one of the most splendid that Nature anywhere presents. On our left, towards the west, the delightful shores of Pozzuoli rose with a gentle swell from the bosom of the smooth shining water; on the east, Vesuvius, with its cultivated sides and smoking summit, bounded the prospect; the centre is occupied by the city, with its palaces, churches, and gardens, rising one above another. Innumerable boats, gliding in every direction over the bright azure sea, broke its glassy surface into furrows; and on the east of the semicircular shore, the Castello dell' Novo forms a conspicuous object, being built on an insulated rock, beyond which a rugged line of mountains stretch southwards, with their aspect softened by villages and convents, nestling in their forests, or lodged amidst their precipices.

"Our dear relatives were all assembled on board the yacht before the end of the week; and then we came to this place, where Sir Hugh, Vincent, and Dr. P., with mama and myself, intend to remain till the spring is pretty far advanced. The other three gentlemen have left us, and are gone to visit the Ionian Islands and Greece; thence, they mean to proceed to the Holy Land, and will not

return till April or May. It was a sore trial for my brother to separate from my uncle and cousin; but papa's mind was set upon making this tour, and Herbert yielded as cheerfully as he could. On our arrival here, we found the Italian servant whose awakened conscience led to the discovery of his master's situation, and who had incurred the most imminent risk in obtaining his deliverance. In answer to our inquiries, concerning the amount of confusion which Vincent's escape must have occasioned, he replied, that probably no one but the Father Superior would be aware of the real state of the case; as it is by no means uncommon for a member of the community to be withdrawn without any explanation. He may be a useful, confidential agent; and, as such, be despatched east, west, north, or south, to carry out the purposes of the Order; or he may be suspected of unfaithfulness, or convicted of disobedience; and for these be sentenced to wear out life in rigorous confinement, or be subject even to more severe punishment. There is thus always enough of intimidation to prevent the monks trifling with their vows of obedience.

"Vincent is beginning to converse a little; but though he retains a perfect knowledge of his native language, he speaks with much hesitation, and is frequently at a loss for words. Herbert draws him out more than anybody else can do, and we have had one or two very interesting conver-

sations, in which he explained the way he was led, from perusing the New Testament, to discover the antichristian character of the Church of Rome.

"It is evident that he did not refer to God's Word for the settlement of points of doctrine, till after he had found rest in the Saviour there revealed, and had thus the 'witness in himself,' that it contains the discovery of God's mercy to a ruined world. When ready to perish, he had cried, 'Lord, save me!' and after the gracious hand of redeeming love had been stretched forth, and had rescued him from the guilt, and remorse, which threatened to overwhelm him, he needed no mere human arguments to convince him that he possessed the revelation, which God had made to man, in order that he might there discover One 'mighty to save.' From that time he daily fed on the pure milk of the Word, by serious meditation on its sacred truths.

"Though he entered Rome a professed infidel, he was not so hardened in unbelief, as to be freed from the terrors of a guilty conscience. He trembled at the idea of impending wrath, but thought it impossible, he could ever receive the Scriptures as a divine revelation, although his Protestant education had taught him to consider them as the foundation of Christianity. Feeling, what man naturally feels, the want of some kind of religion, he eagerly caught at the idea set before him by Father Laurentio, of an infallible

church opening her arms to receive him, and of a priesthood, authorized to remit his sins, without exacting anything which the natural man (even while dead in trespasses and sins) could not perform. He fancied he had now found what every convinced, but still unconverted sinner seeks—a place of refuge where (like fallen Adam among the trees of the garden) he might hide himself from God; but he soon discerned, what all who enter her communion will surely discover, either in time or throughout eternity, that Rome can only offer 'a refuge of lies' which will, if trusted to, leave the soul naked, and defenceless in the day of wrath.

"Whenever a man is brought to admit as true, the doctrine of Rome's infallibility, he is bound by a chain which only the hand of Omnipotence can break. He must no longer judge for himself, nor think of bringing any part of *her* teaching to the test, either of reason or of revelation. What an infallible church teaches, her members are bound to believe firmly, and without doubting, at the peril of their souls; so that, as a Romish ecclesiastic once said, 'No *sincere* Catholic was ever convinced, by comparing any of the teaching of Holy Mother Church with the Bible, that her doctrine or discipline is unsound or unscriptural,' for the man who ventures to doubt or to compare, shews by this act that he is not a sincere Catholic.'

"How different, dear Fanny, from the apostolic

exhortations—'*Prove* all things: hold fast that which is good,' and, 'Believe not every spirit, but *try* the spirits whether they be of God,' and from the words of our Lord himself, 'Why even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right.'

"My time and paper alike forbid my entering into a detailed account of the steps by which Vincent was, without human aid, enabled to discover, by the help of God's Word and Spirit, the whole Gospel system.

"It is surprising to us, who live in the midst of contending sects, to perceive how simply this Bible Christian holds all the great truths of the Gospel; none of the difficulties discovered by those who would systematize the Holy Scriptures have arisen to trouble him. Himself a sinner, Christ the Saviour, and God the Father, entering into the covenant of salvation, and that covenant received through the Spirit's teaching; these are the objects which his faith has laid hold of; and he often reminds me of David's simile, 'My soul is as a weaned child,' for he seems to rest in the knowledge of his heavenly Father's love, without any craving for the present, or anxiety for the future.

"It is not thus with my uncle Hugh. Since Herbert's departure he has felt more deeply the ruined health of his poor son, and the blight of all the proud, fond hopes of which this son had been the object. He expected to meet the bright creature from whom he parted fourteen years ago,

matured into an intellectual, well-informed man of five-and-thirty, whose ripened and sobered mind would be peculiarly adapted to his own age and experience; he finds him sweet and gentle, and yielding as an infant, but on all subjects, except religion, feeble-minded and unreasoning. It is possible that frequent attacks of intermittent fever may have weakened his intellect; but entire solitude has also had its effects: as for five years he never spoke, or held intercourse with a fellow-creature. While Herbert was here, he formed the link between father and son, and prevented the full perception of Vincent's mental and bodily weakness; but now Sir Hugh misses the filial devotion which my dear brother has ever shewn him, and is more sensible of his own son's deficiency in those social habits, which constitute so much of the enjoyment of social life. Sometimes the poor invalid seems conscious that he has disappointed the expectations of his father; and then with stammering words, and with an agitated and hurried demeanour, he strives to be more communicative and attentive.

"We all suffer so much from this state of things, that mama has written to papa to beg he will not oppose Herbert's return to us. She has sent her letter by a Greek vessel, under cover to the British consul, so that on the arrival of papa and his companions at Athens, he will be sure to receive it; and both my uncle and cousin look up

with a smile, when mama is calculating how many days must elapse, before we again see that pleasant countenance which always appears to bring with it peace to all our family circle.

"Dr. P. gives small hopes of Vincent's ever being permitted to revisit his native land; for the austerities to which he was subjected at the commencement of his monastic life, left him but ill prepared for the injurious effects of autumnal malaria; his constitution is ruined, and could ill support the changes of our variable climate. I must turn to some other subject, or I shall make you as dispirited as myself."

We omit the remainder of the letter, as it does not refer to the history which is now drawing to a close.

Two or three months after the date of the above, Mr. Price was sent for, to the private office of the younger of his employers. When he had closed the door, Mr. F. said, in an angry tone, "Why did you furnish the opposite party in the trial of Downing and Wise, with documents to use against us? It is useless to deny it: Lord D. wrote a letter in my uncle's office, which never passed out of his hands, till he gave it to me, with a charge not to suffer one of the papers to be seen by any one, and I gave them to you, with the same charge, on the Derby day. Now we lost the cause entirely through the counsel for the defendants having obtained garbled extracts from that very

letter to bring into court; and you must have furnished them. My uncle declares he will dissolve the partnership, and I shall owe my ruin to your treachery."

The young man had spoken so vehemently, that the person accused could only wait till he had talked himself out of breath; and before he could collect himself for a reply, Mr. W., the elder partner, walked into the office. "Pray, Mr. Price," said he, "can you explain what this paragraph in the *Times* means? I remember it was you who brought intelligence of the death of Sir Hugh Lake's only son."

Mr. Price took the paper, and read as follows, among the deaths. "Suddenly, at Malta, in the 60th year of his age, Sir Hugh Lake, of ——. He is succeeded in his title and large estates, by his only son, Mr., now Sir Vincent Lake. The present baronet, who has resided abroad several years, is a confirmed invalid, we understand, and not likely to revisit England at present."

Mr. Price became exceedingly faint. "I feel very ill," he said; "will you excuse my leaving you?" His looks corroborated his statement, and no attempt was made to prevent his departure.

"That is a bad fellow I fear, Edward," said Mr. W.; "I wish he had never entered our office; but through your misplaced confidence, we cannot discard him, as his misrepresentations might seriously injure our credit. I think I have enough interest in the Colonial-office, to obtain

for him some appointment which will carry him out of our way."

Mr. Price was heard of no more in England; but if anybody is anxious to trace his future course, they have a clue. We, however, are glad to have done with him.

CONCLUSION.

A VERY short chapter will suffice to relate all that is required to be told of the parties first introduced to our readers; for a life of peace and active usefulness seldom affords many materials for the biographer. Daily visits to the abodes of want and sorrow; the giving instructions to the ignorant, and preparing for those instructions, left little leisure to Mrs. Moore; and yet a single page would contain the history of her life for many months. While she strengthened the hands of her excellent pastor, by her diligent co-operation in all his plans of usefulness, she herself, like many others of his flock, was by his ministry comforted and edified.

The influence of the Livesay family for good, was rather to be traced in their circle, than described in words. Many a profligate husband and son, when brought by evil courses to shame and sorrow, sought counsel of William Livesay, as to the means of becoming, like *him*, respected and prosperous. Many a wife and mother turned to

his wife to learn from her the secret of domestic happiness, and was made wiser and better by her prudent advice; enforced, as it was, by her well-ordered life. The neighbours' children were taught to look up to Annie, as the pattern of a good daughter and kind sister; but the description of one day in Livesay's cottage might serve as the epitome of weeks and months; and each day would have manifested, that it is not by actions claiming prominence in the village annals, that glory is given to God, usefulness exercised towards mankind, or peace of conscience maintained by the individual; but rather by "patient perseverance in well-doing."

Annie's healthy mind did not crave excitement: she did not waste her energies in planning schemes of virtuous and praiseworthy exertions, to be performed only under possible circumstances which were not very likely to occur; but she resolutely aimed to fulfil the duty of the day in its day, and strove so to realize the thought, "I serve the Lord Christ," that as a faithful servant she might know her Lord's will, and do it. She was not a great talker, and consequently escaped many difficulties which naturally spring up to trouble the gossip. When she needed direction, she sought it by asking intelligent questions of those able to instruct her; and still more, by asking wisdom of "Him that giveth to all men liberally"; and she reflected on what she learned,

so that when called into action, she was seldom at a loss. She occasionally received a letter from her cousin, which, though it brought little direct information (for Mary was not clever with her pen), still gave Annie pleasure, because it contained expressions of gratitude to her kind mistress, and affectionate good-will to her fellow-servants: then, as time rolled on, a pious sentiment expressed with humility and sincerity, was noted down as matter for prayer and praise. The Sister of Mercy was never alluded to in their correspondence, nor did she ever call at Livesay's cottage; the conversation held by her spiritual director with its mistress, might possibly account for her neglect of Annie's invitation to come and receive an apology for her *dutiful* want of courtesy.

The perversion of Mary Everest had brought home to the Vicar, in a tangible form, the danger of his flock from the emissaries of Rome. Like many others, he had looked on the Papacy as an enemy, whose power was too much weakened to be any longer an object of fear; he had in consequence neglected to make himself familiar with the Romish controversy, and having but recently taken possession of a widely-scattered, and long-neglected parish, he could not, consistently with due attention to more immediate calls, engage in the study of this important subject. He knew that the questions at issue between Romanist and Protestant, are of no trifling character: one or

the other must be in soul-destroying error: the Romanist declares that out of the pale of his Church there is no salvation; the Protestant asserts that the doctrines of the Romish Church result from the crafty policy of the enemy of God and man, who, when he found that he was not allowed to arrest the progress of the Gospel, contrived to corrupt it by a dangerous intermixture of error; that all the essentials of Romanism are novelties dishonouring to God, and destructive to the souls of men; and that the additions made by Rome, to the pure Gospel of Christ may be traced, first in the bud, and afterwards developing themselves into the full-blown doctrines of Antichrist. But the *evidence* of this, required historical research, and an acquaintance with the workings of the antichristian system, which he could not at once acquire; therefore, hearing of a convert from Romanism, who was exposed to bitter persecution on account of his religion, and who was as familiar with the doctrines of Romanism, as zealous and powerful in refuting them, he engaged him as a Scripture Reader, placing him in Everest's cottage (now become vacant by the return of the latter to his former abode), and appointed as his sphere of labour that he should follow "the Popish ladies," as the villagers called them, into the houses where they had found admittance, and there, as his agent, instruct his parishioners in the pure doctrines of God's inspired Word. Among

the Sisters of Mercy, more than one listened to his teaching; but the confessional made them too securely the slaves of their false guides, for them to escape thus easily from their bondage. The establishment was broken up, and thus it is not in our power to state, whether any of them followed up the convictions of enlightened conscience; or whether all were permitted to fall back into the darkness they had chosen.

Reader! remember that there are none of the pretensions of the Papacy which have not been demolished again and again, by fair Scriptural argument. Her chief reliance and support are the assertion of Peter's supremacy over the other Apostles, and the transmission of this supremacy to the Popes, which history proves to be a baseless fiction. *Petrus* (the term used by the Spirit in the record of our Lord's address, "thou art Peter") means a stone, or piece chipped off from the rock; and Peter, with other believers, is "built up as a lively stone in the spiritual house," upon *Petra* (the solid rock), even on that great foundation-truth, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." The promise, or declaration, "Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven," addressed, Matt. xvi., to Peter, as the representative of the Apostles (he having replied to the question proposed to them all, "Whom say *ye* that I am?"), was afterwards re-

newed to his fellow apostles collectively, Matt. xviii. 18; John xx. 23.

Had Christ given supremacy to Peter, would there have been any room for the dispute, "which of them should be the greatest"? or would our Lord, instead of pointing to Peter, have then "called a little child, and set him in the midst"?

Once more, did Peter ever exercise apostolic authority exclusively of his brethren? Did Peter choose the successor of Judas? or appoint the deacons? or send apostles to confirm the converts in Samaria? Did he, when application was made as to the enforcement or non-enforcement of Jewish rites on Gentile converts, either undertake the management of the affair, or settle it by his authority? Did he call the council together, open the discussion, or give the sentence at its close? Which of the acts performed by the Popes, in virtue of their supremacy, was ever performed by Peter?

Look also, how Rome's treasury of the saints' merits vanishes before the plain words of our Lord, "When ye have done all those things which are commanded you" (and duty leaves no space for works of supererogation) "say, We are unprofitable servants."

View Mary, the chief object of her worship, in the same mirror of truth, and you find a weak,

erring woman; trying at one time to interfere improperly in the miraculous exercise of Christ's Almighty power, and, therefore, receiving a rebuke from Him who was in his Divine Nature "God her Saviour"—and at another, striving to interrupt Him in His works of mercy. The Church system of Rome equally shrinks from investigation; sound reason rejects it.

And yet it may be answered, "Men who have for years listened to sound scriptural preaching have gone over to Rome." "Yes," it may be replied, "and are found rubbing their necks with Peter's chain, and giving silver cradles to the Bambino." They have loved a lie; and exemplify the Word of Truth, which says, "Folly is joy to him that is destitute of wisdom." Such men dislike direct communion with God; and while scriptural religion consists mainly in this communion, Popery finds out a religion which interposes a multitude of inventions. The unregenerate soul shrinks from obedience to the command, "Enter into thy closet, and pray to thy Father in secret;" and Popery suggests as a substitute, prayers to the Virgin, or offerings to the Church, which (as she says) will secure an interest in the prayers of the saints. Thus she touches the springs of men's hearts, and gratifies feelings which they would shrink from acknowledging, even in their own inward con-

sciousness; but let all who are in danger of falling into the snare pause, and give one hour of serious, humble, prayerful consideration to this question, "What shall be the end thereof?"

THE END.

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